

SEPT., 1908

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SMITH'S MAGAZINE



COMPLETE NOVEL
by S. CARLETON

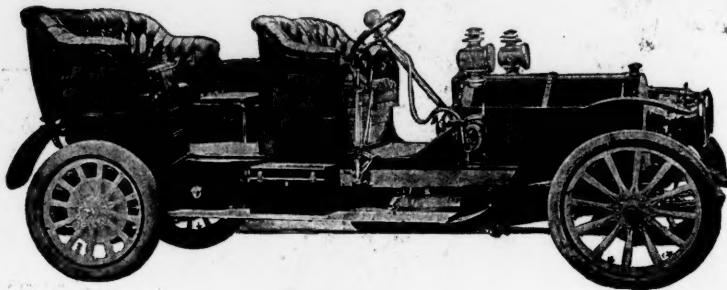
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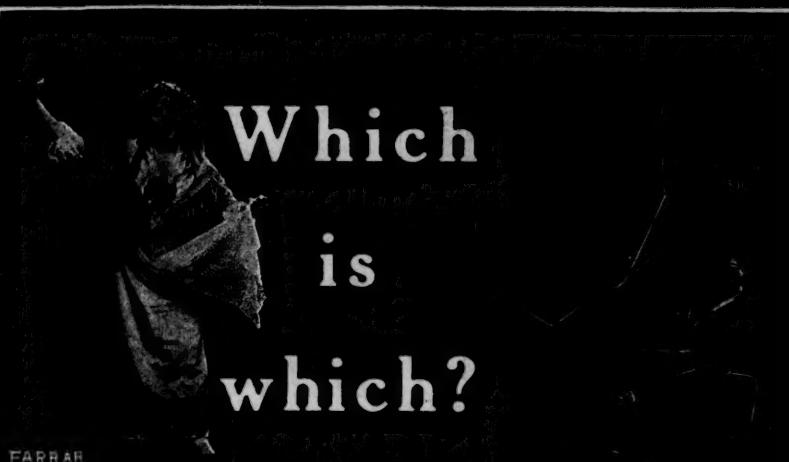
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Vol. VII

No. 6

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SEPTEMBER

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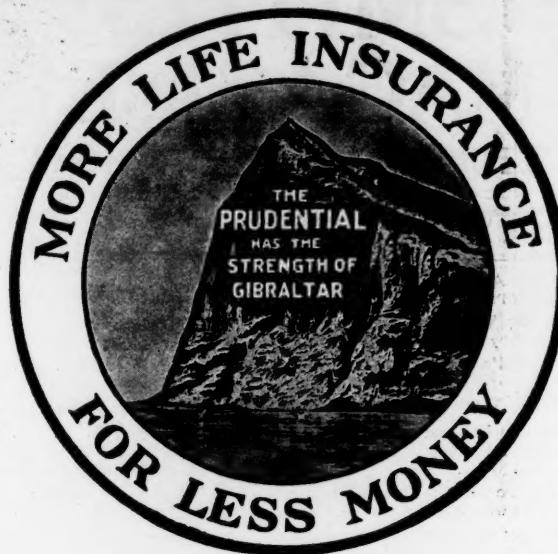
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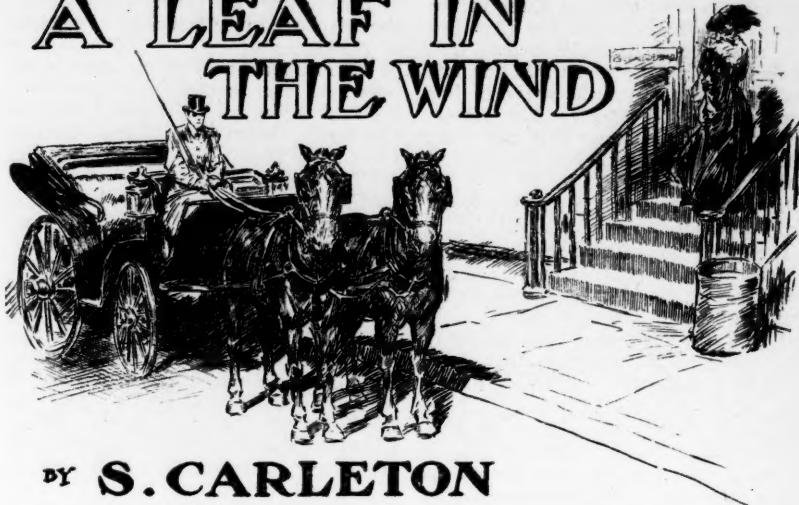
MEDITATION



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MOUNTAINEER

A LEAF IN THE WIND



BY S. CARLETON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CH. GRUNWALD

CHAPTER I.

MRS. AUSTIN got out of her brougham, picked her steps across the uneven pavement, and rang furiously at the shabby boarding-house door-bell.

For a long five minutes nobody came. Then the door opened grudgingly on a dingy woman, a dingier hall, and a mingled odor of salt fish and gassing furnace that brought the visitor's hand-kerchief to her nose.

"Miss Fane?" she demanded as superbly as was possible.

The woman nodded, quite unimpressed by Mrs. Fred Austin, her sable coat or her waiting carriage.

"Third floor, first on the right," she snapped, and disappeared.

"Good heavens, then it's true," muttered Mrs. Austin. "Dallie's here; in this—this *hole!*" Her fine eyes took in with one sweep the soiled bareness of the place, the uncarpeted stairs, the whole unsuitableness of it for Dallie Fane, the pretty, the spoiled, the fastidious. "Heaven alone knows what she

means by being here," thought Mrs. Austin dazedly. "Things may have gone badly with her in the two years since I've seen her, but surely nothing can have happened to bring her to this."

And what had happened being just what she had come to find out, Mrs. Austin picked up her skirts shudderingly, and marched up the awful stairs in front of her.

The first door on the right, third floor, was shut. Mrs. Austin made no pretense of knocking on it. Trembling with disgust and anxiety, she turned the handle and walked in; and took her first free breath in Mrs. Nelson's boarding-house.

The room before her had a fire in the grate, hard coal that was burning badly, but still a fire; there was a bowl of violets on a rickety table; a subtle atmosphere, under their scent, of dainty occupation; and between them and the fire there sat a girl. Mrs. Austin took time to look at her before she spoke; time to realize that Dallie Fane was more lovely than ever, even after two years and huddled up in a turquoise

blue silk dressing-gown at three in the afternoon. It was not only that her skin was like a hothouse peach, and shaded as subtly, nor even that her hair was real gold; it was the shape of her face, her chiseled features; her possession of the two things that are most rare in a woman, a perfect mouth and a perfect throat.

"It's her eyes that aren't quite beautiful," thought her cousin swiftly.

They were sapphire blue as they gazed in ecstatic surprise, they were set exquisitely, but they lacked—Mrs. Austin could not say what they lacked, only that it was something. And suddenly she ceased to be conscious that there could be a shallowness in Dallie Fane's eyes, as the girl ran to her.

"Cousin Adrienne," she cried sobbingly, rapturously. "Adrienne!"

Mrs. Austin tried to draw herself up into a picture of sumptuous and righteous indignation; she never knew how it turned into a warm embrace. In spite of herself there were tears in her eyes as she kissed the girl before she pushed her away.

"Well, Dallie," she ejaculated vividly, "what on earth are you doing *here*? How did you ever get to such a place? Are you crazy?" She shut the door with emphasis and stared at her young cousin incredulously. "Good heavens, child, what does your being here mean? If you wanted to come to New York why didn't you come to me? You knew you had only to walk in."

"I know," said Dallie Fane slowly. "I couldn't, somehow! I'd done it so often, Adrienne. How did you know I was here?"

"Sarah Lemoine saw you," tragically, "going in this door, when she was slumming! Of course when she telephoned to me I couldn't believe it, but I came straight down to see."

"Miss Lemoine?" repeated Dallie faintly.

Mrs. Austin nodded. "Exactly! She may be a very good woman from the charity side, but she's hardly the sort of person to know Dallie Fane's living in a place like this. I don't suppose she

told more than ten other people before she telephoned me," grimly. "Fred will be ready to murder you, Dallie, if ever he hears about it. Oh, my dear, what possessed you to come to New York without telling us? Where were the Chesters? What was Mrs. Chester thinking of?"

"They're at Palm Beach. I mean," hastily, "they were when I left them. No, not that chair, Cousin Adrienne; it isn't trustworthy! Take the Morris."

"The bed looks cleanest," said Mrs. Austin scathingly. "I'll sit there. And now perhaps you'll explain yourself. At Christmas I heard from you that you were with the Chesters, to stay there till you married George; and in February, without a word, I find you here—and you certainly haven't the air of being about to marry! When is your wedding? What have you done with George Chester?"

"Just that," said Miss Fane sheepishly. "I've—done with him."

"Dallie! Not again?" Mrs. Austin gasped. "You've not broken another engagement?"

Dallie nodded. "I couldn't marry him," she said bravely. "There were a thousand reasons. He—you said yourself you didn't like his neckties."

"I didn't like anything about him, for that matter," with unwanted truth, "except his money. But—Oh, Dallie, what a match for a poor girl! You can't mean you've broken it off—thrown it away?"

Dallie shuddered. "I had to. I just couldn't do it, Adrienne. Something kept pushing me away from him all the time; he made me hate him and his neckties. And oh, there were other things! I couldn't go on staying with his mother; I *really* couldn't stand being kept for charity."

"Charity!" Dallie's allowance from her mother had been meager enough, but still an allowance. "What do you mean? Where's your mother?"

"I don't know," quite calmly. "She—Well, you know when she married again she didn't want *me*. I thought the best thing to do was to

marry George Chester—he was always asking me to, and I thought his mother seemed kind. So after they brought me home from Paris and mother I went to Palm Beach with them, and"—it had to come out, yet for the moment the girl set her teeth on it—"mother hasn't sent me a penny since I left her," she said hardly, "and she hasn't written. I don't even know where she is, except just Europe. And I found out it wasn't Mrs. Chester, but *George* who was buying my trousseau, just as I'd begun to hate him! And Mrs. Chester was—horrid—when I was angry; she said I must have known. So," simply, "I came away. I'd just enough money for the fare to New York."

Mrs. Austin flushed. "That doesn't explain why you're here," she groaned. "Oh, Dallie, you knew you had only to let Fred and me know!"

"I couldn't; I'd done it so often." And it was so true that for a moment the older woman did not answer.

In the pause Dallie sat down on the despised Morris chair, and laid her very white hands along its arms thoughtfully. "I have been, I am, a burden to you," she cried suddenly. "Mother doesn't want me, you're married to Mr. Austin, I had to get away from the Chesters, and I'd no heart to go anywhere else. I'm tired of it, Cousin Adrienne; I mean of looking nice for a living, and staying about and amusing people—you know I don't mean at your house. But I can't impose on you any more. I'm going to work for my living."

"How?" Adrienne's eyes took in every point of the girl's beauty, even down to the turquoise silk setting that was so unsuited to her surroundings, and the nearest thing to fright that she had ever known caught at the heart under her sable coat. "What in the world are you going to work at?"

"I'm going on the stage," faintly; somehow it did not seem so feasible under Adrienne's eyes.

"Stage!"

Dallie nodded. "Chorus girl, of course, at first." She colored uncomfortably. "I went to Lester and Deal's,

and they said they'd take me on. Of course I—didn't say who I was."

Mrs. Austin's immaculate white-gloved hands rose flutteringly in the air, and subsided; she was past even appealing to Heaven.

"Dallas Fane," she said quite hoarsely, "you are coming straight home with me, this very instant. You are never going to let Fred Austin know you ever dreamed of being a chorus girl, and you're going to imply to Sally LeMoine that you were just slumming, like she was, when she saw you coming into this house. Chorus girl! You—and she really choked on it—"why, you'd be dead in a week, unless"—but she kept the "unless" to herself, with a tangible grab at it. "Pack your things, now, and they can come up by the transfer; I won't have even my coachman know you ever stayed in this house. And good heavens, child, did you think even this—this salt-fish and general horror woman," incoherently, "would keep a chorus girl in her house? She'd have turned you out the moment she knew what you were doing. This quarter is deadly respectable, if it is squalid."

"Aren't chorus girls, then?" asked Dallie slowly. Her eyes, that certainly did lack some quality of far-seeingness and worldly wisdom, widened.

"It isn't the question," returned Mrs. Austin dryly. Her heart was still pounding with that sense of fright. Dallie, who took all people as they seemed till she found them out, who never saw a pitfall till she was fairly in it, to be a chorus girl; with her looks! "For goodness' sake, child," she cried crossly, "pay the woman here and let us get away!"

Dallie turned scarlet. "I have no money—till I begin my engagement."

Mrs. Austin's purse flew energetically across the room. "Dress," she commanded wildly, "and come away! I'm not blaming you, Dallie darling; I never could stand the Chesters, and of course your mother is"—she had nearly said "too selfish to care what becomes of you"—"is quite sure you are settled for life by this time with that George



Mrs. Austin took time to look at her before she spoke.

or whatever his name is; but you must see that you couldn't have earned your own living for a week on the stage. And even if you could, Fred and I should have been disgraced for allowing it. There wouldn't have been a soul in New York we knew who wouldn't have recognized you. Did you think you could hide under paint? The girl who was engaged to George Chester, and young Davenant, and—and all the rest?" ruthlessly. "My dear, you couldn't have!"

"I never thought of it." Dallie's face spoke for her; she never thought of most things till it was too late. "I did think perhaps I might never have to try it; that something would turn up to help me. Things do, you know. I never seem to be exactly a free agent, somehow. I often feel as if a wind just blew up and took me, and I had to go."

"Well, I'm the wind now," Adrienne retorted. "Oh, Dallie, you're too inconsequent, too—I don't know the word,"

despairingly, "but for goodness' sake, after this try to look at your life as a whole and remember you've got to make something of it; get to anchor somewhere before one of your winds blows you out to sea. You've had chances, too many of them—and where have they gone?"

"Men, you mean?" Dallie was dressing deftly; turning from a statue of despair in turquoise silk to a happy picture in dark cloth and chinchilla furs. "They've married somebody else chiefly. Like George Chester will, as soon as he stops swearing he'll make me come back to him. That was one thing that brought me here, Adrienne; I knew George would never think of coming."

"He won't come to my house," said Mrs. Austin forcibly, "not after his mother knows what I think of her." Then a sudden piercing suspicion born of Dallie's past history made her spring up and turn the girl to her by both shoulders. "Dallie," she ejaculated, with awful calm, "this is the ninth en-

gagement you've broken because you've suddenly hated your fiancé! *Who is the other man?*"

The winds that blew Dallas Fane at their will had been, in Mrs. Austin's experience, not from heaven. They had just been fancies for some other man not the fiancé of the moment; fancies that had spoiled one marriage after another, and left Dallie Fane Dallie Fane still.

The girl looked straight into the elder woman's eyes. "There wasn't one, exactly," she said slowly. "There was only Douglas Archinard. I think it was he made me see George's neckties—and George! He was staying with the Chesters at Palm Beach just before I left them."

"Archinard? Douglas? The banker?" Adrienne was almost speechless.

Dallie nodded. "Of course I know he's old, and I didn't mean he was in love with me," she said quickly. "But he used to talk to me. He said he knew nice girls who earned their living, and were respected; and I thought I'd try."

"Did Douglas Archinard tell you to go on the stage?" If the bed had not happened to intervene Mrs. Austin would have collapsed on the floor.

"N— Well, his girls happened to be authors or something," ingenuously, "but I knew I could never be an author. So I thought of the stage; after I could think of anything but getting rid of George Chester!"

"Look here," said Mrs. Austin trenchantly, "my horses are freezing in the cold, but there's something I've got to say to you, and then I'll never mention it again. You don't look it, but you're twenty-four; you'll be thirty soon, and you will look it—if you keep on behaving like this. If Douglas Archinard is the wind that's blowing you now, you've got your chance to get into a safe harbor; the best chance you ever had, and perhaps the last one. You've done silly things—no, don't look like that; I don't mean bad things!—for the last five years, and there are not many men who would look on being engaged to Dallas Fane as anything but the pastime of a month—I've got to be

frank with you. If Archinard wants to marry you I'll help it on; but if you throw him over as you've done all the rest I'll never help you again. What a man like Archinard, with his personality, his looks and his position, sees in you besides your looks I know—but I'm the only person who does. And let me tell you he wouldn't have gone on seeing it for one week, after you'd gone on the stage. I'll give you every decent aid with him if you'll promise me that when you get your fair wind you'll profit by it, *honestly!*"

Every vestige of color left Dallie's face. The perfection of its features showed out as if they were cut in marble, except for the blue eyes that were somehow a child's eyes still.

"I think so, Cousin Adrienne," she said slowly. "I don't know. He's different somehow from the rest. But I'll try."

Mrs. Austin stamped her foot. She loved the girl, erratic, inconsequential, bandied about the world as she had been by circumstances and a mother too like her.

"Oh, don't misunderstand," she cried impatiently, "I don't want you to marry against your will. Fred's house and mine is yours; if he is an Englishman. I've only got your welfare at my heart as if you were my sister. I couldn't," tearfully, "couldn't bear you to be engaged again, and break it off!"

"I know," said Dallie chokingly. She cast one glance round Mrs. Nelson's third-floor bedroom, bare, unlovely, deadly lonely, and let herself shudder as she had longed to shudder ever since she had been in it. "Oh, Adrienne," she cried impetuously, "you're more to me than any Archinard; I wanted to die before you came in. I promise you, faithfully, I'll never do anything that won't please you; I'll never forget how you've taken me out of this. I was frightened to death at earning my living, but— Oh, you know! You always understand."

Mrs. Austin nodded. If she understood her cousin the world did not. But all she said was: "Ready? Well, let's find the landlady, and get away.

Oh, you don't want those faded violets, Dallie."

"They can't be left. They kept my heart up before you came."

Every shade of trouble had gone from Dallie's face with her rescue from the boarding-house and its alternatives of George Chester or the stage. She stuck the flowers in just the right place in her chinchilla stole, and led the way out of the room, singing under her breath.

Mrs. Austin, with one curious, resigned glance at her, stooped and picked up her own heavy, gold-meshed purse from where Dallie had forgotten it on the floor.

CHAPTER II.

With the exception of her mother, whose present address was merely Europe, the Austins were the only relatives Dallie Fane had in the world. They lived—if they could be said to live in New York at all—in Fifty-second Street; but the big house was only open now, in February, by chance. Fred Austin was English from the top of his bald head to the soles of his thick boots, and possessed of an Englishman's desire for landed property and living on it. His time and his wife's was spent, summer and winter, at West Meadows, the West Virginia country-place that was a compromise between a palace and an experimental farm.

But it was not West Meadows which had made Mrs. Austin lose sight of Dallie Fane for the last two years; her country-house was a gay one, packed full of guests nearly the year round. Dallie had often stayed there; three of her broken engagements had been made at West Meadows and at least two marred.

And looking at the girl nestling beside her in the brougham as they drove away from the boarding-house and its aroma of salt fish, Mrs. Austin sighed. There might never be any counting on what Dallie would do next, she had just been rescued from a criminally foolish situation, but there was no discounting the fact that she had never been taught any better.

Her mother, even before she ceased to be plain Mrs. Fane and became the Comtesse de Ruy, had been an impossibly selfish person. That Dallie was her only child meant merely she was a responsibility to be evaded. The girl had never had any home. Cheap schools and oblivion had made her childhood; her bringing out, when bringing out was absolutely necessary, had been a grudging one by the mother who looked nearly as young as she did; and followed by a swift retreat to Europe on the part of that lady when Dallie's first season ended in her engagement to the match of the year.

It was the Austins' house the girl was to be married from; in the Austins' house that she stayed after the rupture with young Davenant on the very day before the wedding; under the Austins' chaperonage that she had since repeated the program *ad nauseam*—till perhaps it was no wonder that when George Chester went the way of his predecessors Dallie had turned to a cheap boarding-house and the stage to hide her straits.

The Chester episode, besides, had been none of Mrs. Austin's doing. Dallie had spent the last two years in Paris with her mother, that untrammeled lady having suddenly tired of living alone. She had tired as easily of her daughter's society, helped on by a French count and a second marriage. Dallie, at a week's notice, had been shipped to New York with the Chesters, mother and son, engaged hard and fast to young George Chester and George Chester's millions; the Comtesse de Ruy placidly ignoring any further necessity of providing for her daughter's future. And the end of the episode—a final one, for Dallie—would have been the career of a chorus girl, if it had not been for Sallie Lemoine's sharp eyes.

As the carriage drew up at her own door Mrs. Austin shuddered. That she had been in New York at all had been accident, and some business of Fred's to which she could never be sufficiently grateful. She put an involuntary and protecting arm round Dallie Fane as

she led her into the house and up the wide stairs. For the moment she had utterly forgotten the oft repeated admission of "another man."

"You've come home, Dallie darling," she whispered. "Come home now for good."

"Fred mayn't like it," brokenly. "It just means supporting me, Adrienne!"

"Bah!" said Mrs. Austin. "We've no girl, and Fred's more foolish about you than I am; so that's settled." She drew aside the portière of the rose and gold drawing-room she habitually deserted for the outdoor delights of West Meadows, and raised her voice blithely. "Fred, I've brought a visitor! Are you here?"

The man's voice that answered gave an instant impression of perfect trust and fellowship, though all it said was: "Hullo! What kind of a visitor?"

A sudden impulse—and for a brief space afterward she thought it was from heaven—made Mrs. Austin push Dallie through the portière in front of her: she would speak best for herself.

"Only Dallie," said the girl sweetly.

Her voice sounded childish and a little shaky in the big room where Fred Austin was consuming a substantial and English tea. For an instant she stood motionless, half afraid, against the gold embroideries of the curtain, the soft chinchilla of her stole slipping from her shoulders, the gold of her hair making the curtain's gold look dull. The room was brilliant, after the dull red lanterns in the hall outside; for a moment it dazzled her.

"It's just me back again," she said almost imploringly. "Do you mind very much, Cousin Fred?" And as her vision cleared she started.

It was not only Fred Austin who stood by the glittering silver of Adrienne's tea-table, and looked at her incredulously. There was another man, looking at her, too; a tall man, gray-haired, flat-backed, very handsome and very young for his years; a man whose eyes were straight—and joyfully—on hers. Dallas Fane had to gather all her courage as both men advanced to meet her, but this time it was from more

than pure nervousness about her reception.

"It's true, Cousin Fred," she faltered. "Adrienne says I'm to stay. Can you bear it?" Her voice cleared, steadied admirably. "How do you do, Mr. Archinard? I didn't know you were in town."

Mrs. Austin, speaking to a servant in the hall, left her order half finished.

"Archinard!" She really had to take three long breaths before she could go in and face him. "Oh, what a mercy Sallie Lemoine's a chattering fool," she thought wildly. "Otherwise I wouldn't even have known where Dallie was if he asked me. He must—"

But she did not need to go on thinking. There was only one thing that could have brought Douglas Archinard to her house, where he had never been an intimate visitor, and that was to hear of Dallie.

"He does care," thought Mrs. Austin triumphantly. "There's a chance for Dallie yet; a thousand, thousand times better chance than any she's thrown away."

But if she meant to help the chance and Douglas Archinard she would do it in her own way. Things had always been too easy for Dallie, it was no wonder she had always tired of engagements before they came to marriage; if she looked at a man he seemed to be at her feet the next day; as for Archinard, there was not a girl of Mrs. Austin's acquaintance who had not tried to marry him.

"I'll make it hard for both of them, at first," Adrienne thought slowly. "They're equally spoiled; if they really care now they'll have to make their own opportunities."

And she sailed into her own drawing-room to stand dumb there, as she held out her hand to Archinard. Fred Austin's voice, bluffly affable, was ruining the very first step of her plans of campaign.

"Where's your young man, Dal?" he demanded. "And when's the wedding?"

There was a simultaneous silence for his only answer. Archinard, for his life, could not help waiting for what

Dallie would say; Dallie sat motionless; and Adrienne, being unable to pinch her spouse, suddenly laughed. The question was such a bombshell, and so like Fred.

Dallie's cup shook visibly; she would die of shame if Archinard guessed anything. But there was nothing for it but the truth.

"There isn't going to be any wed-ding, Cousin Fred. I—well, there just isn't!" She hung her head like a bad child.

Austin broke into a roar of laughter. Dallie's engagements, that were gall and wormwood to his wife, were a huge joke to him.

"Again?" he commented cheerfully. "Well, Dal, all I can say is that you'd better retire and be a nun at once. I can see we'll never get you married. What did the culprit do this time?"

"Don't ask her" said his wife severely. "She would be just a very bad child if we were not so glad to have her at home again."

But she was not looking at him as she spoke. Douglas Archinard's handsome middle-aged face had lit as if by magic; his gray eyes, that she had never seen anything but politely interested, had turned deep, and young.

"It's news to him; the little monkey didn't confide in him, at any rate," Adrienne thought swiftly.

She happened to be right. Archinard had only hoped the engagement was broken when Miss Fane departed from Palm Beach. He had never known his heart could beat as it was beating now. It had been sheer profanation to tie this girl to George Chester; he had thought that the first time he ever laid eyes on her, standing all in white by a blossoming oleander, and shrinking from Chester as he came up all fish-scales and blood, to recount a day's struggle with a tarpon. Archinard had never been a milkspur, but he drew the line at flourishing the unpleasant, and gory, side of sport before women.

He had drawn Miss Fane unostentatiously away from her fiance's side, and their walk under the soft Florida skies had been the beginning of enchantment

to a man who had never lost his head for a woman in all his well-regulated life. And he was not going to do it now. He was not going to be a headlong wooer like those young fools the child had had the sense to throw over; and he would have her forced into nothing. If she cared, she cared; if not he could take his beating like a man, and perhaps love her all the better for it.

But for now he must go very slowly; give her time to forget what love had meant as expressed by a very fishy and stout young man with a cigar in his mouth and red slime on his boots. And no one, no one, should know what was in his mind till it was settled one way or the other—with happy ignorance of the glance Mrs. Austin was even now bestowing on the top of his head.

He rose to go, without having exchanged more than a casual word with Dallie; but he had been in too many big deals to hurry what he meant to be the most successful deal of his life.

The girl's eyes followed him to the door almost wistfully. He had shown her a world very different from the world of George Chester, and he had said nothing about coming again. She was not thinking of marriage, she had no desire to marry any one—but she had liked Douglas Archinard, and he had barely looked at her.

"Stay and dine, Archinard," said Fred Austin hospitably; and his wife could have choked him. She had not read Archinard like a book to fire hasty invitations at him.

But Mr. Archinard declined easily, and disappeared.

Dallie, sitting in her doubly stuffed chair, felt suddenly very tired. The familiar room made her want to cry; she had been homesick for it, yet she had also wanted never to see it again. It reminded her how many times she had come back to it in just such circumstance as to-day's; at least, almost such circumstances; she had never tried to break away from the Austins before.

Her eyes, that were on the matter-of-course luxury round her, blurred sud-



Dallas Fane had to gather all her courage as both men advanced to meet her.

denly. There was more than soft color and thin china for her welcome; there was love, and Mrs. Chester had taught her how to value love. She would run no chances of offending Adrienne; she would stay here, in safe harbor, and—in incoherent conclusion—she had been a fool ever to imagine that Mr. Archinard even *liked* her. She moved slowly to the door, and Adrienne's voice stopped her at it, with an apparently idle query to her husband.

"What brought Mr. Archinard here?"

"Called, I suppose." Austin stared. "He's a good chap, Adrienne. Why don't we see more of him?"

"You're not the only person in New

York who'd like to," with intention. "He's about the most sought after man in town. I suppose," ironically, "you're thinking of asking him to stay a week at West Meadows? Try the Czar of Russia first, dear; Mr. Archinard's about as likely to bother with us. Eh, Dallie?" But Dallie was gone.

Austin chuckled. "You're out, my chicken, for once. I did ask him, and he's coming. Look here, Adrienne, what's happened about Dallie?"

"Just that the Chesters were pigs, and her mother a demon," forcibly. "Do attend, Fred. Were you in earnest about Archinard? Is he really coming to West Meadows?"

"Of course I was in earnest. He said he'd like to see the place, and I said to come when he pleased."

"I don't know about that," sharply. "I believe we'd almost better stay in town. You see, there's Dallie."

"Great James, Dallie's been at West Meadows before! She won't be in Archinard's ay there. You women are the rummest lot."

"Archinard has nothing to do with it, silly; I'm thinking of something else." And it was true. There was an awful, an appalling contingency the mention of West Meadows had brought home to her. "Fred," she cried tragically. "I don't want Dallie at West Meadows. There's Larry!"

An instant vision of Fred's long-legged, clear-eyed nephew, brought from Texas to school his hunters and train his thoroughbreds, sat her bolt upright in her chair. Suppose Archinard did come to West Meadows, did propose to Dallie—and Larry Austin spoil it all!

"He's an absolute dear, of course," she groaned, "but—"

"You talk as if he were tigers," Austin growled. "Oh, you needn't explain, I know what you mean. But Dallie won't bag Larry; he never looks at a girl; and besides," blandly, "he's in Texas. I sent him out to see about some horses on the ranch."

Mrs. Austin arose and solemnly kissed her spouse. "It isn't tigers, dear," she observed enigmatically. "It's just that there *are* some matches warranted to strike anywhere but on the box."

CHAPTER III.

West Meadows, just far south enough to smell delicately of spring in March, to have links fit for golfing and soft roads for riding, was packed with guests. Dallie Fane, standing alone in the big square hall in her riding-habit, suddenly reflected that either the said guests were the stupidest people she had ever known Adrienne to invite, or else that she was getting old.

"I can't be interested in them," she thought, with a sudden fright. "I don't

care what any of them do, or who talks to me—and I used to care what became of every five minutes. I'm *glad* now that there's no one in but me; I don't want to talk to them when they do come in; I'd rather go up-stairs and have tea with the boys."

Adrienne's four boys adored her and she them, but even their society held no vivid interest. Dallie trailed rather listlessly up-stairs, leaving her hat on one chair, her crop on another, and an unnoticed handkerchief on the landing.

Out of the wide gallery looking down on the lower hall a green baize door opened into the boys' quarters, but as she swung it wide Dallie made no move to go in.

"Heavens!" said she in the doorway. "Good heavens, boys!"

The schoolroom hall seemed to be occupied chiefly by billows of mauve silk flowing from a lay-figure which had begun life as a bolster. Crowned now with a curled flaxen toupee, featured by a master hand in colored chalks, dressed in a priceless Paris gown, it was an awful parody of the fussiest woman guest in the house. Round it were four boys and two dogs, and as Dallie appeared the eldest boy looked up with a grin.

"It's only you," he said comfortably. "Pretty good, isn't she, Dal? Would you know her?"

"Mrs. Hatch!" Dallie was all but speechless with laughter; the ten-year-old artist had caught that lady's affected attitude with uncanny genius. "Kennen, she'll kill you! Where did you get her clothes?"

"Clothes? Oh, we hooked 'em; she's out! We really can't bear Mrs. Hatch, Dal. We're going to drop her over the gallery into the hall in the middle of tea."

"You mustn't, Ken." But Miss Fane's eyes suddenly kindled; she, too, had no admiration for Mrs. Hatch. She cast aside the question of her ultimate destination, and followed impulse as she always did. There had been grim consequences sometimes, but there could be none from a mere childish prank. "Her arms aren't right," she murmured

critically, "and her face wants something!"

"Pince-nez! Only I couldn't make them stick on."

"Hand over! And get me a pin, and the chalks."

Dallie knelt down, pinned, touched up the bolster's face with bold strokes, and gazed breathless. There was certainly life in Mrs. Hatch now; she almost expected her to get up and walk. From the flaxen curls to the artistically tightened waist Mrs. Hatch was perfect—as a wicked caricature. Lowered into the populous hall her effect would be colossal—if the guests' intellects could appreciate her.

"They're such idiots," she said absently. "I don't believe they would even laugh."

Kenneth nodded comprehendingly. "We'll just hang her here instead," he suggested, "or have a Christian martyr, with the dogs for lions. I don't believe they'd really tear her much. They're afraid of a pince-nez."

"Tear her much!" Dallie gazed at the mauve silk trimmed with old Alençon. "She'd tear us, limb from limb, if they did. Stick her up on the clothes-basket, Ken, and let's have tea." Her interest in Mrs. Hatch had waned with the impossibility of thrilled spectators for her. "I'm starving."

"Bobby can go and tell nurse you'll take charge, then." Ken pointed to the fattest and slowest of his sailor-suited brothers.

"Easier here than down-stairs," said Dallie briefly.

Kenneth surveyed her in a way quite as old as his mother's.

"You don't really want tea, you're just tired of Mrs. Hatch," he said shrewdly. "Though I don't wonder you don't like the down-stairs lot; they're not good for anything. But nobody is," reflectively, "since Larry's gone away."

"Who's Larry?" asked Dallie idly; no one had mentioned any Larry to her. She perched herself precariously on the rickety clothes-basket that supported Mrs. Hatch, and waited for an answer.

"He's really all there is," Kenneth kindled. "I forgot you didn't know him. You ought to see him ride, he used to be a cowboy. He can do anything, Dal; simply anything! He's taught us all to jump hurdles. I just wish dad hadn't sent him back to Texas to see about horses!"

Dallie's interest dwindled; there was always some helper in the stables that the boys adored.

"Mother says Larry's very handsome," contributed the solemn Bobby.

"Men don't need to be handsome." Kenneth looked suddenly at his cousin seated tailor-fashion on the clothes-basket. "You're handsome, aren't you, Dal?"

"I don't know," returned Dallie carelessly. "What do you think?"

"I should say you were," judicially, "if you hadn't a sort of far-off look lately. You don't seem to care about things like you used to."

"Oh, Ken, don't I? I try to!"

Dallie's eyes filled with sudden tears. It showed, then, if the boy saw it; and it was true. She did not care. She was not happy. Even her deliverance from the horrors of Mrs. Nelson's boarding-house and the grim prospect of making her own living had not made her into her old self again. She was tired of living in other people's houses, of trying to be interested in their things. She had no place in the world, and she wondered forlornly if it would not have been better to have been George Chester's wife by now; she would have had to care then.

She would have married him, too, if it had not been for Archinard. It had been his influence, his contrast with George that had opened her eyes and made her take the chance of withdrawal from her engagement that George's mother had given her; and it had been all a mistake. Archinard had meant nothing. She had told Adrienne it was the winds of chance that blew her here and there like a leaf, and suddenly she knew she missed them. She was calmed in safe waters, but the wind that had brought her there had ceased to blow.

"And I'm drifting all the same," she thought dully. "I don't want to go on drifting, I want to anchor. I want—" and she had to stop herself from saying it aloud—"I want Douglas Archinard! He was so different from the rest, so reliable, so—nice," falling back on the word with which a woman expresses everything. "And after all, he did not care!"

"I'd be interested enough if I saw anything I liked, Ken," she exclaimed suddenly.

The boy nodded. "They always do give you sausages for breakfast the morning you're not hungry," he returned sagely.

With a vague feeling of something wrong he climbed up beside her on the rickety basket, and leaned on her shoulder. Dallie's arm went round him silently. If the green baize door opened a little neither of them saw. They were a pretty picture enough, too; the girl very boyish in her blue habit, with her gold hair curling tight round her head, and her slim round throat bent sideways till her cheek touched Kenneth's.

"The trouble is, Ken," she said brokenly, "I don't seem to be able to like anybody. I don't belong anywhere, you know. I keep trying to belong, and finding out that I don't. I don't think it's all my fault."

A man's hand tightened suddenly on the door-handle. The thing was not for him, yet he was glad he had heard it; and as he cut off hearing any more by appearing bodily Kenneth leaped to the ground.

"Who on earth?" he shouted, regardless of manners. "What do you want?"

And at the voice that answered Dallie Fane started so wildly on the wobbling clothes-basket that she landed head foremost in Douglas Archinard's arms.

"I'm so sorry," he began; and had all he could do not to snatch her to him. He had seen her face as she recognized him, and more. As he caught her she had clung to him; for one infinitesimal second perhaps, but still she had clung. If he had not at that moment caught sight of Mrs. Hatch, too lifelike beside the prone clothes-basket, Dallie Fane's

fate might have been different. But even the self-possessed Archinard started, and let her go.

"What on earth is it?" he demanded. "Did you make it, Dallie?"

"It's a *who*, not a *what*," Kenneth's wits were literal. "It's Mrs. Hatch. Only that isn't her best hair, and we couldn't get her teeth because she had them in."

"Ken," shrieked Dallie.

But Archinard did not heed her. The stuffed image in front of him was insulting in its cleverness. The eye of it languished at him, and suddenly he went into convulsions of mirth. If Mrs. Hatch herself had been looking at him he must have laughed.

"Where did you come from?" said Miss Fane suddenly; she took no notice of the "Dallie." Her face was a lovely rose-color, her eyes very blue.

Archinard laughed. "Down-stairs," he explained blandly. "Mrs. Austin said you were somewhere, and I followed a trail. Just a few hats and whips, and a handkerchief. You're not very grown-up, or very tidy, Miss Fane."

"I'm twenty-four," said Dallie on impulse, as she said everything; she was not going to have any secrets from Archinard.

"Are you really?" Douglas Archinard's voice mocked her. "I wish I were." And she suddenly realized that in his motoring clothes he looked about thirty, or else it was the change in his eyes. "Mrs. Austin wants to know if you're coming down to tea."

Dallie hesitated. Three weeks of West Meadows had done wonders for her, but it was not West Meadows which had brought that light to her eyes.

"I'm having tea here—poached eggs and jam," she returned. "But of course you couldn't eat it."

"Delicious," said Archinard gravely. "Allow me, Mrs. Hatch!"

He stopped with a quick assumption of the manner he wore in society, and took Mrs. Hatch's limp arm to lead the procession teaward. He might be forty, but the remembrance of it had

fallen from him like a garment at the sight of Dallie Fane—this Dallie that he had never known existed—playing with her cousin's boys, and making mischievous replicas of Mrs. Hatch.

As he took the foot of the tea-table, Mrs. Hatch wobbled precariously on a high chair beside him, and the boys between him and Dallie, the man's heart thrilled with the domesticity, the intimate note of it all.

"Oh, Dallie," he thought, "if I can only make you belong to me; belong forever and ever!" And he meant her to; he had not got a general invitation to West Meadows out of Fred Austin for nothing.

"You've never said what brought you here," said Dallie unsuspectingly. She had done with the thought that Archinard liked her.

"I've been coming for some time, only I couldn't arrange it," slowly. "I've missed you, Dallie. You and I made very good friends."

"Missed *me*," began Dallie incredulously; and stopped. Just inside the green baize door were upraised two voices, and one of them was Mrs. Hatch's maid's.

"All I know, madame," she was saying distractedly, "is that your mauve silk is gone; and it *must* have been the children, for your morning toupee is gone too. I can't find their nurse, but in here is the schoolroom."

Dallie lost her head. "Run! The back stairs!" she gasped.

She pushed Archinard and the boys before her into the nursery, and flew after them, the tail of her blue habit just whisking out of one door as Mrs. Hatch came in by the other to be brought up standing by the pale mockery of herself that was seated alone at the tea-table.

For a moment she could only gasp. She was no fool; she saw not only her tumbled mauve silk, but the diabolically clever caricature of herself and her very air that Dallie had made of the bolster; and she was a passionately vain woman. It was bad enough to have the boys find out she wore a wig, but there was more than boys' work

in this, and whoever had done it deserved to die. And with the thought there came to her subconscious recollection the image of a blue habit whisking through a doorway.

"The Fane girl," muttered Mrs. Hatch, when rage would let her speak. "And she'll tell; she'll use it for a joke!"

She motioned speechlessly to her maid to remove her things and went quietly through the door by which Dallie had disappeared. By the time she reached the back stairs she was walking with absolute soundlessness.

CHAPTER IV.

Not till the fleeing culprits brought up in a dim apartment given up to boot-cleaning did Dallie's wits come back to her.

"It was Mrs. Hatch," she said to Archinard wretchedly. "She'd missed her things. Oh, why didn't I stop the boys? I wish I'd never helped in their horrid trick! I think I'll go back and tell her so."

"I don't know," returned Archinard doubtfully. "Any one but Mrs. Hatch would only laugh, but I don't think being sorry will help you with *her*. Better not let her know you ever saw the bolster, if you ask me."

"I'll go and tell her it was me did it," said Ken unexpectedly.

He stumped off through the kitchen followed by his brothers, and Dallie stood irresolute behind them.

"If we'd only brought away the bolster," she moaned, "then she would never have known. Now I suppose she'll hate me forever."

"She didn't see you?" sharply.

"No," without the least idea that Mrs. Hatch had seen and was even now on her trail. "But that doesn't make me feel any better. Come out of this place, Mr. Archinard, and let's get upstairs!"

But Archinard had no distaste for the boot-room; it was highly preferable to a lighted hall filled with people.

"Wait one second," he said. "I want

to ask you something. Dallie, did you ever have a friend?"

It was so unexpected that Dallie stared at him.

"I don't know. No," she faltered. "Why?"

Archinard drew a step nearer to her. Both of them were so intent that they never noticed a faint rustle in the passage behind the girl as Mrs. Hatch, hot with determination to have it out then and there, came to a stand at the sound of voices. She had expected to come on the Fane girl's hiding-place, but she made no move to go in. Archinard, of all people, was there with her. She could not see him, but his slow distinct voice chained her to the spot.

"I asked you if you ever had a friend because I want you to try making one," he said. "No, I don't mean a lover; you've had plenty of lovers, but you've never tried a friend. Will you try me, Dallie?"

"I— Why, we're friends already, Mr. Archinard."

"That just shows you don't know the meaning of the word," carefully. "We're acquaintances; we've walked a little, talked a good deal, and"—he shrugged his strong shoulders—"we don't even begin to be friends. I came down here"—his voice was very clear, even outside the boot-room, Mrs. Hatch had no need to strain her ears—"for nothing on earth but to see if you and I could be friends. I told Mrs. Austin I came by accident, with my sister and a motoring-party—but I engineered the accident. I wanted to see you, the real you, Dallie; and I think," with a little laugh of remembrance of Dallie's arms round Austin's boy, "that I have. Are you angry?"

"No," said Dallie slowly. "Not if I'm seeing the real *you*, too."

"Some of me," admitted Archinard placidly, "enough for a beginning. But it's only a beginning, Dallie. I want you to try being friends, real friends. And then—we'll see if you can like me enough to marry me."

Dallie started. "I don't know," she began restively, and Archinard cut her off.

"I'm not asking you to marry me," he said plainly. "I wouldn't be engaged to you for anything on God's earth. You've had enough of engagements."

Dallie recoiled against the door-post, and the listener in the passage clutched her skirts to be ready to run. This was more interesting than she had bargained for, though she had not heard a word about her borrowed clothes. She was almost certain she heard the Fane girl sob.

"I couldn't help my engagements," Dallie cried out as if she had been stung into it. "I know Adrienne—every one—thinks my life has been all my own fault; but it hasn't in a way. I never had any home, my mother never wanted me and I couldn't plant myself on Adrienne forever. I tried to marry Bobby Davenant when he begged me to, I did truly. But the more I knew him the more something seemed to push me from him. I was just frantic the night I threw him over, desperate with trying to save myself. And the others," falteringly, "were just the same thing. I thought I liked them, and I kept realizing that I didn't. I can't explain, except that I always felt powerless. It was just as if a little wind blew me into being engaged, and a big hurricane came and tore me back. I couldn't love any of them, when once I was near to them. I—I think I hate love, Mr. Archinard!"

"You've never seen it," shortly, "and I'm not going to show it to you. Understand that, Dallie! You and I are only friends—single ones to our dying day, if that's what you'd like best. I don't care a straw for the men you've thought you cared for—you couldn't have been happy with any of them. As for the last—" but he checked himself on the subject of George Chester. "Don't worry about the winds that blow you," he substituted. "They're just your own impulses; and so far they've been good ones. They've kept you from making a wreck of your life with Davenant, or," distastefully, "the others. But I don't want you to have an impulse for me, and another to get

rid of me. I want you to take me on as a friend, without any afterthought. If you like me, you like me; but you needn't be afraid of my troubling you with love-making, or proprietorship, or any of the things you hated," shrewdly. "No one need know we have any kind of interest in each other till we know—whether we have.

I haven't even mentioned you to my sister, and I don't mean to. Is it a bargain, Dallie? Shall we try being friends?" His voice was very quiet, very level with the tenderness he was keeping out of it.

"Well," thought Mrs. Hatch dazedly, "if that's a proposal it's the very craziest proposal I ever heard!" She craned her neck to hear the answer.

"Please," said Dallie Fane unexpectedly. She was liking Archinard better than she had ever dreamed she could like him; and suddenly she laughed out, happily, like a child. "You are such a relief," she cried thankfully. "You're not a bit like any other man I ever knew!"

"I don't mean to be," not without grimness. "Come on," his whole manner changing, "let's go and see if we've been discovered by Mrs. Hatch. Oh," he laughed quite boyishly, "what a pity she was 'wearing the teeth,' as Ken said; even the toupee doesn't console me for that. Thank Heaven, she doesn't suspect us!"

It was as unexpected as a blow in the face to the listener; she fairly reeled

under it. Her teeth and her toupees had been well-kept secrets from all the world till now; she had suspected the Austin boys and the Fane girl of their rape, but to have Archinard—Archinard!—concerned in it too, stung her to madness. She had just sense enough to pick up her skirts and run before she was caught; not till she was safe in her own room did her wits come back to her.

"That girl will tell every one; I'll hear them laughing in corners," she thought slowly. "And besides my mauve blouse is ruined! She did it for devilment, just to get hold of Archinard. She deserves—I don't know what she deserves; and I can't even tell her what I think of her."

Suddenly she sat motionless in her chair. She was no fool, the way to pay out Dallie Fane for her impertinence had come to her. Archinard might laugh about her teeth, but he, too, should feel her claws.

"He was in earnest just now," Mrs. Hatch thought sharply, "he meant every word he said to that girl—a man who might marry any one!" And suddenly she laughed. She knew if Archinard did not, why he had never married before. His home had been too comfortable; he had been too cleverly managed in it to think of one of a different kind. "His sister," said Mrs. Hatch venomously. "He called Mary Groton his sister, and he's brought her down



"I don't care what any of them do, or who talks to me."

here to see another girl take her place and all it means to her, a girl who spent her afternoon making fun of *me!* I," very slowly, "think *not*, Mr. Archinard."

She rose, rang her bell, and informed her maid that she wished nothing to be said about the events of the afternoon; she had decided not to mention them. And so she had. It would be more profitable and more effective to tell something quite different to Mary Groton.

"Mary, his *sister*," Mrs. Hatch repeated to herself as she went downstairs; and she laughed as if there was a meaning to the words. Miss Fane and Archinard had chosen to use her as a laughing-stock, and if she knew anything about the woman he chose to call his sister both of them should pay.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Austin, looking over the roses and silver of her dinner-table, and for an instant comfortably silent in the babel of voices round it, smiled to herself, well pleased.

Her house-party to-day and her house-party yesterday were as different as Scotch and soda from soda without the Scotch. Archinard's motoring-party of eight people had changed the whole thing from insipidity to excitement. If Archinard had meant Dallie Fane to find out just what difference Douglas Archinard's society could make in life Fate had certainly played into her hands whole-heartedly. She had let the girl be dull and bored, purposely, inspired by a note from Archinard which she had not chosen to mention; and she laughed quite out at the success of her experiment.

Dallie, in a white satin gown that just showed the fairness of her rounded throat and arms, was not the listless Dallie of other nights; she shone, smiled, scintillated, as she had done when she was eighteen.

"She can beat all the four women Archinard brought with him," thought Mrs. Austin, all her heart in Dallie's happiness, her settleme.t.

Her eyes ran over the four women searchingly. Mrs. Rutherford, fair and pretty, she need take no thought for—Tommy Rutherford and she had eyes only for each other; Miss Denton—they had Philip Martin with them just for nineteen-year-old Muriel Denton; there was no fear of her aspiring as high as Archinard; Mrs. Fletcher was just Mary Groton's friend—and at the last name Mrs. Austin's eyes found the owner of it; and stayed there.

Mary Groton might have been thirty. Her Titian-red hair and her wide brown eyes covered a multitude of sins in her features and her colorless complexion. In her figure and her dress there were no sins to cover. She sat like a princess whom none of the small cares of life had ever dared come near; a personality, too used to position to think of it.

"Position! Good heavens!" thought Mrs. Austin, with a shock. There would be very little position left to Miss Groton if Archinard chose to marry. She had been the head of his house for years—Mrs. Austin contemptuously left out the half-brother who was Mary Groton's excuse for being there, her shield in the eyes of the world from what might have been a doubtful situation. Her food, her gowns, her house, the very food she ate were all Douglas Archinard's; just as his establishment, his entertainments were all managed by Mary Groton; and the reflected glory of them had made her a power above half the married women in New York.

"Archinard's forty," thought Mrs. Austin, with a sudden terrified insight, "and I believe it's nothing but Mary's work that he's never seen any one he wanted to marry: she's never let him close enough to any girl who might be dangerous. Oh, I must warn Dallie, whatever she does, to make a friend of Mary Groton!"

If she had known about the childish escapade of the afternoon and the antagonizing of Mrs. Hatch she might have hurried with her warning; yet even as it was her heart sank as she followed her women guests into the

drawing-room, and saw Miss Groton drawing Dallie Fane down on the sofa beside her.

"Heaven send Dallie doesn't have an impulse to be frank with her," prayed Adrienne devoutly, but she dared not call Dallie away.

Mrs. Hatch, with her most natural toupee perfectly adjusted, caught her hostess' sharp glance across the room, and smiled. If there had been any frankness abroad at West Meadows that evening it had been hers, just before dinner. She looked at Mary Groton's smooth pale face, the wealth of riotous Titian hair that contradicted it, and smiled again. Miss Fane, friends or no friends with Douglas Archinard, would end in another broken engagement; and somehow or other a scandalous one, now that Mary was warned; Mary, who did not even move an eyelash to prevent it when Archinard strolled up and sat down by Dallie.

There was not a man in the room to touch him, and the girl knew it. Even Tom Rutherford, young and debonair, could not hold a candle to the tall iron-gray man whom every one but Dallie herself thought the mirror of respectability and conventionalism. His hard-cut face, his keen eyes, could soften to her, and with a quickened sense of her own power the girl knew why.

"Being only on our way to make friends," said Archinard lazily, "what you and I can't do is to go off and look at the pictures in Austin's gallery, as I see the Rutherfords sneaking off to do."

"They never seem to see any one but each other," returned Dallie absently.

Archinard laughed. "They've been married for five years, and they only found out how to be friends six months ago."

"They're an awful warning, then," hastily, but she was not looking at the Rutherfords. "Mr. Archinard, I never met your sister before. She's quite beautiful, isn't she—and very clever?"

"I suppose she is—good-looking," thoughtfully. He glanced past Dallie at Miss Groton, but she had risen and

was moving away. "I don't think any one ever called Mary clever," thoughtfully, "but I believe you're right. I should probably," with a smile Miss Groton might not have liked, "been quite lost without Mary!"

"I never knew you had a sister before," slowly. "I suppose——"

Archinard opened his lips to interrupt her, but he was forestalled. Mrs. Austin had sunk into Mary's vacated seat, and touched Dallie on the arm.

"The young ones want to play puff billiards, Dallie," she said. "Would you—— Oh, Mr. Archinard, perhaps you wouldn't mind ringing the bell?" pointing vaguely to the far end of the room; and as he moved her fingers tightened on Dallie's arm. "Dearest," she cried breathlessly, "do, do be careful with Mary Groton! Try to make her like you—and don't begin by flourishing Archinard in her face. I don't know the terms you and he are on"—and was much too clever to ask—"but don't confide them to Mary Groton."

Dallie stared at her. "But he can't matter to her—not that way," she exclaimed. "How absurd you are, Adrienne! She's his half-sister."

"She's no—relation—to him—in the world," said Mrs. Austin heavily. "Oh, thank goodness, Fred's caught Archinard for a moment, anyhow! Listen, Dallie; you've got to understand things. Mary Groton has always lived in Archinard's house, just as his half-brother and hers, Billy Archinard, has always lived there; but it's only Billy, and people being accustomed to it, that's made it possible. When Mrs. Groton married Archinard's father she was a widow with one girl, and he a widower with one boy; Mary Groton and Douglas Archinard. Their half-brother, Billy, was the only child of the second marriage, and he's the only real link there is between them. They were brought up together like brother and sister, but they are no more relation to each other than he and I are. There's nothing to keep him from marrying her to-morrow if he wanted to."

Dallie yawned. "But he hasn't, or he would have done it long ago. I don't

see what Miss Groton matters to me," she said easily.

"You make a great mistake, then! She has, she's always had, the greatest influence over Douglas; so much so that at one time every one thought he was going to marry her—till he crushed it by going off to Europe alone and leaving Mary with Mrs. Fletcher, the ugly woman who's with her now, installed as companion. But his marrying her isn't the point. You're not stupid, Dallie; for Heaven's sake try to take in what I'm saying before Archinard comes back! Mary Groton will never willingly see him married to any one else; she's got too much to lose. His house, his position, are hers, practically; just as if she were his sister. She leads society almost as much as any one in New York; and if Archinard married—well, she couldn't go on leading it from a little house somewhere, just plain Miss Groton. She has no money; I think she'd be too proud to take Archinard's under any other circumstances than those she's used to; and she'd just have to drop out. Think, Dallie, for one moment, what that would be to a woman like Mary; and try, try to make her like you! You can be perfectly enchanting, when you please," imploringly.

Dallie turned calm eyes across the room at Miss Groton's exquisite back, at Archinard's face as he came back to her.

"It wouldn't be a bit of use, Cousin Adrienne," she cried impetuously. "I don't like her; I've never been used to conciliating women, and I can't try. Besides"—she blushed, hotly, sweetly—"I'm not trying to marry Mr. Archinard; I don't want even you to think it. We're just going to be friends."

"You'll never be that or anything else if Mary sets herself against it," desperately. "Oh, Dallie, I mean it; I'm warning you! She's got too much to lose."

"I dare say; but it's no use telling me to be nice to her. I'm not drawn to her, and you know I never could pretend. I never bothered," reminiscently, "over other women."

"That's just it," muttered Adrienne. "You've let I don't know how many women work against you, and when they've done all they wanted to you've thought it was you who'd changed your mind, and not the man they'd managed who'd changed to you. Oh, go now and do anything," wildly, "so long as you keep your friendship for Archinard under a bushel from Mary Groton. Oh, Mr. Archinard," with no foolish lift in her voice, since she had seen him coming, "thanks so much. Are you going to play bridge, or are you and Fred off to smoke?"

"I'm going to teach Miss Fane piquet," said Archinard placidly.

Mrs. Austin made one more effort, conscious somehow of Mary Groton's expressionless face, though all she could see was her back.

"Dallie has to play hostess," she rejoined primly.

Dallie laughed provokingly. "Then I'll play it to Mr. Archinard. Only," as Adrienne swept helplessly away, "I don't think I'll play cards. If you win you'll think me an idiot, and if I win you'll probably be cross. Besides—"

"Kindly remember I'm not engaged to you," retorted Archinard blandly. "I've a choice between those two states of mind. 'Besides'—what?" He drew out a chair for her, and seated him on the other side of a little table.

"Cards aren't good for me." Dallie did not look up. "I used to play bridge; oh, frightfully hard! And there was one night when I couldn't pay."

"Well," quietly, "Mrs. Austin paid."

"What? You knew?" Dallie started.

"No; I understood, I think. I'm not a saint, Dallie."

"Every one else seems to be," returned the girl, without the least bitterness. "Oh, I can tell you that till Adrienne fished me out that was the tightest place I ever was in, till this last bother," ingenuously. "I've never played for money since."

"Most precarious way of making money," returned Archinard innocently. "Worse than going on the stage!"

"Did you know that, too?" And this time she was startled.

Archinard shuffled the cards. "Of course I knew! What did you suppose took me to Mrs. Austin's the day she brought you home? I never was an intimate friend of hers. But I couldn't go and fish you out of boarding-houses! Was it very awful, Dallie?"

Dallie winced. "I think the towels were the worst of it," she answered musingly, "and—oh, the dining-room! Down-stairs, with only electric light," tragically. "I would have died sooner than have sent for Adrienne, Mr. Archinard, but I nearly screamed with joy when she came in. She is such an angel, you know; and I've been the most awful trial to her."

"I dare say." There was a certain conventionality in Mrs. Austin that made the idea extremely probable. "Look here," boldly, "what was she saying to you just now?"

Dallie's impulse led her quite placidly to the truth.

"She said Miss Groton mightn't like your being a friend of mine," she returned equably. "But of course that was nonsense."

Archinard looked across the room to his pseudo half-sister. "I dare say," said he ambiguously. "Now, Miss Fane, forgetting Mary, let's play our game." But though he shuffled and dealt, he might not have been thinking of piquet.

CHAPTER VI.

From the big open fireplace in the hall at West Meadows two screens of old Chinese lacquer stood out like wings. Behind one of them was a writing-table that no one ever used, but its seclusion had apparently attracted Miss Groton. She sat alone there, pale in the morning light, but expressionless as usual. Only the hand that held an unused pen over a blank sheet of paper could have told any one that her nerves were raw with apprehension.

Last evening she had given nothing but stark unbelief to Bessie Hatch's

story about Douglas, the Fane girl, and a boot-cellár—Archinard was too fastidious to propose to any girl in such a sordid place; but in the long night her unbelief had weakened. She was a proud woman, she could ask no questions, but she had to know if the story were true.

Mrs. Austin had been right about the position Mary Groton would lose if Archinard married, but it was not position she was thinking of now. She had loved him madly, blindly, for ten years; ten years that had taught her he would never marry her, but assured her he would never marry any one else. The bare thought of Dallie Fane as his wife dragged Miss Groton out of her bed and ensconced her behind the lacquer screen.

Bessie Hatch had listened; if Archinard and Dallie talked by the fire after breakfast she could listen, too. She wondered sharply if any one could see her from the gallery, but before she could glance up to make sure she forgot possible onlookers, the pen in her hand, everything but Archinard and Dallie Fane. For they had come out from breakfast; they stood alone within arm reach of her, just behind the tall screen.

Dallie was speaking, but hatred of her cut so deep at Miss Groton's heart that she made no sense of her words, except that they were something about making the boys apologize for their share in yesterday's crimes. It was Greek to Miss Groton, but Archinard's answer was plain English and it cut the listener like a sword.

"The boys had no share in the boot-cellár," he said. "Are you repenting your bargain there, Dallie, in the cold light of day?"

Every nerve of Mary Groton's body strained to hear the answer. She could have killed the girl for the easiness of it, the taking Archinard as a matter of course.

"Not I," said Dallie lightly, "it's so nice to feel free. Do you think," irrelevantly, "you'd like to ride with me? It's a heavenly morning."

"I do, especially since the motor's broken down," Archinard chuckled,

but he went on speaking with a tone in his voice that Mary Groton, at least, had never heard there. "Look here, Dallie, you said something just now that I want you to remember. You're always free, while you and I are friends. If you tire of it to-day it ends to-day; if you thought you could like me

cure with you. You never had anything but fancies, and just now you happen to have a fancy for me. You needn't laugh. You know in your own soul you never wanted any man to kiss you," baldly.

Dallie shuddered. "That was just it," she said uncomfortably.



The listener in the passage clutched her skirts to be ready to run.

enough to marry me, and found you didn't—"

"Do you mean," Dallie interrupted blankly, "if I liked another man?"

"Put it differently." Archinard winced. "You may love another man, Dallie, but I swear you're going to *like* only me; and you'll find it wears better. The only trouble about it is," coolly, "that you've never been in love with any one—if you had I'd feel more se-

"Don't wriggle away," said Archinard, "I don't want to kiss you." If it was a lie it was well told.

Dallie looked at him, curiously stung. No man she had ever been engaged to had prepared her for a man like this.

"Suppose I met a—some one I *did* want to—to—" she began vividly, and left the sentence unfinished. "What would you do then?"

There was what seemed to Mary

Groton an hour's silence. Archinard's voice broke it, steady, hard-held, even.

"I'd know that no friendship for me ought to stand in your way," he said slowly. "I'd let you off our bargain, Dallie; and I'd try to say God bless you."

"I'm not good enough to be thought of like that," cried Dallie wistfully. "It frightens me. Come out, and," childishly, "don't let's be earnest any more to-day."

Till their steps died away Miss Groton sat like a statue. The thing was true, and she could not bear it. The raw agony of her jealousy bit to the bone, and made her stagger as she went up the stairs. She had lost Douglas, she could not think of anything else; she never even looked before her as she turned into her own room, and locked the door behind her, till Mrs. Hatch's voice from a distant chair made her start as if she had been shot.

"I—I don't feel well," she managed to say as she turned round.

"Good heavens, you're *livid*." Mrs. Hatch for once in her life was really appalled. "Why, Mary, you're *frightening!* I never imagined you cared, like this."

"I don't know what you mean," but she said it faintly. "I feel ill, I think."

Mrs. Hatch came over to her swiftly, a bottle of salts in her small white hand.

"Keep that for down-stairs, my poor dear," she said trenchantly. "I saw you just now, from the gallery, and I took care no one else did."

"Give me the salts," said Mary thickly. "I was sorry you were here, but I think I've got to speak out or die. What you told me was true. Douglas wants to marry her, and I—I don't know what to do."

She had never had any right in Douglas' house; she had stayed there, first on sufferance, then because she made herself indispensable; but never because he had given her any thought beyond a brother's. And his marriage would mean she would have to go. She had loved his wide, somberly rich house as if it had been her own; the drawing-

room she had had decorated as a background for herself.

"I—of course I should have to make a home somewhere else," she said, with an effort.

"Nothing ever suited you like that white drawing-room," returned Mrs. Hatch meditatively. "I can't think of the Fane girl sitting there in your chair. And as for making a home for yourself," shrugging her shoulders, "I suppose you could if Douglas allowed you enough."

"I wouldn't take one cent!" fiercely; and Mrs. Hatch shrugged again.

"Then you'd just have to drop out," she said inexorably. "People would come, just once, to some little house you could afford to take; you'd smell yesterday's dinner there while you counted the soiled clothes for the laundry, and kept some back if there were too many. Talk sense, Mary; you can't throw away your consideration, your position as the head of Archinard's house, for a Dallie Fane! I'm going to be frank with you; you haven't had all you wanted, but you've had all the outward semblance of it."

The hard voice broke through what little guard Mary Groton had.

"I don't care who the girl is," she cried sharply. "It's no use your making great eyes about Dallie Fane. It's any girl I couldn't bear. I've thrown away my whole life for Douglas, and this is the end of it."

"Is she engaged to him?"

Mary shook her head. "He left her—free," she muttered, remembering Douglas' voice as he said that love alone would make him let her off her bargain.

"Free!" Mrs. Hatch began to laugh, quite quietly. "Then you're nothing but a fool, Mary! You'd have no chance against an ordinary, well-brought-up girl, but you've every chance against Dallie Fane, if she's left free. Let her get hold of *another man*, dear, and she'll do the rest. Just you produce another man with looks, and personality, and charm," coolly, "and I don't think you'll have to say good-by to Douglas."

"I can't ask men to Adrienne's house," cried Mary.

Mrs. Hatch looked straight in her eyes. "There's *one* man who doesn't have to be asked," she said slowly. "You had a letter from him this morning. Couldn't Larry Austin *come home*?"

Miss Groton really jumped. She was the only person in the house who knew Larry was no longer in Texas; he had written to her from Atlantic City. Half a dozen telegraphed words to Larry, and he would be at West Meadows, a man whom no girl could look on coldly.

Mrs. Hatch smiled. "I'd wire for Larry," she said carelessly. No one had ever annoyed her without paying for it, and the silly trick with her toupee had leaked out through the boys. "No one could blame you if the girl chose to fall in love with Larry. Her fancies are a byword, if she took one for him there'd be no marrying for Douglas."

"No marrying for Douglas!" The words repeated themselves in Mary's brain long after Mrs. Hatch had left her. But it was the thought of Larry, young, vital, compelling, that brought her to her feet at last, her pale face for once no contradiction to her red hair. She would try it, would telegraph Larry; she would do any mad thing to keep Douglas from Dallie Fane; Larry would hold his tongue, and no one else would ever know.

Somewhere the little gods may have laughed as she said it, but Miss Groton was not thinking of the gods as she flung on a hat and went out, except to be grateful that there was no one to see her take the road to the village telegraph-office. It was more than safe to send any message from there, since West Meadows had an office of its own, but it was not easy to hit on just the right words.

Miss Groton filled a couple of blanks and did not think them urgent enough, wrote another, and handed it in. If it were too outspoken she could not help it. She left the office almost light-heartedly, having swept her spoiled blanks on the floor. That the operator

kept a side-line of candy and was a dear friend of the Austin boys did not occur to her; if it had she might not have troubled herself about such details as the habits of boys.

Ken Austin, rushing in there half an hour later while his pony waited outside, bought five cents' worth of sticky candy, wrapped it thriftily in a discarded telegram form that lay handily on the floor, and stuffed it into his pocket, where he forgot it till the afternoon.

CHAPTER VII.

Out on a warm rock in the ripple of the swift little river that flowed through West Meadows Archinard and Miss Fane sat side by side, fishing. At least Dallie was fishing; when she thought of it. The March sun shone down on Archinard, utterly lazy in misleadingly workmanlike clothes; and on Dallie's golden head, Dallie's round young figure, Dallie's white, supple wrist. As he watched her the man's shrewd eyes looked as young as hers. Things, and friendship, were going well with Mr. Archinard.

"Oh," whispered the girl breathlessly. "That was a rise! I—— Oh, I've lost him—and he was the big one!"

"Bless the saints!" said Archinard devoutly. "You know if you hadn't lost him you'd only have covered your eyes with your hands while you made me take him off the hook and put him back again."

"Well," with absent defiance, "that's what I brought you out for! I believe I could catch him yet, if the boys would only stop thrashing about. Boys!" She raised herself on tiptoes and shrieked imploringly at the three youngest Austins, who occupied, with much scuffling, a post of vantage on the shore. "Boys, do stop splashing! Take your horrid poles and worms out of the water, and keep quiet. I can't catch a thing till you do."

"We've not catched any ourselves," yelled Bobby indignantly. "You're getting as fussy as old Mrs. Hatch! Oh, here's——" He skipped on the top of a boulder behind him, and slid down

again. "It's only Ken coming," he announced with relief. "I thought it might be nurse. She—" He finished his sentence in a wild "Ouch," as Ken, yelling like an Indian, leap-frogged over the rock and landed full on his fat shoulders.

"Hurrah, you kids!" he shouted. "Larry's back; he's just come. Chuck those old poles in the river. He's brought us rods."

"Shut up, Ken," commanded Dallie, with some energy. The big trout had risen again, was lobbing at her fly when smack, flap, went three poles into the river, and off he whirled. Dallie flung down her rod.

"I might as well try to fish in Broadway," she cried wrathfully. "Who's come, Ken?"

Ken crossed the precarious stepping-stones to her side with the ease of long practise.

"Larry from Texas," he announced succinctly, as one who announces royalty.

"Who's Larry?" Dallie's thoughts were on the river, the sunshine, the happy idleness of the afternoon that was nearly over.

"Our cousin, of course! He's some fun, if you like. You ought to be glad he's come."

"I don't care a bit," said Dallie absently.

Ken sat up and looked at her. "You will when you see him," he said offendedly. "Larry's just all there is. Why do you suppose mother's so cross that he's come back home? She forgot herself. I heard her say she wished Larry was farming in Jericho—and generally she has fits if any one uses words out of the Bible."

Dallie had an instant vision of an awkward hobbledehoy, who would lead the boys into mischief.

"Gentlemen don't repeat." She pulled Ken's ear remindingly.

Ken yawned. "Gentlemen have to be dreadfully dull, I think," he reflected. He turned his attention to the pockets of his riding-breeches, and joyfully dragged out a small parcel. "Have

some candy?" he whispered. "Don't speak loud; it wouldn't begin to go round with the kids. You first, Dal."

Miss Fane stretched out her hand and drew it back again. "Looks pretty mushy," she commented unkindly. "What on earth's it wrapped in?"

"Oh, Mrs. Stoker at the telegraph-office didn't have any paper, so I just picked this off the floor. I kept the writing outside," virtuously. "Besides, she said I could have it."

"Well, you are a pig," said Dallie. "I'm not going to eat things off the floor."

But Kenneth for once was silent. He had emptied his candy on a flat stone, and was painfully spelling out the writing on its wrapping. "That's rum, with Larry at home," said he absently. "I say, listen! Do come back. West Meadows worth even your while. Besides I miss you. M—" I can't make out the last word, but it's to Larry, at *Atlantic City!* I do call that ignorance. Why, Larry was in Texas!"

"And I call other people's telegrams none of your business," cried Dallie smartly.

She had seen the signature Kenneth could not make out, and she was quite sure the sender would not wish Archibald to. If the stately Miss Groton had chosen to telegraph to any man from the village office it was not to have it published to the world or her relatives. Dallie might not have any use for other women, but she always played fair. She snatched the paper from Ken's hand, and was crumpling it in a ball to throw in the river.

"Nobody talks of things they read by accident," she began virtuously. "You needn't—" And her uplifted hand went instinctively into her pocket as she dived with the other one at the eldest hope of the house of Austin, overbalanced, and sitting in the river.

It was Archibald who dragged him out, dripping mud and water, and quite forgetful of the telegram to Larry.

"I say," he gasped, "I shall catch it! These are my new breeches. Come on home with me, Dal. They'll believe you if you say I didn't do it on purpose."

Dallie nodded. "Only don't wait; fly in the kitchen door to cook," she advised sagely. "I'll be right after you." But she turned and looked wistfully at the river in the golden light of the setting sun. "I suppose we should have had to go some time," she said. "It will get cold in a minute; and," practically, "I always like to leave places while I'm sorry to go. I never stay to the very last at a ball without wishing I hadn't."

She watched Archinard take her rod to pieces and strap it up. He had nice hands; but then everything about him was nice, from the iron-gray hair, that nothing seemed to ruffle, to the nameless cut and fit of his rough clothes. The man looked up, as though he felt her eyes on him.

"Does that mean you've liked this place?" He jerked his head comprehensively at the rock, the dimpling river, the soft hills of spring.

Dallie nodded, not even shyly. "You've taught me to enjoy things, somehow," she said simply. "I've been happy."

"So have I." There was nothing in Archinard's voice to show the leap his heart gave. He had indeed been happy. With every day, every hour he was drawing nearer to Dallie Fane; and as no other man had ever drawn near to her.

Kenneth had skipped nimbly over the stepping-stones and departed with his brothers; Dallie and Archinard stood alone in a golden world, aflame with sunset, young, palpitating with spring.

The girl looked innocently into the eyes bent down to her, and as innocently laid her hand on Archinard's arm to cross the stepping-stones.

"We really are getting friendlier every day," she said meditatively. "I never got on with any one so well as with you, Mr. Archinard."

It was the first time she had ever touched him, ever said anything even Mary Groton might not have heard. Archinard's blood surged in one tingling wave to his finger-tips; for the first time in his life he heard the thrash of his own heart in his ears; and sheer

fear of letting himself go made him stand rigid.

It was his moment, if he had only known it; everything was fighting for him, even Dallie herself. If he had dared say he loved her, taken her to him then and there, masterfully, the girl would have come to his hand like a tamed bird. But he did not dare. He made the only mistake he had ever made with Dallie Fane, and let the good moment go.

"I suppose we do get on," he heard himself say, and could not even smile to help the banality.

It was with the stiffness, the grand manner of the Archinard the world knew that he helped her across the wet stones to the shore. And even there, he could find nothing to say because he was afraid of saying what was true; that friendship with Dallie Fane was beyond him any more.

Unconsciously flung back on herself, and chilled by it, the girl walked beside him to the house, in silence, too. She could think of nothing that could have changed him into the old Archinard, till she hazarded a guess to herself, quite wrongly, that he, too, had seen the signature on the blotted telegraph-form, and been annoyed about it, even though it was only a nephew of Fred's. She took no interest in Larry Austin, or his arrival; she was just disappointed, she did not know why, in Archinard. And he made things no better by turning to her just as they entered the door of West Meadows.

"Did you really mean just now that you liked me better than you did?" he demanded. Somehow it sounded as if he were sorry, and the girl answered without spirit.

"Of course. I like you better—oh, better than Ken!"

"Is that all?" Unconsciously the real Archinard flashed out at her, and Dallie's heart lightened like a child's.

"It isn't half all, and you know it," she cried vividly. "And you've been simply horrid to me for the last five minutes."

"I had to be. I—Dallie," imploringly.

But she was gone. He heard her light feet on the stairs, her sweet high voice calling some one, and then the closing of a door that shut him out. And this time he knew he had lost a chance.

But Dallie, dressing for dinner with every electric light in her room turned on, never thought of it. She had been thrown back on herself this afternoon, but it must have been on account of that silly telegram of Mary Groton's. Archinard had good eyes. It had had nothing to do with the friendship that if it kept on growing would mean—would mean—all alone in her room the girl flushed exquisitely. To be Archinard's wife would never frighten her, never make her do anything wild to escape it. He was her friend, and she had never had a friend before. She dressed her gold hair for him, slipped into a long white satin he had never seen with a wonder if he would like it, or her; and stood before her big glass, and knew.

She was used to being pretty, but not to looking like this. Her eyes shone back at her, deep and starry; the faint rose in her cheeks had deepened.

"I believe I am—beautiful," she said wonderingly.

She had never had any vanity, it was one of her charms. She had hardly thought of her looks for the past year, but it was worth while now that Douglas Archinard was her friend.

"And I'll take care he doesn't remember his stupid sister telegraphing to any stupid boy this evening, and be cross about it," Dallie thought slowly.

For the first time she had a curiosity to see Larry Austin, and the sort of man Mary Groton would condescend to wire for. She walked softly along the passage, more softly across the wide gallery that overhung three sides of the hall below her, and looked down.

All the house-party was there, waiting for dinner; and all, except Archinard, gathered round a tall man who stood with his back to Dallie. He was no boy, certainly; and for the moment it did not occur to her that he could be Larry Austin. He was no one she

had ever seen, though; and unconsciously her eyes noted the splendid carriage of his head before they turned to Archinard. He was not looking at her. Dallie leaned over the gallery rail, and tried to make him look, all her will in her eyes that shone like stars.

From down-stairs there was a shriek of laughter; an—"Oh, Larry, how like you!" But it was as if some one above him had called his name that Larry Austin turned round. His eyes, keen, black-lashed, very steady, looked straight up to Dallie's; and were arrested there for the space that a man might need to count ten; and arrested with as distinct a message as if he had spoken.

Dallie Fane's heart stood still.

CHAPTER VIII.

So this was Larry Austin; this! No wonder Miss Groton had taken the trouble to wire for him; Dallie had never known there was any one like him in the world.

The men and women round him had suddenly an odd effect of not being people at all, but puppets who did not matter, even though Laurence Austin kept on talking to them where he stood below her, just a tall man with a sunburned, aquiline face, and that curiously splendid carriage of the head. The mouth under his fair mustache was perfect as Dallie's own, though; stronger, too; and more trustworthy; the line of his cheek and chin hard, and beautiful. He was, above all, young; vitally, compellingly young.

Yet it was none of those things which kept Dallie Fane motionless, but the look in his eyes. They were blue and very steady, and they had spoken to her; as a man speaks to the one woman in the world he has been waiting for, as if there had been no one in the hall but their two selves. With a sickening heart-beat Dallie knew she was afraid; afraid of herself and circumstances, and Larry Austin.

With a pitiful effort she turned her eyes, to look at Archinard as a dog looks at its master; and yet, somehow,

as if she had never seen him before. She had not remembered how old he was; he was middle-aged from the gallery; she could see the thin spot on the top of his head. She realized sharply that he had a hard face; and once more that old, wild terror of a great something behind her that was sweeping her somewhere at its will rushed over her. She never knew how she got downstairs, except that it was instinctively, to get to Archinard's side and be safe from Larry Austin's eyes.

But even to Mary Groton Miss Fane came down composedly, a white, wonderful figure against the dark paneling of the stairway. Her beauty startled even Miss Groton, and for once she was incautious.

"Well?" she said, just too loud, to Larry. "Well, didn't I tell you it was worth while for you to come home?" Her voice was high, carrying; with a certainty of triumph in it that went farther than she knew.

Dallie Fane, fighting for her life against a fear that was overwhelming her, caught the tone, the look, more than the words as she passed; and with them a conviction, instantaneous, absolute.

Mary Groton hated her. It was for her she had telegraphed to Larry Austin, in the hope of getting her out of Archinard's way. If Dallie had lived by impulse it had been by intuition, too; and this stranger had been sent for to block Archinard as Archinard had blocked George Chester.

"He sha'n't do it; no one shall," she thought passionately. She sank into a chair close by Archinard, purposely, as if she belonged there.

Laurence Austin waited till Archinard spoke to her before he turned to Mary Groton.

"Well," he said incomprehendingly, "what's well? If you mean me, I'm the other thing. I'm clean knocked out. Who's the girl, Miss Groton?"

But Mary's caution had come back to her. "Oh, just a cousin of Adrienne's," she said quite carelessly. She wondered suddenly how far her position was safe, and made sure. "Did

you get my imploring telegram asking you to return from Atlantic City?" she inquired, smilingly. "It really was rather shameless, but it seemed such a waste to be here without you."

"You telegraphed me?" Even Larry could not keep surprise out of his manner; Miss Groton was not a special friend of his. "It was extremely kind of you," rather absently, "only I didn't get it. I was in Atlantic City for just half a lay. Did I write about your horse from there? I was trying to see a man for Fred, and he happened to be in New York; they gave me a false trail in Texas. I came home because my business was done. Tell me, Miss Groton"—and there was no added interest in his voice—"what is Adrienne's cousin's name?"

"Fane," she said it with difficulty; it would kill her if she ever had to say "Archinard"!

"Thanks." If Larry had ever heard of Dallie Fane it did not show in his voice, but he felt as if his brain were on fire. It was absurd, when there had been nothing to kindle the flame but the startled appeal in a pair of blue eyes; only he had never met just that appeal in a girl's eyes before.

"I'm mad," he thought, while he said something civil to Mrs. Hatch. "I'd better find out quick if I'm ready for an asylum, or only getting softening of the brain. I looked at the girl as if she were my wife that I hadn't seen for a year. I ought to be kicked. It was no wonder her eyes begged me to keep away."

It was just what they had done, though Dallie did not know it; they had not commanded, nor disdained, but begged to be let alone. It was with a sheer instinct for safety that she laid her hand on Archinard's arm as dinner was announced.

"Come in with me," she whispered. "I don't feel like talking to the others."

Her light-heartedness came back to her with the sound of her own voice, and the touch of the arm under her hand. Archinard was strong: she had only to stay by him closely enough and no wind could blow her away—out into



"Oh, I've lost him—and he was the big one!"

that enchanted sea that might yet wreck Dallie Fane.

"The little table in the corner, then," Archinard whispered, too, looking in front of him with a discerning eye. "Quick, while I block Mrs. Hatch!"

Dallie laughed, and ran in two steps ahead of him. There was a second table, small, square, placed cornerwise to the fireplace; meant by Mrs. Austin for very different occupants.

"I say," said Archinard, pulling out her chair, "did you remember to speak up for Ken and his breeches?"

"Oh!" Dallie looked up at him over her shoulder with contrition. "Mr. Archinard, I forgot! I—"

And she forgot, too, what she had been going to say. Mary Groton, red-haired, pale, splendid, was seating herself opposite her at the table that was laid for only four; and Larry Austin was drawing out the fourth chair, at Dallie's right hand. The girl sat white, paralyzed with the old ghastly feeling of never being a free agent; but this time with a prayer for resistance. Archinard's voice came to her out of a vast

distance, getting closer, mercifully, savingly, with each word.

"Don't look so horrified. I interviewed his mother. I told her," placidly, "that you pushed Ken in the river."

Dallie's courage, her wits, came back to her. "You know you didn't," she retorted quite naturally. "You'd be far more frightened of my vengeance than of Adrienne's."

"Are you thinking of giving me a sample?"

Dallie turned her curiously childlike eyes direct on his.

"No," said she plainly, "I'm not. You're the last person in this world I'd ever stick a knife into." And it was true.

"I never saw you look so earnest, Miss Fane," observed Mary Groton sweetly.

Dallie's eyes flashed. She had forgotten Mary. By and by, not now, she would pay out Mary Groton for daring to trust to her temperament, her past history, to make her turn to a new friend and leave Archinard.

"I'm always earnest when I'm threatened." She paused lightly. "Mr. Archinard was going to tell Adrienne about something I hadn't done." There was nothing vulgar about Dallie; her smile at Archinard was anything but possessive, yet Miss Groton felt chilly in the warm room. "What's for dinner, Mr. Archinard? I'm starving."

She had never so much as looked at Larry, yet she was acutely conscious of the shape of his fingers as he picked up a menu-card, of the biting scent of the carnation in his coat. Presently she would have to speak to him but she would be civil and no more.

For the first time in all her life Dallie Fane was fighting against herself; against her lightness, her fickleness, and the powers of the air that always seemed to reenforce them. No nameless unspoken attraction, no revelation in a man's eyes, should get her allegiance from Douglas Archinard—and every pulse in her body kept hammering out that it was not Archinard she wanted to talk to, but Larry Austin, who had been sent for that very

purpose. She knew every time he glanced at the averted cheek which was all she chose to turn to him, knew he was waiting his opportunity to speak; and heard him take it, deftly, without haste.

"No one has introduced small fry like me," he said. "I wonder if I dare claim to be a relation, who doesn't need it."

"I'm afraid——" Dallie's pause was faultless.

"You've never heard of me," com-posedly.

"Not till to-day."

And she turned quietly back to Archinard. Larry's voice was just what she had known it would be, and she dared not talk to him. If he knew why he had been sent for she had reason enough to hate him, but she knew she was not doing it. It was true that she had never been in love, and she was not in love now; but she was in terror. She liked Archinard; but if the man beside her chose to make her she would love him, Larry Austin, with all her soul and body.

She was sick with shame at the knowledge of it, but it should be no one's knowledge but her own. He did not look like a man who could be any one's tool, but Dallie had a sudden fierce curiosity to know the terms he was on with Miss Groton; she would know then how to treat him. She took Adrienne's arm as the two followed the other women from the dining-room.

"Adrienne," she asked, "are Mr. Austin and Miss Groton great friends?"

"Who, Fred?" Adrienne did not stop.

"No. Larry." The name stuck in Dallie's throat.

Adrienne stopped short enough now. "I don't know," she said sharply, "I suppose so; I heard her say something about telegraphing to him. Why?" And suspicion caught her by the throat. "Dallie," she cried, "you're not—Larry doesn't matter to you?" incoherently.

"Of course he doesn't," too hastily.

For once the hall was empty, the women gone on into the drawing-room. Adrienne looked into Dallie's eyes.

"I don't know," she began laboringly, "how I am going to bear it if you throw over Archinard now, after making yourself conspicuous with him for days. Oh, I'm not talking about engagements—that's only a word. But I've seen you with just this look on your face nine times, and each time it meant your fancy had turned to another man. If I'm brutal I can't help it. I'd hoped—I don't know what—but I was almost sure you were in earnest this time. Oh, Dallie, you know nothing of Larry; he's nothing to you. Don't be a leaf in the wind. Stand where you are and keep steady, or you'll break my heart."

It was the last straw, if one had been needed. Dallie could never go against Adrienne, who had saved her at the last pinch, and brought her back into the world she belonged to. Besides, once Larry Austin was out of her sight Dallie's blood boiled at the thought that he might have discussed her with Miss Groton; laughed over her past of broken engagements, light come and light gone. She was no child; she was quite aware that even that compelling, recognizing quality in his first long look at her might have been intentional, and untrue.

But if she had been waiting for a chance to let Mary Groton know about the betrayal of her wife to Larry she had changed her mind. Ken's production of the spoiled blank had been a blessing, for it had warned her, and kept her out of a trap, if a trap had been meant; and looking up suddenly as she reached the drawing-room she knew it had been meant. She saw nothing but Miss Groton and Mrs. Hatch deep in conversation, but the sight of their whispering faces was electrical, enlightening.

The telegram was part of a plot, and both women were in it.

Dallie was suddenly as certain as if she had seen her that Mrs. Hatch had followed her to the boot-cellars, had heard all that Archinard said and all that she had answered, and had warned Mary Groton. But she would make no disclosure of her knowledge of that or the telegram to Larry, either to him

or the women; she would just make his coming useless, in her own way.

She walked over to the door to be ready to meet Archinard, for if Mrs. Hatch never saw anything again as long as she lived she should see now that no imported man could displace Archinard. And as she thought it Dallie turned in sheer terror toward Adrienne. For the door was opening, the men coming in; and Archinard was not with them. It was Larry Austin who was crossing the floor to her, and once more there was in his eyes that look she could not meet.

"We're going to dance in the hall," he said. "Will you dance with me?"

Larry was always direct; it seemed to him as he spoke that he had never in his life wanted anything so much as to dance with Dallie Fane.

Dallie stared straight at his pearl shirt-stud. If she did not look at his face she might say "no" to him; never with his eyes on her. She heard her own voice say she never danced, and in the next breath answer assentingly as Tom Rutherford casually requested her to; but she did not care. She would never of her own accord so much as speak to Larry Austin, lest that awful, overwhelming impulse she had toward him should sweep her away. If she could not swim against it she must drown, but at least she would drown fighting for her life.

The evening went by like a nightmare to her. She danced, laughed, talked in a horrible sense of unreality, even with Archinard; but she did it well.

It was not till every one was saying good night that Larry had the chance he had been waiting for. He took it well; Miss Groton, for all her watching, did not see.

"Miss Fane," he said, with a curious gravity, "you've a perfect right to avoid me; only—would you mind telling me why?"

"There's no reason." The words choked her, but she would keep her knowledge of his alliance with Miss Groton to herself.

"Only the avoidance." He was very

quiet, yet his steady eyes seemed to read her like a book. "I'm sorry," he added slowly. "I thought you and I would perhaps have got on."

Dallie shook her head, dumbly. It was somehow not the conversation of strangers, but of two people who belonged to each other, and found a bar set up between them.

"I still think it, if you'd give me a chance," said Larry suddenly.

Dallie fought for breath. For all she knew Larry was just doing what Miss Groton had bidden him, but she was not thinking of that. She had seen Adrienne look at her across the room, and Archinard coming over to her; Archinard, to whom she felt bound by the very freedom he had left her.

"I don't make friends easily," she said. "I think"—the words were simple, the look in her eyes the look he had met before that told him to keep away—"I think it is no use to try."

Friendship had never entered Larry's head, but he did not say so. "You mean I'm to keep away?" he asked slowly.

The girl's spirit flashed up in her. "No, I shall," she said hotly.

She turned her flushed, stung face away from him; wished Archinard good night as he approached her; and got safely to her own room before any one could see that she had begun to cry, wildly, inexplicably.

CHAPTER IX.

For two days Dallie kept her word; and the one thing which made it possible was that Larry Austin was a gentleman. If he had loved her without reason the very second he saw her he loved her far more as she kept herself maddeningly out of his way; but he would force himself on no girl. It was luck, or fate, or whatever he liked to call it that made him run on her at last, walking alone at sunset in a distant part of the place where Fred Austin had forbidden his womenkind to go.

It was not that there was any real danger there, but a new railroad that was cutting across a corner of West

Meadows had brought with it a camp of rough navvies, of whom Adrienne was terrified. Dallie had forgotten about the navvies; Archinard had had to go off for the day with Fred, and she had no idea of hanging about the house and perhaps being forced to talk to Larry—and as she thought it she ran almost into his arms, where he came out of a turning at her very elbow.

For one instant she looked at him standing straight and tall against the sunset; the next she gave a little nod that greeted and dismissed him all in one, and walked past.

Larry was not a pariah, nor used to being treated like one; he was on the point of shrugging his shoulders and proceeding on his way to the house when he saw where the girl was going. The railway was over the next rise, and to-day had been pay-day, and a half-holiday; every secluded spot in this part of West Meadows would be occupied by a man or two, sleeping off their drinks. Larry's long stride caught up to Dallie.

"I say, Miss Fane," he called from behind her, "I'm sorry, but I don't think you should go on. The railroad work's over for the day, and the men have been drinking."

Dallie walked on. "Then they won't be able to run after me," she said.

"Possibly not," doggedly. "But I'm afraid if you must go on you'll have to let me go with you."

"Oh, don't be silly!" cried Dallie impatiently. "There's no one here!"

Larry pointed dryly to a dark something that blocked the path just ahead of them.

"That's one man," he observed, "and he seems to be asleep; but the next one might not be. If you'd care to find out I'll walk behind you"—and in spite of himself he laughed—"but I won't leave you."

"For Heaven's sake, don't," returned Dallie unexpectedly: the prostrate man before them was getting to his feet profanely. "Oh," she cried, "let's run!"

She turned, and would have been able to keep before Archinard like a deer, but Larry was a different thing. It

was the last thing she had meant to do, but as she had to stop for breath she began to laugh like a child.

"It's lucky I haven't to trust to my feet to avoid you," she announced frankly; and could have shaken herself at the slip.

"I've sometimes found my personal appearance against me," said Larry dryly, "but not to the extent it has reached with you. You don't know me well enough to object to my character."

Dallie lost her temper. Her hand was in her coat pocket, and she could feel the crumpled ball of paper Mary Groton had written and Ken read aloud.

"I don't object to you," she announced coolly. "I merely haven't any concern with you. When Miss Groton wants your society enough to telegraph to you to come here, I should advise you to take an interest in her, not me."

Larry stared. "I don't understand," he began. "I hadn't any message to come here. I came of my own accord."

Dallie shrugged her shoulders. "I heard her ask you about it."

Larry stood still in the lonely path. "That," said he scornfully. "I know what you mean now. But in the first place I don't see what it could have to do with you; and second, I never got it. I never had a telegram from any living soul on this place."

There was no sense in Dallie's heart jumping with relief, but it did jump.

"Then I beg your pardon," she said soberly. "I'm not going to explain anything, perhaps after all there's nothing to explain."

"Not as far as I'm concerned."

Larry would have been in a fog if Mrs. Hatch had not been a fool, and said openly to him that it would be doing a good work to detach Archinard from that flirting Miss Fane. But he was too wise to show his knowledge. Instead he fell placidly into the girl's step and began to talk.

Dallie had never listened to just such talk. It was not of himself or her, yet she knew it would be the instant she chose. She would not choose; she did not dare, walking alone with Larry in

the twilight; but insensibly her mind began to respond to his, as an instrument responds to another struck directly in tune. She knew what he would say, and answered it before it was fairly spoken, quite unconsciously, and with a queer sense of delight that was a very different thing from her quiet security with Archinard.

Larry's heart was riotous in him as he walked beside her. She was just what he had known she was, only a hundred times sweeter, now that she no longer wore the look which had told him to keep away. And as he thought it Dallie stopped dead, just as they came in sight of the lighted house.

Larry saw nothing to startle her, just Adrienne's automobile at the door in the flood of electric light from the portico, and Adrienne herself descending from it; but Dallie stood frozen. She had forgotten Adrienne, Archinard, everything but the man she had meant never to speak to! She had, once more, been doing the very thing she had sworn to herself she would never do. She walked on stumblingly, hearing not one word Larry was saying, and slipped past him into the house without even a good-by.

"Well!" said Larry blankly; the puzzle of her was beyond him.

He supposed Miss Groton's telegram was in it, but he did not see where. Her situation with Archinard was clear enough, but he would not have given a straw for the situation if he had not been sure there was something behind it. He was not a man who could be lightly put aside; if anything tangible stood between him and Dallie he meant to know it. All that evening he watched her unostentatiously, seeing her face as she talked to Archinard—and it was not the face she had turned to Larry Austin out in the twilight.

"By the Lord, she's not in love with him," Larry said to himself heavily. "And as she isn't, what am I standing out for, like a fool in a book?"

The girl was made for him; she drew every breath as he would have her draw it; and while there was time he meant to let her know it. To any other girl'

it might have been sheer foolery to say anything of the sort after three days' acquaintance; three days—he was honest with himself—deliberate avoidance on her part, except for that one hour in the twilight; but this girl's heart had answered his the instant their eyes first met. Before it was too late he meant to speak and have an answer. She and the boys went every morning to the stables before breakfast, and to-morrow he would go, too.

In the clear light of morning he was waiting for her as she came out of the house, with the stout Bobby ahead of her and Fred and Archinard some way behind; but Larry cared for none of them, nor would he look at the sudden terror in the girl's eyes as he joined her.

"Look here," he said very matter-of-factly, "there's something I want to say to you; I can't help it if you think I'm mad. I have to take my chance while I have one, and I'm going to be plain. Do you want me to stand out of Archinard's way forever?"

"You were never in it." The pallor that gave her the queer look of being cut in marble blanched Dallie's face.

"That's not true." It was so quiet that Fred and Archinard ten yards behind them could notice nothing. "I should have been in his way from the first second I saw you if you hadn't told me to keep out of it; and I've a right to be there. You don't love him, and you *could* love me. Think of it, Dallie! It means just the round world to me."

Dallie's hands clenched suddenly as if they grasped something tangible. No matter what mad gust of rapture blew her she must cling to the security she knew.

"Mr. Archinard's been my—friend," she said jerkily. "I never had a friend before. I can't—can't hurt him."

"If you chose you could, and you wouldn't even care," said Larry slowly. "God knows I don't want to force you, but I can't go on standing out like a fool on account of another man's friendship. If that's all there is between us it isn't anything. Do you mean to look

at me and say that because of friendship you won't marry me?"

His hand caught her wrist like a vise as she stumbled on a stone, and the shock of the grip tingled through her like electricity.

"I told you once," she said unsteadily, "to keep away; I can only say it over again. You don't know me, you don't know *about* me; and I don't know myself. I might love you for one day, and then do—what I've done with other men, and begin to hate you, to feel like a bird in a cage. There's no cage with Mr. Archinard; he likes me; he's—different! You make me afraid of—"

"Speak out!" Larry was as white as she. "There's nothing that can't be said between you and me!"

"I can't; except," piteously, "that all my life there's seemed to be a wind that blew me here and there like a leaf—about love. I'm afraid of it now. I'm fighting—hard—to keep steady. If I loved you a hundred times over I'd never give in till I was sure of myself."

"You're sure now," quietly. "I don't know what kind of a scruple you have in your head about Archinard, but it won't be honor if you stick to it."

"You don't understand." Her voice was desperate. "I'm afraid of myself, of my own impulses, and the something behind them which seems to push me on."

"To me?"

"I don't know. I—"

"You knew," he interrupted bluntly, "when I touched your hand just now. You'd know past any silly reasoning if I kissed you."

Dallie turned an absolutely colorless face to him, and the eyes that blazed in it had lost their curious child's look forever.

"You go too far," she said, her voice thick with a passion he thought was anger. "Even if you had a reason for all you've been saying you go too far. When I come to you of my own accord and ask you to kiss me it will be time enough to talk of kisses—but I'd be dying before I did it! And last night I promised to marry Douglas Archinard.



He slipped Dallie on a heap of straw, and touched her with knowledgeable fingers.

Now do you understand? And will you go back, and let me go on alone?"

And she did not know how she ever said it. If Larry had answered one word she could never have repeated the dismissal; and it was not the memory of the men she had tired of that kept her steady in his silence, but the memory of Adrienne's rescue of her from the stage and despair, and of Archinard's trust.

But Larry said nothing. He had turned quietly away, passed Fred and Archinard, and was nearly back to the house when he was aware of Fred's voice shouting to him to come back. As he turned he saw the telegraph-boy

from the village backing from Fred's immediate neighborhood, as that gentleman exploded in profanity, but he never gave a thought to that telegram of Mary, Groton's that had never reached him.

"What's the row?" he asked as he came up with the group.

Fred turned on him. "I don't know," he swore, "and if you do it's no credit to you. I suppose I opened this by mistake."

"It's for Mr. Austin," said the telegraph-boy stolidly. "Mother says it's been to Atlantic City and Texas and New York."

Larry held out a hand indifferently

for the message, but it was too late. Fred, boiling with rage, read out aloud the wire from Mary Grotton that Fate had seen fit to deliver now to Larry Austin; and the telegram was plainer than the spoiled blank.

"Do come back and help me to keep Dallie Fane from marrying Douglas. She is worth even your while." MARY GROTON."

But for Archinard's face Larry could have laughed out at the irony of the thing. But it brought back his wits as nothing else could have.

"You can see for yourself, I should think," he cried, "that it was only a joke."

"Then it's a damned impudent one," exclaimed Fred hotly. "I can't help it if she is your sister, Archinard!"

"Don't be a fool," said Larry sharply. "The thing was never delivered, and if you'd like to know I didn't need any telegrams. I've just asked Miss Fane to marry me, and she's refused me."

He tore the message in two, and was shoving it into his pocket to burn when something stopped him; something electric, ghastly. Before he knew what he was doing he had turned and was running to the stables, leaving Miss Grotton's mad telegram lying forgotten on the gravel.

CHAPTER X.

Blind and deaf to everything but the thrash of her own heart in her ears Dallie had gone at top speed after Bobby to the stables. It would be quiet there, since it was the men's breakfast-time, and the stolid Bobby's company suited her just now better than Archinard's. But the child was not in the row of stalls where the boys' ponies were kept. Dallie stood there an instant, glad of the stillness; and then a pure physical anguish seemed to stop her heart.

"What have I done?" she thought sharply. "Oh, what have I done?"

She had thrown away love—she panted at the word, though she had known it all along—love, and Larry,

for a cool, safe bond with Archinard that even a child could not expect to stay at, either.

"Oh, my God," said the girl, exactly as if she were in church.

She turned regardlessly from the expectant ponies, and went blindly into the next stable. Something was delaying Fred and Archinard, and she was glad of it. Larry would not be with them. Of her own accord she had put it out of Larry's power to follow her anywhere again. She had got to put the very thought of him out of her mind as long as she lived. She leaned against the stable door, stunned with it; when something made her muscles leap rigid.

It was more a sick whimper than a cry, but there was agony of fright in it, yet Dallie could not see so much as the stable cat. The place was empty except for the thoroughbreds Fred kept there, yet something had cried out.

Dallie's eyes cleared to the sunlit interior with its four loose-boxes; Rayon d'Or's; Rayon de Miel's; the Cappoquin filly's and Donna Perfecta's, the sour chestnut mare who would let only one man in the stables go near her; and the bolt of Donna's box was undone.

Dallie made a step to run it home, and stood paralyzed. It was from there the whimper had come; inside it the queer-tempered mare stood motionless, her ears flattened to her head, and on her off side wavered a pair of stout, blue-knickerbockered legs.

"Bobby!" the girl thought wildly. "It's Bobby!"

She saw his fat legs move to run, and the mare's lunged-out head come wickedly between him and the door. It was no use wondering what foolishness had taken the child there; she had to get him out. The men would not be back from breakfast for another half-hour, and though Fred and Archinard must be nearly there she was afraid to waste time in looking for them. Donna had once savaged a stable-boy. Dallie raised her voice very softly.

"So, mare, so, Donna," she said. "I'm here, Bobby! You must keep quite still till I tell you to come." She

filled a measure out of the oat-bin as she spoke, and opened the loose-box door. "Stop crying, Bobby," she ordered. "Just walk out quietly as soon as I get her attention. Come, Donna, come, girl!" The mare turned her head. "Now, Bobby, go!"

But Bobby was the slowest of the boys. He stood still, except to flick at Donna with the switch in his terrified hand.

The mare threw up her head, her thin tail tucked between her legs, and hunched herself just out of Dallie's reach. It was too late for Bobby to pass her now. But Dallie had never been afraid of horses. She went up to Donna, oats in hand, and the mare plunged back, just enough to let the boy squeeze by.

"Go, Bobby!" said Dallie angrily.

She reached forward and dragged him to her. Donna took no notice of him, nor apparently of Dallie or the oats. She stood motionless, except for a curious rippling tremor in her muscles, catlike, savage.

Dallie dared not turn her eyes from her. She backed to the door with the child behind her, without haste, but steadily. In another moment she would have been out of the box with the door safely bolted behind her, if Bobby had not yelled as he shot out of it; yelled as only a terrified child can.

It terrified the mare, and it startled Dallie. She dropped the oats, jumped backward for the door, and missed it; and as she turned between it and her there lunged a chestnut head, straight in her face. It had a curious effect of being upside down, of being all yellow teeth, with the under jaw twisted up-permost. The girl dodged, struck the mare under the ear with her clenched fist, and slipped.

"Larry!" she screamed as she fell, "Larry!"

It rang through the stable, out into the paved yard where a man flung the sobbing Bobby out of his way as he ran, but it rang too late. Donna Perfecta could not miss the girl on the floor. Before Dallie could even roll over the chestnut knees were on her,

the yellow teeth snapped in her shoulder.

Larry Austin heard not so much as a moan as he sprang into the box and struck the crazy mare as he had never struck a horse in his life. Larry carried something out of the box in his arms; the white, untouched face hanging backward over his shoulder, the rest a broken thing that had been Dallie Fane.

"Get a doctor, somebody." Fred Austin was sobbing without shame. "She's not unconscious. My God, why isn't she unconscious?"

"I suppose because the pain's hell," said Larry brutally; it had been for Fred's boy that she must bear it. He bent his head to the face so near his own. "Shall I lay you down?" he asked, very carefully, as if he spoke to a child. "I'll be very tender, Dallie!"

The girl's wide eyes that had never closed were on his.

"No," she gasped. "Oh, Larry, don't let me—go! I want to stay." She would have clung to him, but she was past clinging.

Archinard stooped over her. "Keep her still, Larry," he said sharply. "Dallie, are you in pain? We'll stop it in a minute. The doctor's coming with morphia."

"No pain," said Dallie faintly, and somehow it sounded careless. Archinard did not matter, it was Larry who mattered; she was not thinking it, only accepting it. Yet there was surely something she had to say to Archinard. She realized his face with an effort that took the strength out of her.

"Yes," he said thickly, "I'm here, Dallie!"

"I don't—want you," she muttered. "Only you said once—" She stopped, and went on incoherently. "I've tried to keep away from Larry, but I wouldn't help caring for him. And you—said—"

Archinard looked from her to Larry, and his own face grew gray. He understood, sharply, the drama that had been utterly hidden from him; and for what reason Dallie had refused to marry Larry Austin. She had been trying

to be loyal; trying, for the first time in her life, to keep steady against the winds that blew her; and in spite of her they had taken her to Larry, not to him.

With a great rush of tenderness he spoke to Dallie, careless who heard him.

"I said if *love* came between you and me you were free." It came out clearly. "That I'd say God bless you, and let you go. Is that it, Dallie? God bless you, dear, if I—have to let you go."

For a long moment there was no answer, yet Archinard saw dully that she understood. He drew suddenly away as her eyes turned to Larry with a look they had never had for him.

"I tried not to," she muttered, "but it's different now. Oh, Larry, kiss me! I said I'd ask you if—I was going to die. *My Larry!*"

But her eyes clouded even as his lips touched hers; with the little possessive word she had fainted dead away.

"Ah!" said Larry sharply; he had got the chance he was waiting for. He had not been in Texas for nothing, if it was the first time he had ever known a horse to savage a woman. He slipped Dallie on a heap of straw, and touched her with knowledgeable fingers.

"She's gone," cried Fred shudderingly. "Don't torment her!"

Larry looked up as if he had not heard him.

"Go and hurry the doctor, *will* you?" he ordered fiercely. "She won't die; she can't! It's only her ribs and her shoulder; and shock. I—she—"

But he could not go on. He had no thought of Archinard, no thought of any one but the girl who belonged to him; who would live, whom he would carry home in his arms. He took her up like a child, deftly, without a jar, and moved away.

He had kissed her once before the others; he bent his handsome head now, and kissed her again, as a man kisses his own; and as he lifted his head his heart leaped. Dallie was his own, not for death to come for presently, but for life; the life and love that the girl her world called light and fickle, whose name had been a byword for changeableness, would have put aside for honor and her given word.

Mary Groton looked up in terror as Archinard walked in on her an hour later.

"I suppose the best thing we can do is to go," she said nervously. "She—she won't die, will she, Douglas?"

"No," said Archinard.

He took from his pocket that mad telegram to Larry he had picked up off the gravel. Mary had not meant it to come just in time to stop him and Fred from going with Dallie to the stables, but what she had meant it to do had separated her from him no less.

"Fred Austin read this aloud to Larry and me," he added colorlessly. "You wasted trouble when you sent it, for things had gone that way without you, but I believe the intention's the main thing, not the fact. Go home by train, will you? I'm taking the car."

Mary shrank back, sobbing. "I didn't mean—it was Mrs. Hatch—and it was only a joke," she began wildly. "Oh, Douglas, listen!"

But Archinard, with a curious little gesture of finality, had turned away.

Mary Groton did not need to look after him; she knew too well what he meant. In intention, if not in fact, she had stopped his marriage, and he was done with her. He would give her, doubtless, all the money she wanted; but she could not take his money. There remained to her only the little house in the suburbs.



THE STORE GIRL'S CHANCE

BY
ANNETTE AUSTIN



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

[It is common report that the majority of saleswomen in large department stores are paid less than a living wage, and that the demands of their position for tasteful dressing and good grooming leave practically nothing of their salary for food and lodging. Is it true, as has been hinted more than once, that these conditions place undue temptations about the girls, and that many of them are corrupted and ruined through the environment with which modern industrial development has surrounded them? The series of articles, of which this is the first, is the result of conversations with store girls and with those having close business or social relations with them. It is our purpose to show in them the real condition of the working girl in some of our large cities.—THE EDITORS.]

I FOUND her washing out underclothes in the basin of a wobbly tin washstand, which formed one of the unsightly ornaments of her narrow bedroom in the Catholic "Residence for Ladies" where she boarded, and hanging them up to dry on a cord line stretched from the gas-jet over the bed to the top of the oak dresser in the corner. She was going to wear them "rough-dry," she assured me, because she was saving on laundry to buy a spring hat. One couldn't save much on six dollars a week, she observed with a cheerful smile, but if one began a good ways back in February, like this, and was fortunate enough not to get sick or have to go to the dentist, one might accumulate five dollars by May.

As I looked at her, standing there so patient and so cheerful, this little shop girl with the soft brown eyes and the big pompadour, who worked nine hours

a day at the ribbon-counter in one of New York's great department stores, I thought of the hundreds of well-to-do girls who think themselves ill-treated if they cannot have seven or eight hats a season, with a corresponding number of shoes and feather-boas; and I wondered if they were any prettier in their eight hats than she in her one, and if they were any more deserving of these favors of fortune than this little girl who toiled nine hours a day waiting on them and their whims and fancies for six dollars a week.

"All men are born free and equal," drifted through my brain like a faint, forgotten song. A fine phrase that, to have incorporated in the constitution of a country and forgotten as soon as it was safely planted in the corner-stone of the foundation of the capitol! They used to make us learn it by heart when we went to school—all that about "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"

being every man's due and the object of "this people" in freeing themselves from a tyrant. And we did learn it—simple innocents that we were!—swelling with pride as we recited it, though we found when we "got grown," that it was only another of those lies of life with which our elders fed us. We found then that we had to fight for life; to fight harder even than "this people" fought for freedom from the tyrant, George the Third; and as for "liberty and the pursuit of happiness," they are now held fast in the clutch of a tyrant fatter than old George the Third, and a deal of fighting it means before we get them.

The little store girl continued her work as I took my seat, for we were very good friends, and talked to me of herself as she splashed and wrung out the white garments, one by one. Her remarks were prompted by my desire to know how she liked her "place."

"Working in a store's awful nice," she conceded generously, "if you don't mind the standin' up and the long hours and the small pay. It's better than factory work or bein' in somebody's kitchen. You can see nice people all the time and you handle pretty things. It's clean—it's *lady's work*, you know," she finished proudly, giving me in those two words the clue to her choice of it and to thousands of other girls' choice of an occupation that offers little in industrial preferment and next to nothing in cash remuneration.

"Of course, it has its drawbacks," she confessed bravely, pausing to spear a handkerchief onto the line with a hatpin and coming to take her position close under the dim gas-jet where she could see to work on a bit of sewing. "And, goodness knows, I'd hate to think I'd got to be a store girl *always*," she meditated. "Though what's to become of me I don't know. I never have a chance to go out and meet young men—unless I go with some of the girls at the store to those dances in public halls." She paused and shook her head vigorously. "But I guess I've been brought up better than *that*," she said with conviction.

"I just guess you have," I sympathized warmly. I had known Sadie Foster's parents in the small Western town from which we both hailed and it was the knowledge of her strict and righteous bringing-up that had led me to come to her for the real truth of a girl's chance for respectable self-support in a department store. I knew she would look at the question with the fairness of a wholesome, trustful nature, as well as with the unerring judgment of a moral sense nourished in God's open country and not in the evil-smelling alleys of a great city. She would be able to tell me of the inconveniences of the store service, without casting aspersions on the manager, to retail the incidents of the ever-changing human drama of custom with a sense of humor delightful, and to picture the weary, constant home-coming of the girl who lives alone, without bitterness.

For the first time since I had known this merry-hearted girl, however, I saw her overcome by a sense of her social limitations. Doubtless, many times before in a vague way the thought had come to her that she had not as much as other girls, but with the buoyancy of a healthy nature she had thrust aside the notion and made the most of her lot. She turned to me now with a queer light of suffering on her face, her little hands clenched, her body rigid.

"Do you know," she said tensely, "what the worst thing about workin' in a store is? It's the feelin' that you haven't got any future. It's the feelin' that you haven't a *chance*, like other girls, to enjoy life, to make friends and to marry. It's the feelin' that you are working your life away here, day in and day out, just a part of a machine, and nothing to show for it in the end. Do you know," she continued, breathing heavily with emotion, "where the most of the money goes that we make in the store? It goes back into the store—into the same store—to pay for the clothes we wear at our work. And the rest goes to pay for some gloomy little hole like this that's 'respectable' for a nice girl to live in.

"Oh, yes, it's very easy for people who don't know anything about it to say that a girl who was raised straight ought to stay straight," went on my little friend, "but you just try being good and simple and religious in a place like this, you'll see what an inspiring existence it is. You'll want to *murder* somebody for it."

"Why, Sadie," I exclaimed, shocked

recklessly, as if, having taken the plunge, she might as well make a clean breast of it, she continued:

"It's just this feeling that you are *sacrificing* yourself on the altar of respectability for no good, when all around you girls like you are having fine times and not suffering for it, that makes life so hard to bear. It's the feeling that here you are stuffed up in



This little girl toiled nine hours a day waiting on them and their whims and fancies for six dollars a week!

at this unexpected outburst, "I never heard you talk like this before. Tell me all about it. Isn't this a nice place to live?"

"Nice? Nice? Of course it's nice," she returned shrilly. "That's why I live here and that's why I'll die here—at least, all that's human in me'll die," she faltered sullenly, beginning to suspect that she had given me too deep a glimpse into her inmost feelings. Then,

the cotton-battening of immaculate dullness, never seein' anything more exciting than a twenty-five-cent show at the theater—and other girls ridin' around in automobiles—and *for what?*—for a store to take the strength and youth and red blood out of you and cast you off in the dump-heap when you are too old or too ugly to serve them longer."

"My dear girl," I protested earnestly

at this outburst of despair, "do not let yourself slump into *that* benighted attitude. Nothing *ever* compensates a girl for her loss of self-respect. And if you will only stop to consider that for the few gaudy specimens of prosperity in this course you see float past you in the store, there are the ninety and nine wretched hulks of disease and misery that trail into the doctors' offices, the police-courts and the charity-bureaus, you will change your view as to its returns. This is a very natural query you have put to yourself, and I suppose every girl who is out in the world has asked herself the same thing at some time. But it is only the ignorant, foolish girl, who can see no farther than her nose, that allows it to get any hold on her. But tell me about this house," I resumed cheerfully; "is it so strict or so straightlaced that you cannot make your own little pleasures around you? Aren't there other young girls here, and can't you have callers and go out at night?"

"The boarders are mostly old-maid school-teachers and quarrelsome rheumatic grandmothers," she assured me grimly. "We can have callers till nine o'clock; then the parlor is closed. As for being out at night, there is only one night in the week when we are allowed out after ten. Then the doors are locked; and there are no latch-keys."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, shocked at this revelation of feudal tyranny in a modern boarding-house.

"It's necessary to keep us respectable," she explained, with elaborate sarcasm.

"Do you have to stay out if you are locked out?" I asked, letting my imagination roam into the exigencies of this admirable system.



The weary, constant home-coming of the girl who lives alone.

"You do," she informed me briefly. "And if you have no friends to go to, you will have to spend the night at the police-station. One girl did recently, and as a consequence she was ill for a week with nervous prostration."

I began now to realize something of the conditions that turn working women away from the "homes" and cheap "hotels" which have been established for their "comfort" and to "meet the needs of the wage-earner." The needs are still here, but they have not been met—yet.

"There must be some place where you could go and be freer," I insisted. "Where do the other girls stay who don't live at home?"

"Where *do* they stay?—that's just the question," Sadie repeated, flinging her hands wide in frank quandary. "You know I only pay four dollars a week here, and that's half what the others pay. They just take me out of charity—and I suppose I ought to be more grateful," she observed contrite-

ly. "You've no idea how hard girls have to scratch around for a place like this that will take them cheap. Some girls—if they can get in—go to those religious 'homes for working girls,' where they take you for three dollars and three dollars and a half a week and let you do your laundry in the basement at night. But they are dismal places—worse than this. There is a matron poking around all the time to see if you've darned your stockings and said your prayers, and keeping you reminded continually that you are the object of some rich woman's charity that makes it possible for you to 'live here in comfort on next to nothing.'

"Then some of the girls go home with friends, where the family is willing to take in another at maybe as little as two dollars and a half a week. This is the nicest plan if a girl has friends, but it usually means living out of town and spending a fortune on car fare, besides getting up before daylight in order to get to the store on time.

"The older girls, of course—those who are making twelve or fifteen a week—can take care of themselves. They can easily enough find a boarding-house where they don't have to entertain their beaux in their bedrooms or take them out on the street to escape a parlorful of tabby cats—and that's what most of 'em care about—but I tell you what it is, for a girl who is earning less than ten dollars a week, there is absolutely *no* place where she can find a comfortable, safe home."

"The *Trotmart Inn*?" I suggested, naming a well-known addition to working women's homes, which is said to be a model hotel in every respect.

"Is all well enough," said Sadie, "but it's too expensive for girls like us."

I pondered this state of affairs for quite a while, and then I asked: "Do your employers know this and yet expect you to work for a wage that you cannot live on?"

"Of course, they know it," cried the girl, amazed, "and that isn't the worst of it—in some places."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that in two places in this city

where girls I know complained to the manager that they couldn't live on what they made, they were met by the laughing retort that they weren't *expected* to live on it, that most of the girls in that store had 'friends' who helped them out."

I said nothing. I had heard something of the kind before, but had paid little attention to it. But now, coming from Sadie, it was different—more real and more serious, not a disagreeable fancy to be kept in the back of the brain out of sight, but a hard, horrid, uncompromising condition that would not be overlooked, that must be faced.

"Oh, I don't mean to say," she hastened to reassure me, "that such talk as that is common for a girl to run up against in business. It certainly is not. At least, it isn't so brutally put," she hedged. "The results may be the same, even though a manager may just look at you and say 'I'm sorry.' You see, it doesn't make any difference whether the moral tone of the store is high or not—and some places they do *everything* to make a girl's job easy—the attitude toward the wages is the same. It's just this; the firm thinks it's none of their business whether a girl can live on her wages or not. If she can well and good; if she can't let her go somewhere else. It is not *their* lookout if she starves. 'That's all you're worth to us,' they say. 'Take it or leave it.'"

I knew Sadie Foster spoke the truth in this description of the attitude toward wages of the employer of "unskilled labor" in department stores. It is sufficient for the employer to know that there are hundreds of other girls "just as good" to be had where these come from, and that he runs a very small chance of losing a "star" girl in turning down a "flip" one who wants more wages. Capable saleswomen are so few and far between that they are tagged as carefully as lepers at large in the city, and their history and whereabouts known to a minute. There is no union behind these women workers to push their demands, nor are there

State laws to protect them, even in the matter of the long hours of standing. In a few States there are laws requiring employers to *provide* seats, but there are no laws forcing the employer to allow them to be *used* at the will of the worker.

"It never has seemed exactly fair to me," resumed Sadie, giving me further light on the situation, "that the store people should pay so little—and expect so much—when all the time fifty per cent. of what they pay you is going back into their pockets! They count on this as a business proposition, getting the

ute, being docked in wages while you are out. It's true we get from five to ten per cent. off on purchases, but that is no more than is given to actresses and schools and dressmakers and a lot of other people—it's still a good profit. And some places where they only pay every two weeks, and girls are allowed to run accounts, they buy much more, and it's pretty sick they feel when their pay-envelope comes in minus half their salary to settle the 'account.'"

"You have very pretty clothes, nevertheless," I commented admiringly. "I don't see how you manage it."



"Other girls ride around in automobiles."

trade of their six hundred or a thousand employees in the store.

"You see how it is, you've got to be well dressed in the store. You've got to wear a clean shirt-waist every day and do your hair in the latest style; and if you are an up-stairs girl you have to have a pretty flaring skirt and good shoes; and when you *buy* those things you buy them in *your* store. Of course, we can shop outside if we like, but it's an expensive shopping-tour that costs you at the rate of a cent a min-

"Oh, you've no idea how clever we girls are at making things," laughed Sadie gaily, glowing at my little compliment. "We are cute ones at making ends meet, I tell you, even if we don't always get the credit for it," she added with a slightly injured air. "Now look at me: I have exactly fifty dollars a year to spend for clothes. How do I do it? I sew at night like this. I copy things in the store—see this?" She held up to my gaze the jabot of lawn and lace which she was making.



*"The boarders are mostly old-maid school-teachers and quarrelsome rheumatic grandmothers,"
she assured me grimly.*

"It cost me just thirty cents, and it's identically like one in the store for a dollar-seventy-five. I buy at bargain sales, when soiled and torn things are put down to half-price. I make over old dresses my aunts and cousins send me occasionally. And then, of course," she observed, with a sad little smile, "not having to have any evening dresses simplifies the problem.

"All the same," she continued a little bitterly, reverting to her former thought, "we store girls don't get the credit we ought to for managing as we do. People—outsiders and customers, and, yes, even the men in the store—look at us with suspicion if we wear anything really fine and dainty. It's got to be so common that even the elevator-boy asks you coolly if your 'affinity' gave you that new boa or your pretty hat. And if you *don't* have pretty things," she added, laughing,

with sudden delightful appreciation of the ridiculous, "they ask you *why* your 'affinity' *doesn't* give them to you. Oh, it's awful!" Sadie threw herself back in half-angry, half-amused despair at the irony of fate for the working girl.

"Well, store girls are not the only ones who are subjected to this sordid attitude of mind," I comforted her sensibly. "It's *all* working women, Sadie, and it is mostly only in big cities like New York that you find it so, fortunately."

At this moment of our conversation, Sadie's roommate entered, a girl of about twenty-five, and head of the cloak department in a Sixth Avenue store. She was a very different type from Sadie, big, stalwart, clear-eyed and decisive, bearing in every feature the mark of the "star" saleswoman. It was easy to see how Miss Cora McMahon had forged ahead to the best



It was easy to see how Miss Cora McMahon had forged ahead to the best the store had to offer, short of buyer, by her own determined efforts.

the store had to offer, short of buyer, by her own determined efforts. With her cool self-possession, her assurance, her tenacity, her quick combativeness, she was indeed a typical specimen of the successful business woman, who makes her own way in the city. Beside her Sadie looked like a delicate, crushed flower, lovable but irresponsible, with no place in the relentless grind of the commercial world.

"I did not expect to find you here," said Miss McMahon to me with barely feigned cordiality. I scented at once the active resentment of her kind for me and my purpose, as the unwarranted intrusion of a prying public, which seeks to "exploit" the lives of

the poor for sinister and selfish motives. And I tried to be tactful, as well as frank.

"Yes," I said, "I came to ask Sadie how it felt to wait on a rich woman, who wants to buy the whole store and a diamond tiara for forty-nine cents. There must be such inconsiderate persons in your business, aren't there?"

She laughed, and we were friends, for she was Irish, with wit, and a joke made us kin. But there was thin ice ahead, nevertheless, when Sadie explained that we were discussing the injustice of the world toward the honest working girl who was trying to live on her wage, and was eyed askance for her pretty clothes.

Miss McMahon drew herself up stiffly. "It is the fault of these vile slanders in the magazines about store girls keeping whisky-bottles behind the counters, and all that rot," she said caustically. "Because there may be a few fly girls in a store, the whole rank and file of self-respecting, hard-working girls has to suffer for it. It isn't fair."

I agreed with her cordially. "I do not mean to present any such picture as that," I assured her. "I respect my own sex too highly. But I want to know if the low wages a lot of girls get in stores doesn't directly tempt them to do wrong for money."

"It does," she answered me promptly and decidedly. Then she hedged—as I had seen Sadie hedge a few moments previously.

"A girl can live on what she makes if she wants to," she announced austere. "There are lots of them who are doing it. Look at the crowds of girls down in these stores on Sixth Avenue, and on Fourteenth Street, who are making only—well, I can't tell you *what* they are making"—she halted with sudden loyalty to her employer—"but they wouldn't be there, standing on their feet all day and grinding out body and soul at that low pay if they could have a life of ease some other way. They are *honest girls*. They would rather starve than do wrong. It never occurs to them that they might."

"No," continued Miss McMahon oracularly, "immorality is the result of bad home-training. It is not the influence of the store that encourages it, but the atmosphere of the home that breeds it." This seemed to be her conviction at bottom, although it was plain to be seen that she acknowledged to herself, if not to me, the existence of other forces bringing it about. "There is more of it in the high-class stores—the 'swell' stores on Fifth Avenue, on Broadway and on Twenty-third Street—than there is in the cheap stores," she admitted, in considering the question further. "The pay a girl gets up-town, of course, is better, but

there are more demands on it in the way of clothes. She has to wear puffs in her hair, and trains, and so on, and there is many a girl there who needs more than her salary to keep up that show of fine lady."

"It's just this about the moral atmosphere of a store," Miss McMahon asserted judicially, and I think touched the key to the situation. "A store reflects the character of the head man. If he is a man of loose principle, a 'gay old boy,' in other words, why, things go that way all the way down the line. The floor-walkers are 'gay old boys,' and the women heads of departments are 'gay old girls.' Sometimes you find a store where only one department will have a bad name, and it is well known to the rest of the store. But in the less-pretentious stores they keep a mighty strict line on all that kind of thing, you can depend on it."

"Now, I'll just tell you of an instance to point that," she continued crisply. "There was a certain department in our store which was 'let' to an outside man—not *our* management at all, understand—and that man employed there as assistant a blowsy-headed blonde with coquettish ways.

"Pretty soon it was discovered that the blonde was keeping company with a man in the store—nothing much, a very inferior position—and after a while things began to be whispered about that caused people to stare at the girl and shrug. Very soon she was called before the manager and told to hand in her resignation. All very quiet it was done—we've got a nice manager that way. She asked why, and he said: 'Do you know Mr. So-and-So?' 'Yes,' she said. 'Well, it's because you know him,' he says, slow and quiet. That's all. Oh, yes we've an awful nice manager," Miss McMahon finished complacently.

"Did they discharge the man?" I asked, more than usually interested in this episode.

"Oh, no," replied the girl indifferently. "He stayed." And the injustice of the discrimination did not impress her at all; nor the fact that the

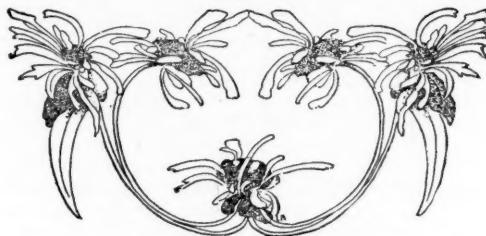
girl's sudden discharge without a reference was the surest way to cast her into the region of darkness irreclaimably. The man could stay, because it was man's privilege not to have his private life inquired into, although any other girls he might subsequently corrupt would be promptly sent away as above. Yet it gave this young woman, who related the story, a feeling of righteous satisfaction to know that her morals were being so securely guarded in the store.

"Would you consider," I asked Miss McMahon before leaving, "that store work for a girl—I mean for the girl with only a medium amount of brains and perseverance and character—was a desirable work?"

"I should," she affirmed unhesitatingly. "Barring the strain of the long hours and the being on one's feet all the time, it's a nice work and as easy as anything else a girl could go into. If I had to do it over, I should certainly enter the ranks and work up to buyer, as I am working now," she confessed. "Buyers, you know, make

fifty dollars a week, and it's *beautiful* work."

And as I looked at the stalwart figure of Miss McMahon, straight and solid and devoid of nerves as a teamster, I felt confident that she would attain her ambition. For here was a perfect specimen of that rare type of woman who is the born success, the born full-blood, the born master of a situation, no matter what the circumstances. For such women—and for such men—there is no need of laws or sympathy or regulations of industry. They will wring prosperity and happiness for themselves from any combination of conditions by the bare force of their persistent, vital personalities. But for the future of little Sadie I was less confident; for little Sadie with the soft brown eyes, the big pompadour, the slender, drooping shoulders, and for thousands of other girls like her, who must battle for their bread in the city with only a modicum of capability—sweet, willing, patient, but futile, aimless, inconsequential—for their future my heart ached.



The Pattern

THREAD of gold and thread of gray,
So I weave, day after day;
Thus the pattern is unrolled,
Thread of gray and one of gold.

Joy's bright stripe and stain of tears,
So they run throughout the years;
Ever thus in strange convoy,
Stain of tears and gleam of joy.

BETH SLATER WHITSON.



ILLUSTRATED BY HY. MAYER

I KNOW the day is hot, me lads,
Most ninety in the shade;
But still I shrinks from coolin'
drinks,
Iced tea or lemonade.
Ye can't entice with orange-ice—
For, honest, I'm afraid.

Ye ask me why? Aye, aye, says I!
'Twas in the month of May.
Our gallant ship was on a strip
Sou'est o' Baffin's Bay,
When lo! we seen an iceberg green
Which filled us with dismay.

We tried to back, we tried to tack;
Our efforts was in vain.
Our ship went *tunk* and straightway
sunk
Within that frozen main,
And I fell flop upon the top
O' that there iceberg plain.

At first I found the coolness round
Agreeable and sweet,
Until a thrill o' Northern chill
Went creepin' through me feet—
It isn't nice to si 'n ice
With nought but ice to eat.

I tried to think o' warmin' food,
Of sizzlin' pan-fried fishes,
Of mutton roast and buttered
toast—

But spite of all me wishes,
Came to me head a book once read
Called "Dainty Frozen Dishes."

I sat there thinkin' thirteen days,
But on the fourteenth night
A polar bear from out his lair
Distinctly hove in sight.
His look was mad, but I was
glad—
I didn't feel no fright.

His shaggy coat, from tail to throat,
Defied both cold and storm;
A garment long and thick and
strong,
It draped his massive form—
I thinks, thinks I: "Well, if I die,
I will at least die warm!"

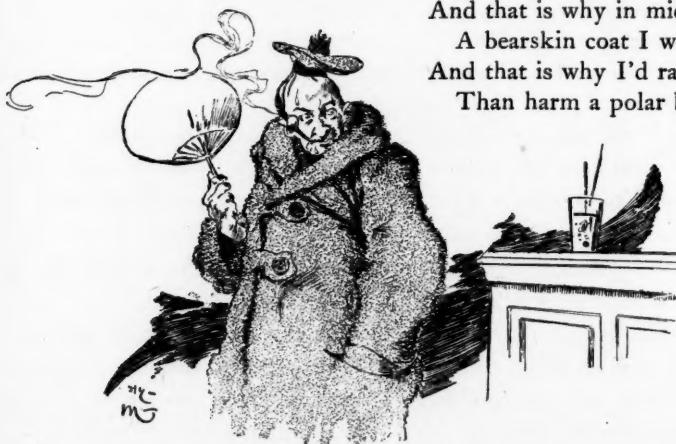
He oped his jaws and spread his
paws—

It was a welcome sight.
I says: "Great rug, if you *must* hug
Please hug me good and tight.
You can't digest so cold a guest,
So warm me first—that's right!"

So to his breast me form he pressed
Till rose the arctic sun,
When from our port the cruiser *Sport*
Fired off her ten-inch gun,
And plugged that bear so fair and
square
His huggin' days was done.

The captain's wife restored me life
By feedin' me with gin,
And then and there they skinned the
bear
And kindly took me in.
(Why did they shoot that noble brute
Whose hide had saved me skin?)

And that is why with chilly eye
At frozen drinks I stare;
And that is why in mid-July
A bearskin coat I wear;
And that is why I'd rather die
Than harm a polar bear.





GARDEN CITY PROJECT, KANSAS.

A New Future for the Wage-Earner

By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay

[*For the tens of thousands who are out of work, for the hundreds of thousands who see little in the future but a hard struggle for the bare necessities, there has been opened a new country, with land there for the taking, immeasurably richer in its possibilities than any Klondike or Cripple Creek. Mr. Forbes-Lindsay tells of this opportunity and shows how it may be seized. If you are interested in the article and think seriously of acting on its advice, we will be glad to help you in the way of answering questions as to any points which are not clear to you.—THE EDITORS.]*

"Look at my face, toil-furrowed; look at my calloused hands;
Master, I've done Thy bidding, wrought in Thy many lands—
Wrought for the little masters, big-bellied they be, and rich,
I've done their desire for a daily hire, and I die like a dog in a ditch.
I have used the strength Thou hast given, Thou knowest I did not shirk;
Threescore years of labor—Thine be the long day's work.
And now, Big Master, I'm broken and bent and twisted and scarred,
But I've held my job, and Thou knowest, and Thou wilt not judge me hard."

SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE.

THIS America of ours is a land of slaves. Among us are many thousands held in bondage—bound no less truly than if chains encircled their limbs. Not lacking in avenues of escape are they—avenues easy of access but closed to their purblind eyes. Slaves there be in all our crowded lives of industry—slaves of our inexorable civilization.

And yet, there is hope for them. But not in futile mutterings of discontent—not in the vaporings of half-witted demagogues, shall they learn the secret of their salvation.

You, who are the slaves of the ledger. You, who are the slave of your shop. Yes, you who are the slave of a

profession which you loathe. You may, all of you, shake off your shackles and become freemen. To all of you is open the life of the independent citizen, master of his own actions, and molder of his own fortune.

All of us—the slaves of the pen, no less than any other—may better our condition by the exercise of such intelligence and energy as the Lord has granted to the least gifted. In Heaven's name then—if the thing be possible—let us be up and doing before we become mere mechanical beings. Let us kick down the walls of the ruts in which our lives run and get out to the world of free endeavor, where we can stretch our limbs and lift up our eyes

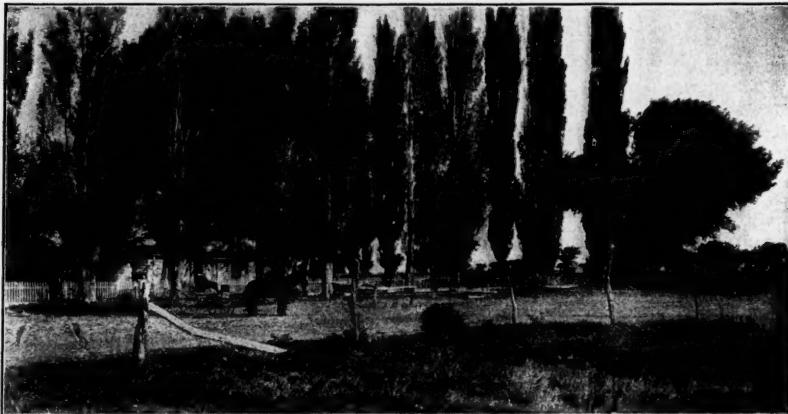


ROAD LEADING EAST FROM FALLON, NEVADA.

to the hills whence should come our strength.

Providence has ordained that there shall be slaves. Our industrial economy needs the dullards and the automata. But why should we, who are fit for better things, crowd into the menial positions to which they were foredoomed? Let us leave the ruts to the hopelessly rutty men, and with our gain of freedom they shall find the way less stressful and irksome to them.

George Timms, lately textile worker, now farmer and landowner—affords a fair example of the emancipation of a rut-bound toiler. Before he found his freedom, life moved with him in a monotonous round of slavish labor. Sunday brought a short respite. In the afternoon, I would come upon him in the park, smoking his pipe, with the stolid air of a cow chewing the cud. Only dimly conscious was he of the call of mother earth. But, somewhere in



JOHN OATES' RANCH HOUSE, FALLON, NEVADA.



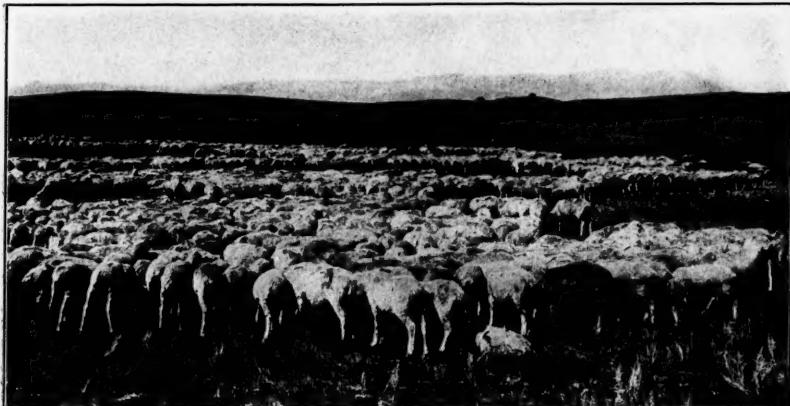
VINEYARD IN FINNEY COUNTY, KANSAS. GARDEN CITY PROJECT.

the recesses of his stunted brain that appeal made itself heard. And the brief hour's contact with nature undefiled heartened him to renew the burden of his grimy existence.

A time came, last spring, when George among thousands was thrown out of work. Like his fellows in misfortune, he stood supinely awaiting the reopening of the factory door. No thought had he, or they, of aught else

but to squeeze back into their accustomed ruts as soon as might be. In those days of enforced idleness I saw him more frequently and came to know him better. Happily, also, I witnessed his awakening and liberation.

George Timms is a representative specimen of the American artisan—sober, industrious, passably intelligent, but wholly devoid of imagination. He—following in the footsteps of his fa-



2,500 HEAD OF SHEEP ON RANGE NEAR WILLOW CREEK, SUN RIVER PROJECT, MONTANA.



KANSAS TURKEYS, GARDEN CITY PROJECT.

ther—became a textile hand in his sixteenth year. Thus the term of his servitude at the loom has been somewhat in excess of a quarter of a century. During that period, he has lost in the aggregate a trifle more than three weeks through illness, and about four years on account of strikes and shut-downs. He is a capable workman. He has labored faithfully and lived thrifitly. As the net result of the better half of his active life he could show something like \$1,200 in a building and loan association, a membership in the A. O. U. W. with \$500 death benefit, and the furniture of his little home. Not a very handsome balance, surely, after twenty-six years of ceaseless toil and constant frugality.

And what were his prospects? With \$18 a week wages, he had well-nigh reached the high-water mark of his earning capacity. He was constantly

confronted with the possibility of accident, illness, lay-off, and other adverse chances. The best promise of the future was that he might leave a modest home to the wife and enough money to pay burial expenses. And that is more than the average laboring man succeeds in accomplishing.

By way of contrast, here is another. One of the freemen this, whose actual name I shall also give you. We may get some enlightening glimpses of the life of H. W. Gates, of Fallon, Nevada, from a letter recently received. He has forty acres of as fine land as you may find anywhere in the United States, but, being a poor man, must improve it by degrees.

In his second year of farming, he writes: "I now have under cultivation thirteen acres, of which ten are planted in alfalfa which in average years will yield five tons of hay or bet-



HAULING WOOL TO BILLINGS, MONTANA. HUNTLEY PROJECT.

ter to the acre. Hay is selling around here at \$12 per ton." That is \$600 return from one-fourth of his holding. The sum is, as we shall presently see, practically clear profit.

He cleared and fenced his forty acres at a cost of \$80.60. Estimating his time at the rate of \$2.50 a day—the regular price of farm labor in his section—and including the feed of four horses, the cost of preparing the ground for seed was \$10 per acre.

In his garden, Gates raises "potatoes,

munity. He is living—and intelligent volition controls his life. And, above all, he is independent. His fortunes are his own to make or mar.

But the new West has more than the free joyous life of the open to offer. Thousands of men who went there poor but a few years ago are growing as rich as a man needs be for his happiness. To cite a few instances—still adhering to actual facts and names: J. W. Howell, of Cody, Wyoming, whose land cost \$15.50 per acre four years ago



COWS LIKE KANSAS ALFALFA.

GARDEN CITY PROJECT, KANSAS.

onions, cabbages, cauliflower, tomatoes, egg-plant, all the food crops, all kinds of melons, squash, both sweet and field-corn, pease and beans, and in fact, almost anything that will grow in a temperate climate."

The letter runs on in a cheery strain of optimism to express the writer's satisfaction with his condition and "the prospects of the valley in general." No suggestion of a rut here—no shadow of bondage. Gates is planning additional acreage next year and other crops. He is calculating on extended markets. He is encouraging new settlers. He is interested in the development of the com-

will not sell for six times that amount to-day. Last year he had eighty acres in oats which netted him \$1,440, an amount considerably in excess of what he paid for the land. A quarter of an acre in potatoes yielded 100 bushels, which sold for \$90, giving a return of 7½ per cent, on the original investment.

W. K. Floweree, of Lowery, Montana, got \$805 for the produce of three acres of vegetables, leaving a net profit of \$225, after paying for the keep and hire of a helper; a man named Todd, at Fallon, sold the tomatoes raised on 1¾ acres for \$1,500; the acre yields on the farm of Peter Heikes, at Fort Shaw,

Montana, were, hay $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, wheat 30 bushels, oats 40 bushels, barley 40 bushels, and potatoes 120 bushels. Brumbach, of Roswell, Idaho, harvested 12,341 pounds of clover seed from 15 2-3 acres. And so I could continue the tale indefinitely.

Now, here is one of the avenues of freedom invitingly open to the wage-slave. He may go out to that wonderful Western country and take up the life that George Timms has entered upon. Timms is no longer bond-servant to a machine but master of the soil. He is "George Timms, of Huntley, Montana." That means something. But think of "George Timms, of Philadelphia." What significance could that have? God granting him continued sanity, Timms will never again see a factory chimney. He is a determinate entity with a calculable place in the community. His children shall grow up to be sturdy yeomen and props of their country.

"The only thing the settler needs to bring," writes Gates, "is money enough to get a start with in the way of lumber, teams, seed, etc., and lots of perseverance and the land will reward him for his efforts." It is no life of ease—else it would not be worth the living. The first few years, at least, will be a term of strenuous effort. The earth exacts intelligent toil as the price of her bounty. But the farmer has the



EXPERIMENT FARM NEAR FALON, NEVADA,
Showing buildings erected by the government and land newly leveled.

stimulating knowledge that he is working for himself. Each day's labor marks a step in the betterment of himself and his family. And as he subdues the soil and bends it to his purpose, he enjoys the priceless pleasure that comes of difficulties overcome. The intimate contact with nature expands his mind, develops his body, and elevates his soul.

Then mark the difference in the end of the wage-slave and the citizen farmer. The factory hand, "broken and bent and scarred," dies "like a dog in a ditch"—unmourned, unmissed. To the "Big Master" only may he look for recognition of his faithful service. He disappears from a world which never knew of his existence and his son takes his place in the train of the Machine Moloch.

When the people of Fallon, Nevada, carry "old man Gates" to the grave, it will be in sorrow and regret for a respected citizen who did his fair share in the upbuilding of the valley community. They will not forget him while the homestead holds its familiar place in the landscape or the "old Gates



FARMHOUSE ON OLD RANCH NEAR FALON, NEVADA.



APPLE ORCHARD, GARDEN CITY PROJECT, KANSAS.

oak" rears its rugged trunk at the crossroads. He will leave a family advanced to a higher social grade than that from which he started—a family independent, happy and healthy.

Here is a solution to the troubles of the handicapped and the unemployed. The way is open to any citizen of the United States. The finest farms in the world may be had for the asking. In many parts of that glorious country beyond the Father of Waters our government is offering land free to the genuine homeseeker. The widest choice of climate and conditions is embraced in the irrigated areas. The settler may go to New Mexico and cultivate cotton or herd cattle. He may go to Oregon, Kansas, Washington, or Colorado, where all kinds of deciduous fruits grow abundantly. In Nebraska, South Dakota, Nevada, Idaho, or Montana, he may till the ground, tend the orchard, or raise stock, and in every case find a profitable market for his output.

If these lands belonged to a railroad, they would be sold quickly and at good prices, but Uncle Sam will not advertise and his people must learn of their opportunities through some such channel as this present.

A knowledge of farming is, of course, desirable but not necessary. A man may make his homestead entry and work for a neighbor. He will soon

learn enough of husbandry to till his own ground. Meanwhile, he may put a few acres round his house in vegetables, and his wife can keep chickens. Furthermore, the government has an experiment farm on each of its irrigation projects. Here the settler may ascertain the best methods of treating his land and the best kind of crops to raise upon it.

There are openings, too, for mechanics, merchants and professional men in the new towns that are growing rap-

WHEAT CROP, NEAR FORT SHAW, MONTANA.
SUN RIVER PROJECT.



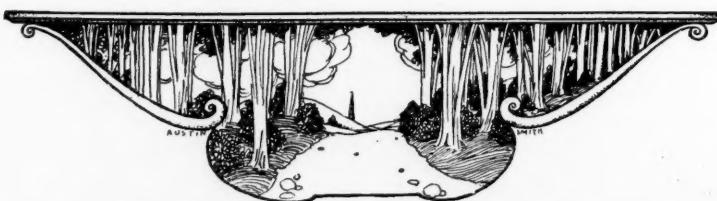
HAULING BEETS FROM HESPER FARM, BILLINGS, MONT. HUNTER PROJECT.

idly. Town sites, laid out on the original surveys, are so located that no farm shall be more than three miles from one of them. The rural settlement begins its growth, as a rule, before water is turned upon the land. By the time that any considerable number of settlers have taken up holdings, it is a respectable-sized town, with its railroad-station, its graded school and churches, its library and newspaper. Soon these towns will enjoy electric water-power and interurban car service. They afford social and business centers for the surrounding agricultural population. Many farmers make their homes in them, going out to their work daily. The city-bred man need not fear that the life in the Western country is to be secured only by the sacrifice of all social advantages, as used to be the case. The "new West" is making on lines that—skipping the slow evolution of our older agricultural sections—embrace at once all the most desirable features of town and country.

There are thousands of men in the situation from which George Timms has

happily escaped—men who are wearing themselves out in a struggle for mere subsistence and who are bringing up their children to a heritage of smoky slavery. There are other thousands of clerks and small business men who are paying a terrible price for the maintenance of a sorry state of genteel poverty in the city. They have nothing to look forward to but release in the grave from the stress and worry and ill-health of their dreary lives. There are professional men, not a few, who have discovered their ineptitude for chosen vocations and see nothing in the future but the uncertain prospect of bare livelihood as the reward of unceasing drudgery and deprivation—a life without a feature.

If I were face to face with one of these, I should say to him, as I said to George Timms: "Write to the Statistician, Reclamation Service, Washington, D. C. Learn what the government has to offer you as a citizen and for God's sake go out and take up some land. Find elbow-room! Get breathing-space! And grow!"





The Harmony of Every-Day Things

By Jane W. Guthrie

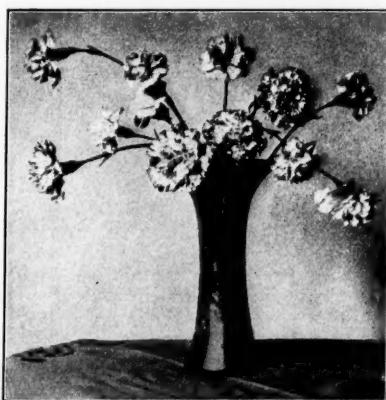
HE demand for flowers or green and blooming plants in the home is so universal under modern conditions of life, that their presence no longer beokens luxury; but is looked upon as an expression of the innate love of Nature, an appreciation of our oneness with the kingdom of the outdoor world, and the desire to seek through these simplicities of life relief from the complexities of artificial existence.

Humble, indeed, is now the home where the scarlet geraniums and flowering begonias do not bloom in the window through the winter; and Spartan in its austerity is the hallway or dining-room that does not present to the visitor on entering the glistening green of palm or foliage-plant.

This has proved to be not only cultivating but educating in effect, developing many a latent

power of appreciation of Nature and stimulating in others artistic perception. One cannot assume the care of plants and succeed in making them grow and flourish without expending upon them a certain amount of love and tenderness resulting in the desire to place them effectively through the appreciation of their individual beauty; for the individuality of flowers and plants to those who work among them, and understand their needs is as marked as the differing personalities of people.

But this display, owing to the ease with which the skilful amateur gardener secures a profusion of bloom through the winter in our evenly tempered and heated homes, and again in the garden during the summer, is apt to promote carelessness in arrangement; and the suggestive placing of flowers and plants is of far greater importance from an artistic point of view.



A suggestive arrangement of flowers is of far greater importance from an artistic point of view than any mere profusion or extravagance of display.



How much more effective are violets when set amid their own surrounding green leaves in a basket of delicate workmanship!

view than any mere profusion or extravagance of display.

Take, for instance, the nasturtium, one of the most lavish bloomers, asking only an ordinary good soil, flourishing under plenty of water; but rewarding with profuse flowering even the most indifferent gardener.

This plant or vine never sends out its flower of flame without the sheltering green of its oddly shaped leaves. Nature is always an artist; never does she bunch such a flower—one requiring the cooling effect of the leaf to bring out fully its beauty. But, when gathered for the house, how rarely are these fiery blossoms arranged that their strange and unique individuality may be suggested.

Again, even on the same plant, no two of the spicy, pungent-odored cups are exactly alike; and this is peculiarly true of the variegated species. Yet, how the nasturtium lends itself to the garden scheme of color all through the summer! How strangely haunting it is in suggestion!

Surely, the spirit of a fire-worshiper passed into this exquisite form. One seems to catch a hint of some Oriental

sacrifice; elements of flame and love strangely intermingled. It is a flower like the orchid, and like those wonderful tropical blooms intensely individual. Never should either be placed with other flowers, and each should have its own distinctive setting.

The orchid is at its best when combined with the fine fringed tropical fern from its native habitat, and the nasturtium asks only the setting of its cool, round leaves.

The symbolism of this flower I saw once in a most complete and artistic realization. A cool September evening, with the dusk just beginning to shadow a room where a fire of birch logs made a point of warmth and light; a divan with curiously carved ends of Oriental wood, piled high with pillows; while just between the head of the couch and the fire stood a Persian tabouret inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the soft opaque diamonds of shell making secondary points of light.

Upon the stand was a Damascene metal vase from which depended long vines of the nasturtium, chosen with such care that from under each round leaf the scarlet or yellow cup of bloom

curled up as if seeking the light of the fire. The vase was large; but, counting those upon the vines, and the few standing upright from the lip of the receptacle, there could not have been more than twenty flowers in all. And yet, how satisfying! How perfectly was the suggestion of the flower conveyed!

One woman to whom those "Stars of the Earth," as Longfellow called orchids, mean something more than mere sensuous pleasure in their presence, something more than the delight of the eye and the luxury of sweet odors, arranged her boudoir as an orchid room, using not the plants that require intense, moist heat, but those which flourish in the moderate warmth of a living-room. The walls were covered with a green paper that blended by lighter shadings into a delicate rose-pink, and this in turn shaded into the creamy yellow of the ceiling.

About two feet from the ceiling, where the rose-color began, was placed a shelf of wood upon which stood the little slat boxes in which florists grow these strange plants of light and air; and from these mossy nests hung the long-stemmed, oddly shaped, and queerly colored blossoms, each a study in itself.

The room seemed to be a mere setting for the flowers; for the only picture there was an exquisite water-color of a tropical forest which hung above the mantelpiece. Green rugs that looked like moss were on the floor; quaintly shaped and

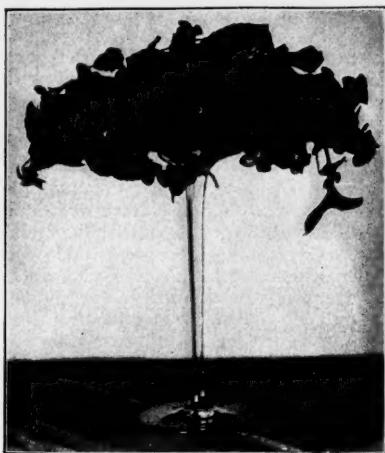
unconventional wooden chairs with soft cushions—a notable one having been brought from Bermuda—and a couch piled high with pillows, covered with silks in the orchid colors, pale yellow, lavenders, and the pinkish purples, and pink and white, were the principal furnishings.

At the windows, soft, creamy curtains of a cotton fabric were overhung with delicate green ones of silken texture. A crystal lamp upon a table was of greenish hue, and the electroliers shed, when lighted, a soft pink glow, indescribably harmonious and beautiful. Tall, slender vases of rose-color or green crystal held those rarer orchids that bloom only under great care, but which live a long time in water after they are cut.

No harmless, necessary photographs, or the numerous trifles with which most



Not far off stood a jar of domestic pottery, holding aloft a great sheaf of June lilies.



A charming vase for violets.

women crowd their own particular nooks and corners, disturbed the serene repose. All suggested ease and a luxury of simplicity. Perhaps the presence of a silken bag or of a pretty work-basket in softly blended colors hinted that feminine fingers were not idle here, or a mandolin or guitar near the head of the couch told of music sung to the harmony of the strings; but it was essentially a flower room, exquisite in color, suggestion, and theme.

I stood, one morning, at the entrance of a wide colonial hallway which opened east and west to let the perfumed air of June blow through, sweet and light.

My eye, carrying the impress to the mind of the flower-setting that I saw there, brought trooping thoughts and quaint fancies of the time when the colonies of England were young upon American soil.

A great green jar held a wealth of mountain laurel and rhododendron, palely pink amid the tall green fronds of fern and bracken which surrounded them. The delicate blooms, upheld by their associates of the woods, brought instantly to mind some sheltered and demurely pretty *Priscilla* of old colony times.

I seemed to see a dream picture of all

the stately dames and decorous Puritan maidens that had passed through this hall in other days, and the picture was a very pleasing one for prosaic hours.

Not far off, against an old-fashioned card-table as a background, stood a tall, plain jar of domestic pottery, holding aloft a great sheaf of June lilies, models of unspotted Puritan propriety. On a mahogany table near-by, a quaint English bowl, more than a century old, uplifted in exquisite perfume a bunch of tea-roses from a garden where the bushes had seen the Junes of many years.

The sweet, old, garden roses, relics of another era, were flanked by tall, silver candlesticks and snuffers on their long, narrow tray, while a pitcher of clear English crystal that had borne the family initial for generations stood just at hand. It was all in keeping, and the flowers seemed satisfied to tell their own perfumed story amid congenial associates.

Women have always excelled in this



An arrangement of lilies, beautiful in its simplicity.

suggestive home decoration, and it seems strange that more do not seek it as a profession. They are naturally intuitive; and, given the artistic perception, harmonious and appropriate arrangements for flower decorations should easily suggest themselves.

Decorations on a large scale, however, entail certain arduous, mechanical labors for which a woman is not adapted in strength. The ability to project effects in mass, therefore, or to lay out a scheme of decoration in the large seems more a masculine than a feminine faculty; and this no doubt has kept many women from the field.

Nevertheless, it was a woman, an artist to her finger tips, who arranged the novel and very beautiful decorations for a Tuxedo ballroom in the autumn, not long since.

The pillars of the long room were trimmed with branches of autumn leaves, beginning at the bottom with the dull red of the oak-leaves, and shading up to the light scarlet and yellows of the maples and other gorgeous varieties, while the necessary effect of life and movement was added by the great, shaggy heads of the crysanthemums that swayed out from among the leaves on their long stems.

Deep-red amid the oak-leaves at the bottom of the pillars, these carried every gradation of this color up to the light, yellowish red at the top.

The whole turning upon this central theme of red which is called the color of exhilaration, here was a most fitting harmony for a ballroom in the cool days. The orchestra-screen and all other trimmings followed this central thought; and, when the electroliers and the half-hidden bulbs of electric light shone out upon the pillars, there was developed a most unusual and brilliant



The modern, long-stemmed roses demand tall, crystal vases.

design, a fairylike and woodland effect symbolic of the season.

It was a woman, too, whose original scheme of color for her luncheon-table in September announced to the friends and guests gathered there her possession of artistic perceptions of a high order.

In the center of the table stood a tall, round, clear crystal vase of exquisite design and workmanship, from which, stiff and straight as is their habit, rose China asters upon long stems, the dentated leaves being left upon the stalks to add the necessary relief of green and to supply depth and tone for the blended harmony of the purple and lavender petals.

At the broad lip of the vase the flowers peeped out over a border of carefully selected grape-leaves, which did not, however, entirely veil the gleam of the shining crystal; and from under this border a vine curled gracefully green about the vase down to the table, bearing alternate bunches of dark pur-



Hyacinths and Jonquils.

ple Hamburg grapes and the transparent emerald of a native species.

Bunches of grapes were also piled in profusion about the base of the vase, each variety bringing out the other by contrast; and the whole was set upon an exquisite mat of asters, fringed at the outer edge with delicate fern fronds through which could be discerned glimpses of the fine, creamy lace of the underlying luncheon-cloth.

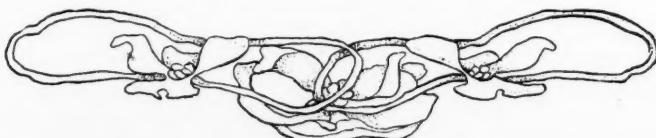
Tiny electric globes of lavender and green glistened on the vine and amid the grapes and asters, and supplied the high lights without which the scheme would have lacked delicacy, or have proven a trifle somber.

After all, it takes only a little forethought and the exercise of a clear sense of values to present effects both original and satisfying.

How much more suggestive chrysanthemums are, placed in an Oriental jar near the glowing beauty of an embroidered Japanese screen; and how much more effective are violets when set amid their own surrounding green leaves in a basket of delicate workmanship! Who would dare put tulips and roses together, or wild flowers with hothouse blooms?

It is with the flowers of the conservatory that one should be most careful. The modern, long-stemmed roses demand tall, crystal vases and a very modish setting; and the American Beauty roses, with stems like a young tree, to be properly arranged should be placed in straight, faience jars set either upon the floor or upon a stout cabinet or on the top of low-shelved bookcases—never in a delicate vase or amid dainty or frivolous surroundings. They are essentially dignified and stately, and demand a suitable environment.

All sorts of original and effective designs may be evolved, if the sense of fitness appeals to judgment. It is, indeed, this exercise of a finer perception and the display of an appreciation of relative harmonies in her surroundings that give a woman distinction and bespeak refined personal tastes; in a word, show forth the individuality which defines her feminine charm.



THE PASSING HOUR

AN ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS

The House of Governors.

The momentous White House conference of May last was noticed in *The Passing Hour* at the time of its occurrence. Out of this meeting have already grown a number of practical results, the most notable, in all probability, being the organization of the "House of Governors." After the adjournment of the conference a number of the governors, inspired by Willson of Kentucky and Folk of Missouri, met and formed a permanent body which is designed to include the chief executives of all the States and Territories.

The "House of Governors"—as it is unofficially but generally styled—is to meet annually and the first convention will be held at Chicago or St. Louis in the coming fall. That this organization may effect a great deal of good is obvious. The discussion of mutual

interest cannot fail to be of general benefit and may lead to a standardization of State laws which are so much at variance.

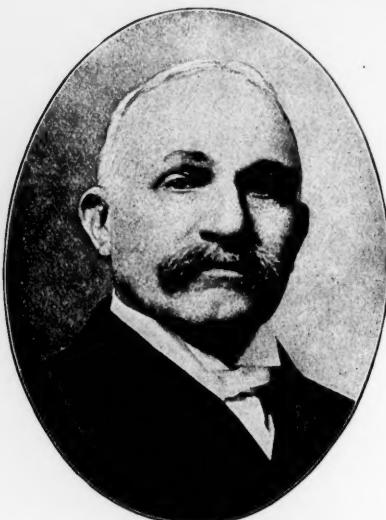
At the same time, the new organization is not entirely devoid of elements of danger. It is easily conceivable that it may in time interfere with the powers of the Federal Government, and not at all improbable that it will sooner or later enter upon political activities quite foreign to its avowed purpose. It is not difficult to imagine such a body, first advising, then directing, next controlling, and finally subverting the co-ordinate branches of our governmental system. Already it is suspected that the chief object of the promoters is to further decentralization. Their activity in that direction may lead to disruption. This danger, however, is for the future—not for the present.



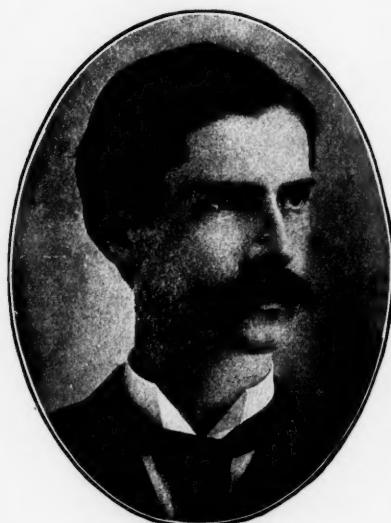
GOVERNOR WILLSON, OF KENTUCKY,
Who proposed the organization of the "House of Governors."



GOVERNOR HOCH, OF KANSAS.



GOVERNOR ANSEL, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.



GOVERNOR SWANSON, OF VIRGINIA.



GOVERNOR JOHNSON, OF MINNESOTA.

**Seasoning Our
Seamen.**

The country is beginning to recognize the wisdom that prompted the President to send the Navy upon its great cruise, now to be extended round the world. The people are awaking to the fact that the nation will derive many advantages from the movement and that it will be well worth the expense incurred, whatever that may be.

Mobility is one of the most desirable qualities in a fleet of fighting-ships nowadays. In that respect our vessels have excited the admiration of European experts, and their estimate of us as a naval power has been considerably enhanced by the feat of Admiral Evans in taking his squadrons round the continent without a ship dropping out of its place. The leading naval expert of England has expressed a doubt as to whether any other power could duplicate the performance.

Not less important has been the effect of the long cruise on the ships and men. Secretary Metcalf, who made a close inspection



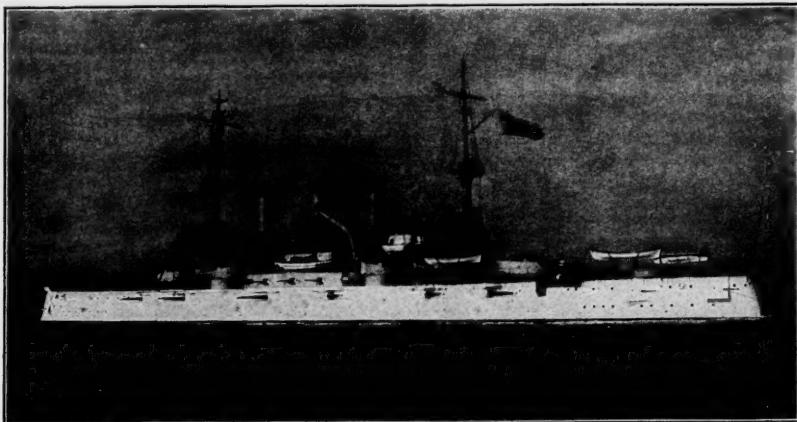
Copyright Photograph by Waldo Fawcett.

REAR-ADMIRAL EVANS,
Commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet, now on its famous
cruise around the world.

tion of them before they started on the second lap of the journey, declared that the machinery and equipment had been improved by the use and that the morale and efficiency of officers and crews were distinctly enhanced.

Then we must consider the good effect of the visits of our fleet to foreign countries. The Japanese jingoes will see that the "big stick" is not a windbag. The Chinese will learn that our guarantee of protection has something substantial at the back of it. The Filipinos will gain in respect for their adoptive mother-country. European nations will have chance to make comparisons that will not be to our discredit.

The broadening effect upon the men of our Navy is not to be left out of consideration. Our officers and jackies will see many strange lands and peoples before they return home, and it is certain that when the President reviews the fleet at Hampton Roads, February 22 next, it will be, ship for ship and man for man, the finest in the world.

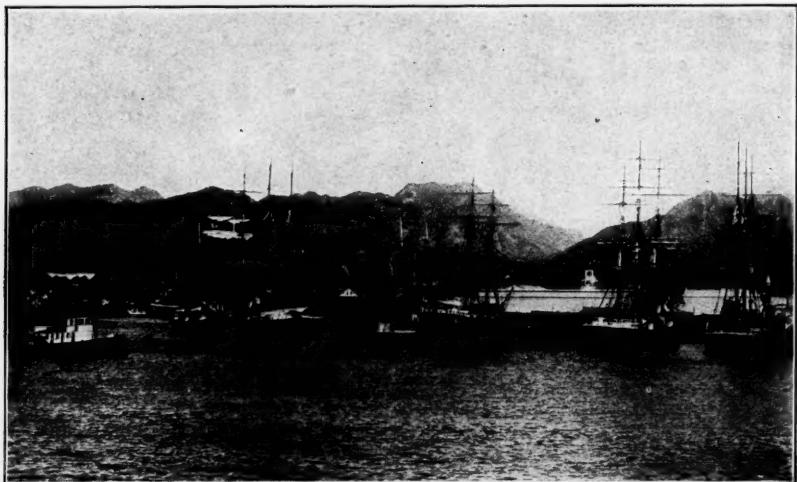


THE U. S. S. "CONNECTICUT," FLAGSHIP OF THE FLEET.

A Popular Premier.

Englishmen are not, like ourselves, addicted to bestowing nicknames upon their public men, and when they do so the fact is seldom to be accepted as an indication of kindly sentiment. Thus, "Dizzy" and "The Grand Old Man" were terms of satire. Not so, however,

"C-B." The late prime minister had gained the affection of all classes of his countrymen and seldom has the death of a statesman called forth such united and widespread expressions of regret and respect. This was due to one of the truest-hearted, finest-natured men who ever served their country but, no



HONOLULU HARBOR.



GOVERNOR DENEEN, OF ILLINOIS.



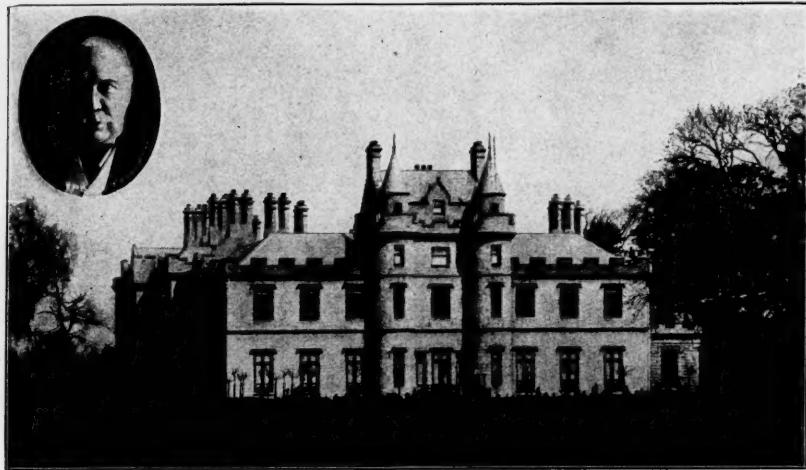
GOVERNOR GLENN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.



GOVERNOR SHELBY, OF NEBRASKA.



GOVERNOR FOLK, OF MISSOURI.



BELMONT CASTLE, THE HOME OF THE CAMPBELLS OF PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

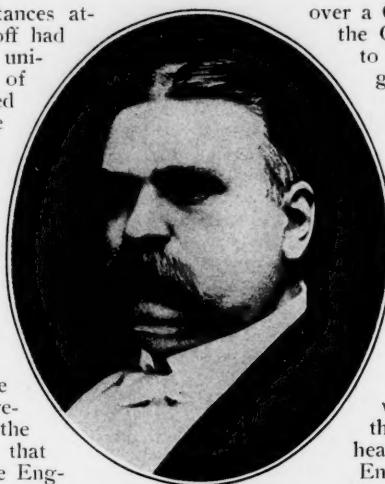
The name of "Bannerman" was assumed in order to qualify for a bequest by a maternal uncle.



TWIN LAKES IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.

The Canadian boundary runs over the mountains to the right.

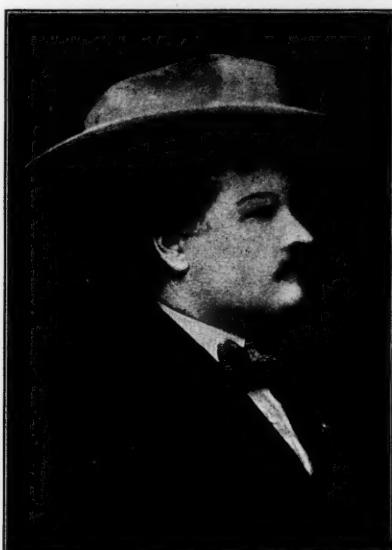
doubt, the circumstances attending his taking-off had much to do with the universal expression of sorrow. He died worn out with the fatigue of his heavy duties combined with watching beside the bed of his dying wife during a long, lingering and painful illness. When the weary and haggard leader would come into the House and take his place on the Treasury Bench, prepared for one of the long night-sessions that are customary in the English Parliament, the members knew that he had spent the evening in that sick-chamber and, perhaps, the early portion of the day in presiding



JOHN W. GATES,
Who is reported to have been hit
hard in the recent financial panic.

over a Cabinet Council. Even the Opposition felt drawn to a brave man struggling with the weight of his work and the sorrow of his life. It had been the custom to treat "C-B" with good-natured ridicule and even his own party were prone to that attitude. But in the last year his slightest utterance commanded the most profound respect and his rather weak jokes received the encouragement of hearty applause.

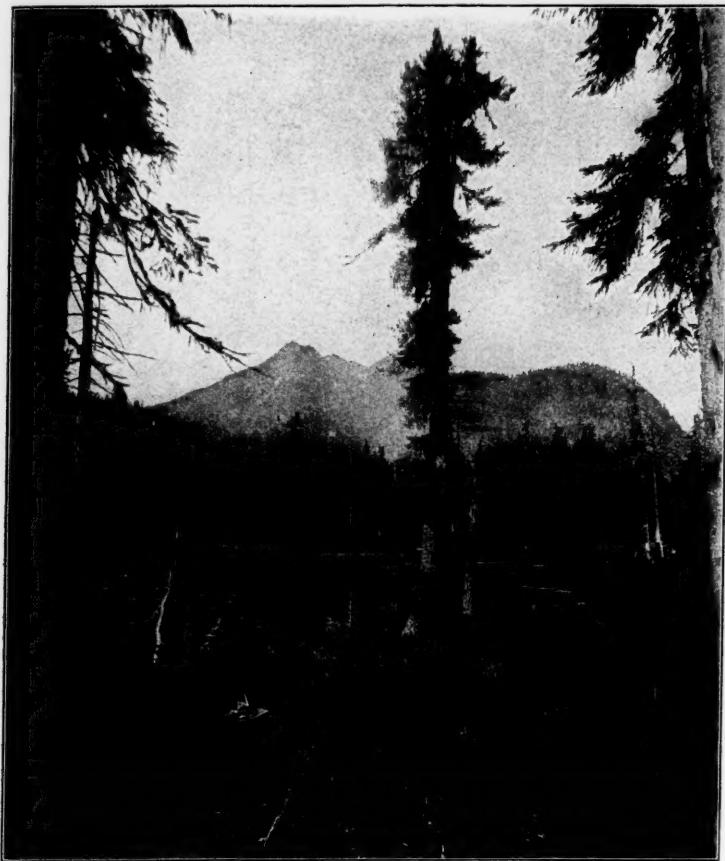
Englishmen are beginning to suspect that, perhaps, "C-B" was a great man at bottom and that he would have shown himself as such under more propitious condi-



"PAWNEE BILL,"
The Wild West Showman.



G. W. LILLIE,
President of the Arkansas Valley National Bank.



A VIEW IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK.

tions. At least he exhibited one trait of the great man—the faculty of recognizing ability in others. The audacity of his selections for high places when he assumed the premiership surprised the country and dismayed his colleagues but, in every case, the event has justified his choice. There was Lloyd-George, a man of no status in public life, and at home a lawyer in an obscure Welsh town. There was John Burns, in social position a day-laborer, whose political career had been marked

by a term in prison. "C-B" took both of these into the Cabinet and both have proved to be splendid successes.

The Turn of the Wheel.

Nothing could be more dramatic than the manner in which fortunes are won and lost and won again in the great gamble of American business. Many of our captains of industry have been millionaires several times with alternations of comparative poverty. A number of our best-known plungers are on the

down-grade just now, but it is safe to say that most of them will strike a winning streak again. This is particularly probable in the case of John W. Gates, who is a young man still, only fifty-three years of age—with his health and faculties unimpaired. Financially, he is generally believed to be badly crippled. The other day his mansion on Michigan Avenue, Chicago—his native place—was sold at auction for \$65,000, whereas it cost \$400,000 a few years ago.

Gates began life as a small store-keeper at Turner Junction, near Chicago. He didn't make a success of the venture, and took to the road as a salesman of barbed-wire. In this field his magnetism and genius for persuasion had scope for exercise. In a short while he accumulated enough money to start manufacturing wire on his own account. About twenty years ago he started the promotion schemes which have been so successful until recently.

Jekyll and Hyde.

Gordon W. Lillie, president of the Arkansas Valley National Bank, is a somewhat sedate individual, of retiring habit and domestic inclinations. As the leading citizen of Pawnee, Oklahoma, he is deferred to on all matters of civic improvement and public welfare. He founded the town, built its hotel and business blocks, and subscribed to its churches and schools. He has been a constant force in the promotion of the good order and morals of the community. Thus, during six months of every year Gordon W. Lillie pursues the placid life of the model business man and father of a family.

But, with the opening of each spring, the bank president kicks over his office-chair, throws off his black coat, and shakes down the knot of heavy hair from the top of his head. Donning the dress of the scout he is transformed into "Pawnee Bill," the frontier hero and Wild West showman.

Major Lillie's romantic life has been

filled with wild adventure, but ever regulated by that rude sense of justice and fair play that have been the saving qualities of our Western communities. He is the terror of the bad man and the friend of the Indian. He is the duly elected chief of the Pawnee tribe and the official interpreter for the government. It was due to him that the rich territory of Oklahoma was wrested from the illegal grasp of a gang of wealthy cattlemen and opened to public occupation. He strove for years to save the buffalo from extermination, and has succeeded at last in inducing Congress to create a large reservation in the new State, where the remnant of the once great herds may roam in peace and, perchance, perpetuate their existence.

The picturesque personality of this man, with its dual presentment, forms an interesting link between the old and the new West. He is at once a representative of the conditions that are fast disappearing and of those that are taking their place and, strangely enough, fitting into one no less successfully than into the other, despite their striking contrast.

A Playground for the People.

In the northernmost part of Montana, where it abuts on Canada, the government is making a new national park. The region to be set aside as a pleasure place for the people is a veritable fairyland of scenic beauty. Forest-clad mountains encircle limpid lakes, glaciers crown the highest peaks, while the lower levels lie under a mantle of rolling meadow. Here are to be found—and fortunately preserved in future—almost the last remnants of the noble beasts that once roamed freely over our Western plains. Elk, moose, antelope, mountain-sheep and grizzly bears frequent these rugged heights and verdant vales. A few more years of slaughter and they must have become extinct, for this is one of the favorite resorts of our own hunters and of foreign sportsmen.



I LIKE to set by the kitchen fire before the lamp is lit,
 An' hear it cracklin' up the flue, an' see the green sticks spit;
 An' it seems so dark an' creepy like, I almost yell fer joy,
 W'en Gran'pa, he begins to tell 'bout w'en he wus a boy!
 I tell yer, them wus times to live! A boy could nev some fun!
 'Most enny boy uv enny size wus 'lowed to hev a gun;
 An' lots o' shot an' powder, an' uv course, a box o' caps;
 An' Gran'pa, his pa let him hev a half-a-dozen traps!
 An' he knowed how to set 'em w'ere the minks an' mushrats went;
 An' cover'd 'em with grass an' leaves jest so's to hide the scent.
 So I set straight an' quiet-like, an' try not to annoy,
 W'en Gran'pa, he starts in to tell 'bout w'en he was a boy!

He used to go a-huntin', an' he had a dog named "Jack."
 That used to yelp like all git-eout w'en he seen a rabbit track.
 An' once he told a story w'at almost raised my ha',
 Uv the narrer squeak he had one day w'en Jack had treed a b'ar!
 In winter time, down on the farm, w'en everything wus froze,
 He'd tumble out at five o'clock an' crawl into his clo'es,
 An' curry off the horses an' feed 'em oats an' hay,
 An' git the waterin'-trough chopped out afore the break o' day.
 An' then he'd do the milkin' an' give the pigs their swill;
 An' shell corn fer the chickens till they had e't their fill.
 You bet he e't his breakfast with a growin' appetite!
 Then he'd husk corn with his mittens on till chore time come at night!
 An' Gran'pa told about one year w'en the snow was six-foot deep,
 That they had to dig a tunnel out to whar they kep' the sheep;
 An' the snow around the hen-coop shut out the light o' day,
 So they had to take a candle out fer the hens to see to lay!
 I was watchin' w'en he told me this; he wus smilin' w'en he spoke,
 An' I suspect the candle part, perhaps wus Gran'pa's joke.

Then w'en the days begun to thaw, though the nights wus crisp an' smart,
 His father'd say: "In a day or two the maple sap'll start!"
 Then they'd put the buckets all in trim an' tighten up the trough,
 An' git the caldron kittle out they used in "sugarin' off."
 An' Gran'pa's pa, he'd tell the boys, wile he give a knowin' wink,
 They might hev all that they could eat so long's they didn't drink!
 Then they'd start in to stuff theirselves; but soon they'd git so dry,
 They'd feel as though they'd got to drink, or else choke up an' die!

I wish that I could do the things an' know w'at Gran'pa knowed--
 I'd like to meet a robber bold upon a lonesome road--
 I'd like to be a sailor brave an' plow the ocean wide--
 Or a ranger on a mustang with a pistol at my side!
 W'en I ask my pa fer a gun, I git some baby toy--
 Not like the ones the fellers got w'en Gran'pa wus a boy!
 But w'at's the use o' talkin' about them good old days!
 It's 'nuff to make a feller sick, an' I don't s'pose it pays.
 Well, I've got my sailor books to read—"Poor Jack" an' "Ship, Ahoy!"
 An' they never seen a *Wild West Show* w'en Gran'pa wus a boy!

AT PETTIPAUG



BY GRACE MARGARET GALLAHER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. A. LORENZ

WHY, Tammy, why, Tammy!" Elnathan stammered in his forlorn astoundment, "I 'lowed ye set by me."

Tamsa's voice, even in the lingering reediness of childhood, held maternal undernotes, "I do set by ye, Elnathan, mor'n I do by anybody 'cept father an' th' boys."

But a jealous fear beat at Elnathan's heart.

"There's another fellar ter et—et's Senecy Laws, or some chap ye met up with when ye wuz over ter th' Female 'Cademy."

"There ain't anybody else," Tamsa explained gently. "If I was ever to—to—accept of anybody 'twould be you."

"Twould? Then do et now, Tammy, dearie. Ye can't be no better 'quainted with me than ye be now. We wuz raised tergether, right from th' cradle ez ye might say. I can't prize ye no more'n I do now, ef I wuz ter wait come Judgment Day. My folks air all on 'em lottin' on hevin' ye kin ter 'em. Sis Abby Jane, she sez——"

Tamsa hurried to raise a barrier against the rushing wind of this woo-

ing in which her decision swayed on perilous feet.

"I ain't ever goin' to accept of anybody, Nate. I ain't ever goin' to wed."

"Israel in Egypt! What be ye goin' ter do?"

The bewilderment of all the sons of long ago Pettipaug jumped in his voice. Spinsters by tragic fate or by choice upon particular suitors the village knew, but a spinster, as it were, upon vocation!

"No, I ain't ever goin' to wed." Tamsa swept to a higher note in exaltation of purpose, "I'm goin' to use my education. Father says I may."

"How ye goin' ter use et?"

Both Elnathan and Tamsa spoke of that mystic coloring of brain and blood whose analysis has eluded alchemist from all time as if it were some neat tool, handy on the kitchen-shelf.

"I'm a-goin' to teach school."

"Ye can't," in prompt relief. "Arletty Moore's got Pond Meader District fur th' fall, an' th' s'lectmen always hire a man fur winter."

Tamsa strove to smooth the triumph from her voice.

"I'm goin' to Exfield to th' Institute."
"Th' ol' Farago!"

"The new princ'pal was my teacher at th' Academy; he asked me to come. I shouldn't feel I was doin' my duty to father or to myself if I was to let all th' time an' money I spent over to th' Academy go to waste. An'-an'-as I deem it, I've got a call to teach like it was a call to be a missionary to India. I do feel it borne in on me I'll succeed there."

The boy looked down upon the girl's bright hair, full of alluring shadows in the moonlight, with a kind of anguished humor; as if his Tamsa, dear to all Pettipaug, wouldn't have won hearts in an Eskimo settlement!

"Oh, ye'll succeed," he groaned, "an' be sistant princ'pal an' make a greater do an' marry that fellar an— But I tell ye what, Tammy, I've got my call, tew, ez loud ez ef et wuz ter preach en Ingy. I've got a call ter wed ye. Why ain't my call got ez good a right ter git answered ez yourn?"

Tamsa deigned no reply to this "shaller" argument, but her soft little face stiffened into the Hull "softness." Her lover hurried into beseeching again.

"I don't ask ye ter feel ter me ez I do ter ye, dear, ye couldn't. Yer edercated an' I ain't, an' ye've been 'round while I've jest stuck here ter home. But ef ye'll jest set by me a little so ez ye won't go kitin' off Lord know's where! I've got a tough row ter hoe, a great farm spradlin' over half th' county, father gettin' long en years, an' me th' only son. Some days I d'clare fur et, I feel I've got mor'n I can swing ter, but ef ye'll only jine forces, Tammy, with me, I've got spunk fur enythin'."

The girl scanned her lover's face piteously. Elnathan was called "a likel-ly boy" in a world where "up an' comin'" men abounded; to-night his fresh-colored, well-featured face was ennobled by his pain. Tears drooped her lashes. "Don't make it harder, Nate, don't! I'm pulley-hauled ter pieces!"

Elnathan snatched his time. "You listen ter me, dear little girl."

"What's that?" breaking in with sharp alarm. "The church bell goin' for ten o'clock! An' folks comin' home from mill! You take me back quick as you can make it! I don't want to get my name up in th' town!"

Obedient always, Elnathan piloted her swiftly down Stumpit Hill to the Bokum Road, on whose edge was the Hull farm.

"If I'd a-taken Elnathan Bartlett I guess 'twould have been different. He'd prized me always, I know, an' maybe I'd had children. They wouldn't have cared. Children love to holler."

Perhaps it was the spot, Stumpit Hill, perhaps it was the flash of the sun on the plowshare as it turned in the furrow on the old Bartlett farm, low lying under the hill, that set her thoughts to Elnathan this day. She had not once before dwelt upon him regretfully in all the twenty years flying golden-winged away since that August night. She knew he had forced the farm to yield a hundred-fold, that he had stayed single till Pettipaug decided "means ter bach et fur good," that he had suddenly married a girl "from Lyme way," that she had died in a year, and that now his sister kept house for him.

Beyond this Elnathan had never touched her life, for having put her hand to the plow Tamsa looked not back. "Her labors among us," Elder Card had prayed at her "Farewell Exercises," "have been abundantly blessed and in social intercourse she has been a well of refreshing," which meant that all the young men of Exfield had fallen in love with her, including the elder, who was not young.

The women all loved her, too, her coquetry was so wholesome, like the wooing of wind and sun on a summer day; she was so helpful a neighbor, so royal a gossip, brimming with spicy tale or cheerful jest. No tea party or neighborhood picnic was complete without her. She grew, as time carried her past girlhood, in sort a public personage, a desired-of-all entertainer, sure to set the lumbering wheels of gaiety rolling merrily. Tamsa bent all

the powers of her magnificent and unflagging spirits to this "career." She "neighbored" joyously throughout all Exfield and all small, private needs she sacrificed to—phrase undreamed then—"the demands of society." She even—the Exfield women whispered it almost—"put out her sewing." In this high noon of grace all her little girlish prettinesses bloomed into rich color and fragrance.

And then, bewilderingly, out of all nature, as if walking a calm country lane, out of its weedy borders a beast of the jungle had leaped upon her, it came. At first only a blur, a dimness on the keen edge of her brain which she struggled to rub away, then a thick, soft wall within the brain itself through which the voices of the world strayed mutteringly, then silence.

The great doctor in Boston spoke, kind and helpless, recognizing his own futility before the brilliant-eyed, radiant woman, of "collapse of the nerves of the head," "hereditary weakness." Tamsa, standing steady to her sentence against the office wall as her Revolutionary great-grandfather had stood to his against the wall of Fort Griswold, asked only:

"Am I goin' to be deaf all my life?"

A month later, in a sad little twilight rain, Tamsa, twenty years a pilgrim and a stranger in her own village, climbed out of the stage at the farm of her sister, Roxanna Starbuck.

"I've got through teachin' school," she explained placidly. Roxanna made no comment, the Hulls were "close-mouthed." "I guess there're consid'ble few of my mates left," she ventured, then quivered that she could not hear her sister's answer.

She never mentioned her deafness. "The folks" would have pitied her, and pity would have withered the very soul of her, encased in fierce New England pride. She set herself at once to knit up the raveled sleeve of old friendships. In Exfield every one welcomed her appearance; in Pettipaug the young slipped away, the old made kindly, skulking efforts of hospitality. In Exfield she had set forth a royal feast and

bid to it whom she would; in Pettipaug she was offered the crumbs that fell from others' banquets. She could not endure it. With the captive Assyria she cried, "A queen in realms ye dream not of, I will be a queen still in mine own realm of memory."

Having shut the door upon the house of life she loved, she next tried "to do" for her sister. But Roxanna and all that were hers were never sick nor sorry, and achieved all the usages of daily living with such "a council of perfection" that Tamsa's hands drooped idle before it.

She was beaten back upon the world within. She loved the valley lying sun-warmed between the ancient hills and the Connecticut running swift past the feet of the village, because they made up "home." But that

The murmur of the bee
A witchcraft yieldeth me—
The red upon the hill
Taketh away my will—
The breaking of the day
Addeth to my degree.

was as far out of comprehension as the customs of the Chinese. And she, for all her "education," could not dream

There is no frigate like a book to take us
miles away,
Nor any coursers like a page of prancing poetry.

A prisoner of the iron mind, she beat against her bars till her soul bled. Then in her exhaustion a muffling horror of unreality began to crawl, shroud-like, from her feet up to her mind. Where in this soundless land had vanished the cheerful stir and bustle of old time? Who were these creatures, simulacra of the men and women she once knew, who mouthed and gestured like tongueless puppets? Was this really a country warm and vivid and astir and she some thin phantom hovering wanly in it? When she pushed from her these sick fancies she heard within her own brain "the great roar that lives the other side of silence."

"There's mother's grave under the pine-tree," she brooded on, her eyes seeking the old church and the yard behind "where sleep the meek members

of the resurrection." "She wasn't but thirty-eight, a year younger'n me, an' there's Elnathan's wife lyin' by the rose-bush, twenty-one the day they buried her. They were better off to go before ever th' evil days drew nigh."

As if she had conjured him by name Elnathan Bartlett swung up the path, a prosperous, handsome town father now. Tamsa faced him gaily; at this their first meeting he should not fill the place of old love with pity.

"Well, now, Tamsy Hull! Ef et ain't proper pleasant ter see ye ag'in!" He kept her hand in his. "Seem kinder good ter git back ter ol' Pettipaug?"

One word reached her, "pleasant," her return? the weather? She nodded brightly, defending her poor little secret.

"Yes, yes."

"World's used ye well, ain't et, since we wuz boy an' girl tergether?" in his deep, blurred voice.

Strained in every nerve, her body a burning focus of attention, Tamsa nodded and smiled again.

"How you, Nate?"

The man's smile deepened at the boy's nickname.

"All right. I got th' choice o' Lot en th' hull valley fur land, critturs ez thrivin', tew, an' Abby Jane, she's come outer thet spell o' rheumatiz thet kep' me stowed up ter home nursin' her. No, I don't feel ter complain' 'bout nothin'." His face dropped into gravity. "Ye knew I lost my wife nine year ago come October?"

As the fingers of the blind become eyes to them so Tamsa heard with her eyes; she guessed the shadow on the man's face meant an allusion to his wife.

"I'm sorry, Nate," with gentleness. "Dreatful purty kind o' weather we're havin' this past week," after a pause, sliding "Nat's way" onto happier themes, gossip of schoolmates and of various "fine old crusted characters" of Pettipaug.

"Why don't he go!" prayed Tamsa a-tremble with nervous weariness. "I guess I'd best be steppin' along now, it's 'bout supper-time. Won't you come

over some evenin' an' sit with us? Roxy an' 'Bijah'll be pleased to see you."

A droll smile, for memory of past evenings, twisted the man's face. "Thank ye, I'll be pleased ter come soon."

Smiling and nodding Tamsa took her way down the hill. "He never suspected anything," she comforted herself.

Elnathan pondered till she was out of sight "Tamsy Hull's plagued about somethin', I see et en her face. My, ain't she a purty woman, an' young ez ever, most!"

The Starbucks were at supper. Roxanna leaned well forward as her sister sat down, and formed her words visibly on the air.

"Lize Sam's drove over ter git me. Lize Jed's got one o' her spells an' th' baby's complainin' ag'in."

Tamsa's motherly heart beat warm to these words. She could feel the baby small and soft and cuddly rocked against her breast. She turned to her brother's wife.

"Roxy's kind of wore out house-cleanin', Lize. You take me back with you to Lize Jed's. I'd love to do for her an' th' baby, too."

Lize Sam, a wisp of a woman always in a fury of hurry, stopped in the meal she was snatching and darted a glance at Roxy. Roxy puckered her face in a return look. Before she could speak Abijah, whose delight was his own diplomacy, spoke with pounding emphasis.

"Yer offer's kindly meant, Tamsy, but seein' ez how Lize Jed's got a spell o' nerves when th' grasshopper's a burden, ez I view et she won't hev th' vim nec'ssary ter make ye h——"

"She's whimmy ez th' ol' Hendie." Lize Sam's shriek jerked her body up and down like the movements of an insect.

"She's kinder wonted ter me," Roxanna flowed smoothly into the stream of excuses, "I've seen her through so many o' these spells I guess I'd better be th' one ter go, Tammy."

Tamsa, to whom the diplomacy of Abijah and the countercraft of her sis-



The man crashed in the barrel-head with a swinging blow.

ters was plain, cringed to her bones, but smiled gallantly. "I guess 'twould be best for you to go, Roxy."

"Mary Pamely Case's got her portion o' troubles," Lize Sam always shot her bolt of news without preliminary twangings. "That poor tool o' a brother o' hern's got through with th' sea an' come home enter her."

"What, Cap'n Dick Magna? Why he's a thunderin' good feller."

"Et's Mary Pamely's only brother, ef thet'll suit ye, 'Bijah. He's been wrecked an' spent his earnin's an' lamed himself up an' he's goin' ter sag right down enter her fur th' rest o' his days. Mary Pamely sez she's 'bout ready ter give up ef she's got ter hev a great lumoxin' man tewin' 'round all day."

"Mary Pamely's a poor, slack crittur," pronounced Abijah calmly.

"Slacker'n ol' Hendie," conceded Lize

Sam, as calmly, "but I do feel ugly fur her, complainin' most o' her time with one ailment or 'nother, an' her gals ez pindlin', tew."

"Susie Case tol' me," spoke up a young Starbuck, "'twas awful hevin' her uncle hazin' 'round th' house. Sez et sounds like a volcano an' a cyclone wuz hevin' et out sometimes."

"A whimmy, notional set, them Case gals"—Abijah frowned upon criticism of elders by the young.

"I deem et ye'd git some wrought up yerself, 'Bijah"—Lize Sam believed in the free circulation of criticism by all—"ye thet want yer house kep' without a squeak o' noise."

"Et's half past six. Ain't we better go?"—Roxy's portion in life was to stand between Abijah and the party of the second part.

That night Tamasa offered her usual reverent speech to the unknown God,

truly, but as she crept into bed and pressed her face, hot with tears, into the pillow, her heart wrung out a real prayer to some spirit that was near and sorry, "Oh, ain't life a poor tale when it's always so still and you can't do for folks."

The next day was Sunday. Tamsa went to church, for when was not hearing a word of meetin' a worthy alibi in Pettipaug? She sat serene and peaceful to all eyes through Elder Watrous' exposition of the Bible, beginning "if the original Greek was translated right," for the elder thought poorly of King James, his scholars, through the hour-long sermon, through the dreary, wondering old hymns which reached her only as a thin wail. She endured, smiling as an image, the dinner to which 'Bijah's kin from Candlewood Hill were bidden. Dinner ended, her patience snapped. "If I don't get some place where I can holler so's I'll hear *something* I'll be dumb crazy," she said violently to herself as she tied on her hat.

"Roxy, I'm goin' to carry some dinner to Uncle Steve an' Aunt Nancy."

"So do, so do," nodded Roxy.

Dinner left with the old couple, Tamsa wandered down by the River Road, loveliest of Pettipaug highways, threading its cool, dim journey knee-deep in ferns to the whispers of the river that follows beside it to the sea.

"I'll clip it through the Back Pastures. I'd like to hear the Grist Mill Falls again."

Balm of bayberry and sweet fern filled all the air. All the summers when, a barefoot little girl she had gathered the berries for candles and the fern for healing, were stored up in the scent. She dreamed along the path, through those gone, old years, and knew the weight of the day no more.

"My land o' liberty"—awakened with violence from her muse—"I believe to my soul th' chimney's afire!"

A little ragged house, moss-grown and gray as the rocks around it, curled itself up humbly back from the path, out of the way of the traveler. Scarlet

trumpets blew fiery bugles from every peak and angle, bouncing Bets thrust their faces up to the very door. Plainly deserted, nevertheless flames licked at the sky from one sagging chimney. Regardless of her "second-best dress" she darted in at the open kitchen door. A great fire of strange articles flared on the hearth, a pell-mell of household goods heaped the floor.

"Water!" to the empty room. The water-bucket stood dry. "Salt!" No bag upreared its head among the wreckage. "Flour! Saints and sinners! The barrel ain't open!"

A man plunged through the door, knocking things right and left.

"Here you! Stave in that barrel! Here's your ax! Pour it on the fire!"

The man crashed in the barrel-head with a swinging blow. Tamsa ran for water. A mingled stream of water and flour put out the fire.

"There!" panted Tamsa. "I guess 'twas more of a hurrah boys than anything o' count."

"I cal'brat et's forty year since thet chimbl'y's been lit up; oughter a-known she'd be choked up with soot."

Tamsa's heart sent a tide of red to color her face. She heard clearly each word! Now she looked at him and saw a big, powerful man near fifty, browned, breezy; salty. All the winds of all the seven seas danced in his blue eyes, curled in his thatch of hair, roared in his great voice.

"Cap'n Dick Magna!"

"Yes'm, I be. I don't know ez I can jest place ye, bein' ez I've stayed away from Pettipaug so many years," blared the captain in his voice, "tuned and broken at the capstan-bars."

"I presume to say you was acquainted with my father, Deacon Sala Hull; I'm his daughter Tamsa."

"Well, now! Of course I knew the Deacon, excellent good man, allays helpin' folks out o' a close hitch. I guess ye hev yer nature some from him."

Tamsa laughed richly. Here was "a dish o' talk" after a year's famine.

"I thought you lived to your sister's, Mrs. Case's."

Captain Dick's fine spirits flagged an instant. "I did make some cal'lations on doin' so," he said with embarrassment. "I wuz a-goin' ter garden an' fish an' like that fur Sis Mary Pamely. But, Sis— Well, she's been a widow woman such a great while back she's kinder wonted ter livin' by herself, so she sez ter me, I mean ter say, we 'greed ter divide up th' plunder father left. 'Tain't never been done before, 'count o' me bein' ter sea an' not needin' et none. She kep' th' homestead an' I took this place, uster be Granddad Ely's. I come up last night, an' I wuz so beat out shiftin' cargos I jest let th' gear lie where I unloaded."

"You'd a-done better to wait ter Monday." That the captain could be heard easily made him into a close friend at once.

"Ye see, Sis wuz so kinder put about by a man a-thumpin' round her cabin I made sail quick ez ever." The captain spoke quite without bitterness.

Tamsa flamed to pity, and pity meant to her, "doin' for folks." "You burned you? You get me a mite o' that flour an' a piece o' cotton cloth an' I'll bandage you up complete. How come you to have that great, wisterin' fire this time o' day?"

"I wuz cal'latin' ter git me some warm victuals. I didn'thev no cooked breakfast." The captain smiled at his helper as she wound his burned hand.

"Want I should get 'em for you?"

"Twould be complete."

"What you got to eat?"

"I dunno ez I rightly noticed what Sis put en th' basket. Let's see," rummaging like an elephant, "ham, an' strawberry jell an' potatoes an' radishes an' peas."

"Any bread?"

"I don't see none. Mary Pamely ain't no great of a baker. She said somethin' 'bout pilot crackers."

"Crackers!" Tamsa's view of Mary Pamely was condensed into the one word.

"Butter's en th' well, an' milk."

"You look here. You blaze up a fire, but prudent. We don't want such

works as we had before. And kind o' clear out this mess o' things so we'll know where we are, an' I'll wet you up a tin o' hot biscuits."

They set to work gaily. Tamsa, the captain said, as "doctor," he as ship's boy. Inured to strange happenings in those dim regions known as "furren parts," the man found no cause for bewilderment that a pretty-pearin' woman should suddenly fly in his door, rescue his house, and then cook his dinner. Tamsa, for her part, was so steeped in joy to hear once more, that all other emotions had ceased to be. Captain Dick, roaring as soft as any sucking dove, told sea yarn and briny anecdote while he sorted his gear. Wherever he turned pots clashed together, dishes thumped upon the shelves, doors banged, chairs bounded from their moorings. Tamsa adored the hurly-burly, the gay stir and bustle of quick living. For this hour, at least, she was set free from the pale isle of enchantment and able to play her part in the world of men. She bubbled with talk and laughter and even ventured to sing. She had "sat in the seats" in Exfield, but her deafness had frightened her from an unheard tune. Now the kitchen rang, for the captain bumbled along with her like a great bee, to "A charge to keep I have," and "The Lord into His garden comes, the spices yield their rich perfumes." Tamsa could scent the spice-laden breezes blowing aromatic from the gardens of life once more.

"I dunno as I'd call it a proper Sabbath dinner," as she sat down opposite the captain to fried ham, hot biscuits, and strawberry jelly, "but 'twill serve hungry folks."

"It's noble," roared the captain, devouring like a giant.

"You get you your pipe and you an' me'll set out under th' elm while th' water's heatin' for the dishes."

Their two chairs placed on the little plot of grass by the well-sweep, they watched the river and the white three-masted schooner sailing past Lyme Mills.

"Sightly, ain't et?" said the captain.



In the June sunlight under the trees something sweet and friendly began to grow up between them.

Tamsa only smiled, too happy to talk.

"Thet chair ye're a-settin' en wuz my mother's," he offered next. "She died th' winter I wuz twelve. I run off ter sea th' next August. I've seen her en that chair darrin' or at some little chore more times'n I kin count. Folks uster say she wuz a hom'y woman, but she looked real purty ter me allays. I rec'lect your mother, Mrs. Deacon Hull, plain. She sat in front o' our pew en church. She wuz th' happiest-pearin' woman I ever see. Ye favor her a sight."

In the June sunlight under the trees something sweet and friendly began to grow up between them.

The captain spun yarns of the sea and Tamsa's blood, that, like that of

many another long ago Pettipaug daughter, ran to song as she listened to stories of courage and endurance and fidelity to bark and shipmate. For those were the days when Pettipaug built tall ships and tall men to sail them. Captain Dick was seldom his own hero, but every tale showed through it his own simple, brave heart, full of a kindness as wide as the seas he sailed.

The hidden springs of tenderness that fed Tamsa's being bubbled forth with sweet waters as if the captain held a divining-rod. She laughed in little freaks of sudden laughter at his jokes or felt her eyes wet at his stories.

"Now, then," when the dishes were finished, "I'm a-goin' ter tackle up ter drive ye home, I want ter see ef there's eny chores I can do for Sis Mary Parmely."

So Tamsa and Captain Magna, the latter steering his old horse in a manner that threatened to jibe him over at every tack, drove off together into the sunset.

It is doubtful if Tamsa had ever heard of the dual life, but from that June Sunday she lived it. Day after day she slipped off into the River Road woods to gather herbs with Captain Dick or stopped under his trees to chat, or even went into his kitchen "to set" his bread and bake his pies. The gipsy within her found a heady charm in these secret defyings of Abijah and Pettipaug.

"I'm near forty year old, if I don't know what's conduct by now, I ain't ever goin' to," she told herself, holding her head high before her unsuspecting family. Her vagrom spirit roamed happily in Captain Dick's stories of "far Cathay and shining Inde." But the most potent charm for her was just the sim-

ple one that she could hear all Captain Dick said.

"I feel propter rested after I've sat here a while," she once told the captain.

One strange afternoon of sick heat and thunder mutterings in late August Elnathan Bartlett drove up to her sister's door. Tamsa, from her window, watched him with favor but no surprise. Elnathan had been definitely "courtin'" her ever since their first meeting on Stumpit Hill.

"Afternoon, Tammy," he greeted her when she ran down, "I 'lowed maybe ye'd drive over ter see th' farm with me. Ye ain't never been ter et since ye come home an' I've made consid'ble few changes ter et. Abby Jane's lookin' forward ter hevin' ye stay ter tea with her." Elnathan spoke slowly, carefully, she could hear nearly every word.

Elnathan, her boy lover, had always appealed to her; now a successful, honored man, he represented all that was finest manhood. She hesitated, so much lay hidden beneath the acceptance of the drive and tea, then she blushed like a girl. "Thank you, Elnathan, I'll be pleased to go."

The Bartlett farm was a fine old homestead, thrifty and neat, yet with an air of mellow comfort. Elnathan took her over his fields, barns and dairy. At the threshold his sister stood ready to show off the house.

"Ye won't find much dust 'round here, though I say et ez shouldn't"—Abby Jane was a little round seal of a woman with sleepy eyes that saw everything. "Rushy Buell's been help ever since Nettie come—ye know Nate's wife warn't rugged—an' she's a driver ter work an' I guess I kin keep up my end, tew."

She looked as innocent as the cat blinking in a sunbeam but Tamsa saw she favored her brother's wish and took this way of hinting that farm life would be made easy.

"Ye set en the foreroom a little spell ter rest ye while I jist take a look 'round fur supper."

Tamsa rocked and dreamed in the large "foreroom," her eyes on the shadows shifting under the maples in

the smooth green meadows beyond the house.

"I guess my life would be just complete here. It's a handsome place. Nate's been wonderful prospered. He's a man any woman could be proud to have chase her," she smiled a little, fond smile, "I'd have everything heart could wish. I could 'set on a cushion an' sew a fine seam' all'my days." She glanced down at her hands resting in her lap, "powerful, maternal hands" they were, and shivered to a queer little chill. Life stretched out before her, like the meadow, cool and flat and silent. "That's no way to look at it," with a resolute head-shake.

The Bokum Road was dim and sweet as Elnathan drove her home in the moonlight. Neither spoke at first. Suddenly the man bent his face until it nearly touched hers.

"Tammy, I guess I don't need ter say much. Ye know why I wanted ye ter see how well I'm fixed," he began. "Ye've allays been the first girl ter me en all th' world. Et won't hurt Nettie none fur me ter say et. I allays prized her next. I guess she understands 'bout them things now better'n we do."

He took her hands in his one free hand, pressing them together. "Do ye hear me, Tammy?"

Tamsa's nerves jerked, then stiffened coldly. "Of course I hear you," she forced herself to say.

"Ye'll hev everything ye want, dear. Abby Jane'll tell ye I'm a good provider. I see how 'tis with ye, dearie, but I prize ye jest ez much ez ef ye wuz th' same ez ye allays wuz. Et don't make no differ ter me ye're deaf."

The horse bounded, for Tamsa had cried aloud. Her secret, hidden like a guilty thing, had been torn out raw and bloody from her breast. She could not speak.

"Ye wouldn't marry me once 'cause ye wuz sot on teachin' school. Ye can't do that now an' ye ain't happy. Ye can't make out ter me ye air. What hinders ye now from acceptin' of me? I think jest ez much o' ye ez ef ye could go 'round 'mongst folks. I tell ye I love ye jest th' same deef ez ye be."

His words turned a rusty knife in her open wound. "You—you're good, Elnathan, and I do appreciate your wanting me," her voice quelled by the torture, "it's a noble part in you, me being—as I am—*deef*." Only once, in the doctor's office, had she spoken that word even to herself. "I do care for you. I do accept of you. I can't say another word. I guess I'm kind o' sick. Maybe it's this heat. You set me right down here by the orchard. I'll slip through it to the back door."

The man hesitated. Then drew her close into his arms and kissed her gently twice. She rested passive against him, but forced herself to press his arm tightly for an instant.

"Good night, Nate," she whispered from the shadows of the apple-trees. She saw him stand up in the carriage and wave a reply, but his answer she could not hear.

All the next morning the strange heat held Pettipaug and great, hot white clouds piled up over Lyme Hills. "Fetchin' up fur a turr'ble storm," said the wise ones. Tamsa noticed nothing of these portents. She wandered about dully, her brain swept ever and again by cruel tides of thought. "If Nate knows it, all the folks in Pettipaug must know it too. An' been pitying me this year back! Me that held my head so high. Nate don't feel to me like he used. Then 'twas all what I could do for him. Now, 'tis other way 'bout, all he can do for me. There ain't anything I can do for him. Abby Jane, like 'nough, sees to him better'n I could. There ain't anything I can do for any one! But Nate does care for me. He said it didn't make any difference."

At noon the storm, terrible indeed, rushed down upon the village. Although lightning and rain soon ceased the wind raged in a fury.

"Lord send there ain't no bo'ts out en this," sighed Roxanna. "I hope ter th' goodness, 'Bijah an' th' boys got enter Sam's barn 'fore et broke."

"Let me en! Let me en!" The kitchen door, bolted against the wind, shook under blows.

Roxanna threw it open. "The mer- cies! Marthy Ayers!"

A meager little woman stumbled into the kitchen. Her face was clay-colored with fear and her eyes glittered.

"Bijah! The boys! Rus's drownin'! Out by th' Light! I see his boat go over! He'll be drawed into th' Rip!"

"My Lord!" screamed Roxy. "'Bijah an' th' boys ez all on 'em over ter Sam's hayin'!"

The woman tugged at the door. "Goin' ter Pratt's!" she shrieked as she got it open.

"Et's half a mile! Abe Pratt's over ter town!" Roxanna, snatching a shawl, followed her.

Tamsa ran after them, beating her way against the wind, to the old wharf. The men were all away on the Grand Meadows haying except old Captain Nehemiah Steele, who, bent with rheumatism, hobbled after the women.

"What ez et?" "Russell Ayers' a-drownin'!" "Sailin' a day like this ez!" "Th' only son o' his mother an' she a widow"—broken exclamations came from the little crowd of women now at the river's edge. The wharf, long deserted for one farther down the river, had only a few rotting piers left, to which were tied two or three old fishing-boats. Through the thin rain the women could see a small sloop-rigged sailboat helplessly "hove down," driven by the wind and tide toward the Rip, a powerful eddy at the base of the Light.

"He can swim!" Russell's little sister quavered.

"Swim!" snorted Captain Nehemiah in agonized contempt. "Nothing and nobody can't swim once th' Rip gets 'em."

"A man's comin'!" a wavering cry from the women.

"By thunder, Cap'n Dick Magna!"

Cap'n Dick was covering the ground in great strides in spite of his limp. He might be, as he said, "turr'ble dun- derin'" in a house, but now his movements were quick and exact. He hauled a "flatiron" rowboat out of the water, dumped the water out of it, and

shoved it off. He stripped off coat and shoes and leaped aboard.

"She leaks like th' devil, Dick," shouted Cap'n Nehemiah. "Ye can't make et without 'nother ter bail."

Captain Magna's eyes swept the Bomum Road empty of life, then settled upon the women. One face was afire with courage and high resolve. Their look met. Captain Magna said not a word, only his blue eyes burned a brighter blue. Tamsa sprang into the boat.

"Come back!" "Ye'll drown!" "Th' boat'll swamp!"

The woman on her knees in the bottom of the boat looked nowhere but dipped, dipped, dipped steadily. She gasped in the thrust of the wind. The spray of the river beat cold in her face. Her back and arms ached with a bitter weariness. Still she dipped, dipped. All thought of Russell Ayers drowning out there by the Rip had left her. She knew only she was helping Cap'n Dick do something he couldn't do without her.

"Stop!" shouted the captain. "Throw him that rope. I'll hold him when he ketches et."

She looked up through the mist and her own blown hair. The sloop lay on its side, a tangle of sail and cordage. The boy hung along the mast, half covered by the slack of the canvas. He was so close she could almost reach him with her hand. His eyes were open but he did not seem to see, and his hands clung loosely to a halyard. Already his boat circled to the pull of the Rip. The rope struck the boy's hands, rested there long enough for him to have grasped it, then slid into the water.

"Ketch aholt, Rus!" shouted the captain.

The boy's eyelids flickered, then closed. His head slipped down to the water. The sloop yawed toward the rocks, whose jagged tops showed under the smooth black pools between the waves.

Captain Dick stood up. "Keep her ez she ez. I'm goin' ter git him myself. I can't go no closer in or th' sloop'll stamp us under."

Tamsa crept onto the rower's seat, grasped the oars and bent to the right as Captain Magna dived to the left. The Rip sucked at the boat, the wind and tide drove it off, the two opposed forces kept it steady.

In that smother of wind, wave, and sail could he get clear? Could he drag the boy to the boat? In the grip of a horrible fear all her senses came alive. She prayed, bargaining with Almighty God, like the Jews of old, and in the iron bands of her terror her words were a little girl's.

"Oh, God, if you'll only save him I'll be good as long as I live. Dear, dear God, don't let him drown! Dear God, I'll love and serve you always."

The man rose by the boy, caught him, turned and struck out for the boat. At the same instant some broken end of boom or bowsprit plunged like a live thing and beat the captain's head under. Tamsa ceased to pray in words. Her whole body throbbed one fierce cry, "God!" She shipped her oars steadily, turned across the seat, wound the rope around her arm and threw it into the turmoil of waters.

The captain's head rose at once. Blood ran thick on his forehead and his face was a sick white under the tan, but his eyes shone dauntlessly as he struck out for the boat.

All the life of all her years leaped to her eyes to answer his. There was no more sea or sky or land, but a new world wherein dwelt love.

Then she bent to the grind of the rope as the captain caught it. An instant and the strain slackened, the captain grasped the gunwale with his free arm.

"Ye're all right, son," he roared cheerfully, "git aholt!"

The boy fumbled the gunwale, then closed on it mechanically.

Tamsa weighed the boat till it lipped the water, and pulled at the boy with all the power of her strong body. The good old Pettipaug "flatiron" was true to her construction, she did not keel over. A threshing of the water, a contorted, struggling mass, a mighty



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heave, and boy and man rolled into the bottom of the boat.

"Bail!" gasped the captain. "I'll keep her headed en the wind'll do the rest!"

Men had reached the wharf. They plunged in waist-deep to pull the rescuers ashore. Tamsa, hurried away by the women, did not even turn her head to look at Captain Dick.

"Nature in her beryl apron had been mixing fresher air" when Tamsa awoke the next morning. The sun was not yet up. A beautiful, cool purity filled the world and the good smell of rain-wet earth. She felt a woman new-born; her feet went to music.

Roxanna and the girls were already hurrying forward breakfast for the "men folks" to get off to the wet hay. She dropped her mixing-spoon and put her arms around her sister's neck.

"Well, Tammy, how be ye to-day?"

This was a great flow of emotion for Roxanna.

"How's Rus?"

"All right. Ye can't kill one o' them Ayerses. Cap'n Magna's got a bad arm."

"Where is he?"

"Up ter his own house. Would ye believe et! Mary Parmley wouldn't hear to his bein' brought there! Said she had tie-dolareux an' one of her girls had some other turrible takin' an' she couldn't hev no more sick folks even ef they wuz her only brother. Abe Pratt was so outdone with her he wuz fur drivin' Cap'n Magna right over to his house; said his baby hed th' whoop-in'-cough an' his boy hed the fever-an'-ager, but his wife hed got some heart ter her an' she wouldn't turn no half-dead man away from her doors. But Cap'n Dick wouldn't hear ter et. Had 'em take him right up ter his own place. And arter Doctor'd fixed with up some

he said he could stay alone all complete."

Abijah came in with the milk-pails. "Elnathan come over here yesterday arternoon in a reg'lar whew. Said Cap'n Dick hadn't got no sort o' business to resk yer life thet way."

Tamsa turned to look out by the window. Elnathan belonged to another life.

"Where goin' so early?" for she started out of doors after only a snatch of breakfast.

She threw him a mischievous smile for answer. She felt a child, eager, irresponsible. She slipped through the dew-wet grass, crushing small bright herbs that gave out piercingly keen odors. The sun played hide-and-seek through the trees, as gay as herself.

The kitchen door of the old gray house was open. She could see Captain Magna building a fire with his well hand. She walked in without a word, took the wood from him and kindled the fire. Then she stood up to speak to him. And all the brave love that had risen in her heart the day before now answered back from the captain's eyes, as if in a glass. Suddenly he had her in his arms and was kissing her soft hair like some boy lover. He began to speak in a voice trembling like a boy's, too.

"My little dearie! I never meant to! I've thought mor'n th' world o' ye since thet first day. But I warn't goin' ter tell ye, never. I hadn't no right ter. Me a poor, ol' waterlogged craft! I can't take care on ye proper. Why, I need a sight o' takin' care on myself. I'd a-died without speakin'. I'd made up my mind ter. Then yesterday, out there, when I come up arter thet clip on th' head I thought I *hed* died, an' got over ter th' other side an' ye wuz there ahead o' me, someways, an' welcomin' me. Ye knew an' I knew, right there

en th' Connecticut River. But I ain't a-goin' ter ask ye. I can't do fur ye ez —ez I oughter, ez I wanter." He loosed one arm and swept the low old kitchen in a gesture that seemed to huddle before her all his poverty and ill success.

Tamsa slipped away from him.

"Cap'n Dick, I'm deef!"

"No!" in genuine amazement, "tain't so enybody'd notice et; why, ye hear me plain ez print."

Tamsa laughed softly in the midst of tears.

"Oh, I can hear you cross lots. That don't signify. I'm deerer'n a post. I can't hear anybody but jest *you!* That's why I took to you so right off. 'Twas so good to hear somebody stirring around again."

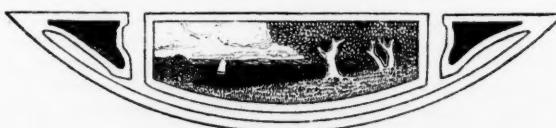
Cap'n Dick stroked her hair clumsily, the wrong way, but his touch seemed like velvet.

"Ef I'm th' only one ye kin hear an' ye're th' only one kin stand me dunderin' round, ain't et meant ter be, don't ye believe, poor crittur ez I be? I can't do fur ye, Lord knows, I'll be hangin' on ye good part o' th' time fur comfort an' fedin' an all, but I kin love ye, I ain't never loved—no, nor seed th' girl I wanted ter love neither, fur all they say 'bout sailors' sweethearts—but I love ye, little dearie, like I wuz three men."

Tamsa put her arms about his neck and kissed him, happily, protectingly.

"You ain't had any breakfast an' you're real weak. You set down an' I'll cook you some right now."

The sun flamed golden into the dim old kitchen, the birds called, and the wind blew summer scents in at the open door. While Cap'n Dick trumpeted happily and Tamsa listened, at rest in the essential heart of peace, the new day began.



The Wyatts Economize

By Anne O'Hagan



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAURA E. FOSTER

R EALLY, dearest, it seems to me," began Billy, with more emphasis on the "really" than on the "dearest."

"Now, Billy, don't be nasty," interrupted dearest.

"But this is only Saturday, and Tuesday is your day for the housekeeping allowance. And anyway, what time is this to go over household accounts? It's twenty minutes past eight and I sha'n't get the eight-thirty-seven unless—"

"Surely you didn't want to spoil an evening with the wretched things?"

Mrs. Wyatt's voice skilfully combined surprise, reproach, a dawning disgust and a tender reminiscence.

"Since we had gone over the whole matter once, Edith, when we decided what we could afford, I had not expected to devote either mornings or evenings to the subject." Mr. Wyatt spoke with all the disapproval and dignity which a young suburban husband can command a quarter of an hour before train time. "However, we'll say no more about it."

"You're too magnanimous!"

"But I will leave you a check."

Mr. Wyatt dived into his pocket for his fountain pen and his check-book. An expression of high martyrdom shone upon his brow. Mrs. Wyatt, at the other end of the table, pushed her coffee-cup noisily away though she spoke with high-bred calm.

"My dear Will, when we decided

upon my housekeeping allowance, we did not take into consideration that half the club would be invited over to dinner, casually, whenever you happened to get out for golf in the afternoon!"

"Hendricks and Bobson did dine here Tuesday—yes, and Goodman, too. But that—"

"And we did not consider," pursued Mrs. Wyatt ruthlessly, "that our simple little dinner-parties, like the one on Wednesday, would have to be made mete for epicureans like your friend Blackthorn."

"That, my dear Edith, was a matter of business as I told you. It may net the firm a retaining-fee from Blackthorn's new company that he had a jolly dinner here with the Blakes and Molly and the rest."

"If there's a chance of its netting you a retaining-fee," triumphed Mrs. Wyatt, "why on earth do you quarrel with me over having fresh mushrooms on toast and ordering Château La Rose instead of plying Blackthorn with our Zinfandel and—"

"I should be very sorry," observed Mr. Wyatt sententiously, snapping the cap upon his fountain pen, "to think that the charm of a dinner at our house depended upon the year of a vintage or—"

"You would be very silly to think that Mr. Blackthorn would not notice the difference between—"

"Silly or not, we have to live within



"I have not suggested, my dear girl, that you should borrow from your personal allowance to make your house-keeping one suffice."

our income! And I have missed my train. Here is the check for your deficit. And I trust, Edith, that you will manage—”

“Oh, yes, of course I shall, Will! I shall manage perfectly! Please, please don’t think of giving up luncheons at the Hardware Club or—what is the cigar you smoke?—in order to increase my housekeeping allowance. I couldn’t bear that!”

Edith had pushed back her chair from the table and rising had turned her back upon her husband as she rearranged the silver upon the sideboard.

“I have not suggested, my dear girl, that you should borrow from your personal allowance to make your house-keeping one suffice.”

“No?” Edith’s voice was sweetly indifferent. “Ah, but then you see I’ve already done it.”

Mr. Wyatt was very angry with his wife when she made that retort. Only one reply occurred to him as adequate.

“If you were anything of a manager,” he said in what he flattered himself was a dignified manner. “I think that would scarcely be necessary. If you went to market yourself, for instance—”

“To market?”

“Yes, to market. Many women here go down to Newark. I should think you might do that instead of telephoning. If— Upon my word, Edith, I shall miss the nine-two unless I start at once. Here is your check. Oh, very well, if you don’t care to take it! It’s on the table under the salt-cellar at this end. I dare say you’ll be more interested in it later. Good-by.”

Whereupon Mr. Wyatt strode with almost unnecessary vigor out of the room and out of the house, his wife remaining busy with the bridal silver platters and baskets on

the sideboard until she heard the door slam upon him. She could not have borne it had he seen the tears in her eyes, tears of wounded pride, of wounded love, of smarting shame over the ignoble nature of this first rift within their lute.

The first part of the forenoon Edith devoted to fostering self-pity—not merely because her admirable intentions as to the dinners, her admirable unselfishness as to her allowance, had gone unappreciated, even scorned, but also because this—this was Life! It was not the idyl it had seemed in pear-blossomed May when she and Will had planned it; it was not the glory it had seemed in rosy June when they had entered upon it. It had noth-

ing to do with the stars and the snows and the solemn winds, with all things beautiful and austere, as she had dreamed. At best it was going to be an accountant's job; and at the worst a wrangling over bills.

But the blood coursed warmly and evenly in her veins, and some flavor of humor always tintured her sentiment.

When she awoke to the realization that half the morning had sped, she smiled; when she realized that she was coddling herself like an "unappreciated woman," she laughed. And crowding upon the laugh came a little rush of remorse that she had met her first practical problem with so poor a grace.

Repentance and good resolutions are close allied. Edith was planning a worthy career of housewifery within a quarter of an hour after her first smile of self-derision.

"Norah," she said proudly to the cook, "I'm going to do our marketing at Newark hereafter. It will be much cheaper."

"Um-m," dissented Norah. "When ye count your trolley fare an' the time there'll be small savin'."

"I shall bicycle over," declared Edith. "The exercise will do me good and so the time won't be wasted. And I'm going to begin to-day. Tell Barber to get my wheel out, please."

"Ye ain't been on it in two years."

"He can oil it a little and pump up the tires while I get ready," said the budding economist.

She surveyed her wardrobe with some misgivings. Skirts had certainly grown longer since she had given up bicycling. Her golf-skirt, the shortest in her possession, was ridiculously long for wheeling, but it was the only possible one. She doffed her breakfast jacket—a thing of lace and ribbons that proclaimed the trousseau—donned a shirt-waist and golf-



skirt, and already began to feel equal to coping with all the problems of expenditure. Will was right! She had been nothing of a manager. But she would do better!

Barber protested against the use of the wheel. He had oiled it and pumped up the tires, he said, but a wheel that had been out of commission so long needed, in his opinion, more careful refurbishing. Edith only laughed as she mounted. It was plainly absurd that a good housekeeper bent upon frugal buying should break her neck or her arm. To have admitted such a possibility would have been to doubt Providence.

The ride was all that was pleasant. The roads were perfect, smooth, hard, dustless. The early asters were winking blue eyes from the tangled hedges. The blue sky was smiling benevolently. Edith smiled back and pedaled harder. Then there was a tug, a scrunching sound, and the indescribable noise of the ripping of resisting wool. The long skirt and the bicycle chain had come into conflict. The bottom of the skirt was jaggedly torn. The top had parted company from its band.

Edith was angry with perverse and unappreciative destiny, but she was more than ever obstinately determined. She made such roadside repairs as she could, her brow portentously dark and her lips stern. It was well for Mr. William Wyatt that he was not present.

The market, however, had compensations. The stalls were fascinating and it was gustatorily stimulating to see the varieties of food. Indeed it was almost too stimulating for true economy. Expenditures grew such as would never have been provoked by a morning telephone conversation with the butcher and the grocer. She had left her wheel outside, leaning cozily against a marketmen's lunch stall where its safety was assured her. Inside she walked happily around, rejoicing in the fact that butter was a cent cheaper in the pound than at Wuthering Heights, and eggs two cents cheaper in the dozen. Meantime, there were alligator pears, and it had been long since a

prairie-chicken had graced the Wyatt board!

When she had completed her purchases she returned to the lunch stall to find her wheel gone. And then and there she embarked upon a detective career which dragged her over half of Newark into unimaginable slums, and finally to the police court. And when she found that a miserable, underfed urchin had been the thief, she was despairingly sorry for him and spent the greater part of the afternoon in trying to secure his release from custody, in finding a doctor for his sick sister and providing food for his whole wretched household.

She was so absorbed in the immediate exigencies of the situation that she forgot to smile grimly to herself at the comparison between the cost of telephoning at Wuthering Heights and buying on the spot in Newark. And finally it was a weary and serious Edith who pushed her recovered bicycle up the six ascending miles to Wuthering Heights late in the day.

Meantime Mr. Wyatt had been economizing. He, too, had had his remorses.

"Poor little girl, poor little girl," the train had rumbled all the way into town; and then the street-cars had taken up the refrain: "Her own allowance, her own allowance."

The typewriters in the office clicked it, the telephone-bell's preliminary buzz was only that. He could scarcely bear it at all. And when the first client of the morning wanted to know if there was any way of securing a divorce from a viciously extravagant woman Wyatt felt inclined to chastise him.

He had virtuously eschewed all his customary habits at luncheon, snatching a dairy meal at a place where any lack in the menu was compensated by an abundance of scriptural texts on the wall. To be sure, one of the office-boys had seen him there, and he had felt obliged to restore the youth's belief in his social standing and financial solvency by an unearned gratuity later in the day.

But the desire to get home, to see

Edith, to consign economy to the lowest depths, and to be restored from the position of manager of a cheese-paring firm, its bookkeeper and the like, into the cheerful protector of the household, was strong upon him.

Early in the afternoon he proclaimed his intention of leaving. He refused to acknowledge that it was his duty to remain to see Blackthorn, who had an appointment for four. He departed—and on his way to the ferry he spent two dollars on a peace-offering of California violets for Edith.

She was not at home. Norah was

fall apart. She was so tired that she did not even reproach him as the cause of all her misery. She climbed into the rig, after he had managed to bestow the disabled bicycle in the back, and cried comfortably on his shoulder about "A rusty old thing, anyway, and oh, Billy, those wretched souls!"

They were counting the cost of that essay at thrift that evening. With half-doleful, half-amused laughter, they declared that they must attack the problem of living within their means from some other point. Suddenly the telephone in the hall rang. Wyatt's voice



She climbed into the rig, after he had managed to bestow the disabled bicycle in the back.

worried over her prolonged absence, and communicated her anxiety to the head of the house. Full of compunction, he took up his stand on the road-commanding piazza. Later he tried to do some telephoning to Newark. Finally, his mind full of wrecked wheels, of lawless automobiles, of mangled women and other horrors, he telephoned to the stable for a trap and set out upon the Newark road.

A mile or two out of Wuthering Heights he met his tired wife, a bundle-laden creature in a torn skirt, pushing before her a bicycle whose obstreperous chain had finally seen fit to

as he answered grew in excitement and jubilation. Edith came to the door to discover the cause.

"Tell her *what?*" he screamed to the speaker at the other end of the wire. "Her dinner did it?" All right! Good work, old man, good work! Edith, it's Ransom! And we've landed Blackthorn, and Ransom says—"

"I heard," said Edith superbly. "And now I hope you see, Billy, that my management is—"

But she never had a chance to chant the perfection of her management, for Billy was celebrating his good luck in a fashion he had not yet outgrown.

THE BRINGING OUT OF BEATHAM

BY
HOLMAN F. DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD



SCOTAZE'S four delegates to the county convention went down to Newry, the shire, on the day before the convention in order to take in the county cattle-show. For more than twenty-five years these two events have been paired in the county. One attraction helps the other.

Cap'n Aaron Sproul, Hiram Look, Lycurgus Snell and Swinton Soper, known as "the war-eagle orator of the Cuxabesis valley," were sent to uphold Scotaze's dignity and speak her voice in convention.

Before they had been a half-hour on the grand stand at the cattle-show they saw something worth looking at.

A blue-overalled man started to lead a bull across the inner oval of the race-track, fending the bull off with an ash pole whose snap-hook was fastened to a ring in the bull's nose. The bull was "King Darius, Grade Durham." His blanket bore that information.

Just then the Newry Cornet Band began to play something that had a prominent trombone part, and the bull seemed to detect challenge in the instrument's blattering. "Darius" cocked a red eye, stopped in his tracks, and

bellowed defiance. Blue Overalls was short with the King. He twitched on the pole. Darius jerked at the same time, and the palm-smoothed ash slipped from the man's hand.

The bull flailed the pole away to right against his flank, threshed it around to left furiously, and by unlucky chance fetched Blue Overalls a crack on the side of the head that sent him to the sward. Darius employed the time in which Blue Overalls was taking the count by slatting the pole loose from his nose-ring, scornfully pawed a section of sod into his owner's pain-twisted face and then set his tail straight up and galloped across the field toward that trombone-player. Family parties left lunch-baskets and ran; horses reared and thills cracked and splintered. A dozen runaways went sky-rocketing in as many different directions.

The bull appeared to have but one things on his mind; he was heading for that impudent trombone. The picket fence of the inner oval opposed his rush. He battered at it, two lengths went crashing flat, and Darius was upon the track.

At that instant a man came leaping down the terrace of the grand stand with the agility, if not the grace, of a chamois. He vaulted the fence and ran at the bull and the bull promptly ran at him.

Spectators who sat leaning forward, eyes bugged out and breath held in, decided each for himself that if ever there was a man who could lick a bull this was the man. He was one of that sort of big men who swell up under their clothes in lumps like something turned by a lathe out of wood. He was tall and broad and rangy, and looked as hard as nails—and he opened two hands that looked as broad as a split codfish, grabbed that bull, a horn in each hand, swung to one side, kicked Darius in the ribs with a thud like a pile-driver's impact, and drove a knee up against the snorting nose.

He swung to the other side, used the other foot and the other knee in a way that both pained and surprised the bull, and then twisted the thick neck by the horn leverage until Darius bellowed in piteous surrender. Swipes came running with halter-ropes and lassoed the bull's legs and tripped him, and then he was rolled upon a stone drag and two horses hauled him off to the cattle-sheds.

The big man dusted his hands, took his hat from a gasping admirer who had recovered it, and marched back to his seat on the grand stand, thrusting his woodeny shoulders through the throngs and bashfully evading the outstretched hands.

"By the tin-horned rhinoceros," gasped Hiram Look, putting on his plug hat after this stirring scene had been enacted, "that must be old Samson P. Goliah back on earth for the second time."

"Shet up!" commanded Cap'n Aaron Sproul, for the starter was announcing something through a megaphone.

Starter informed the hearkening populace that the bull-wrestler was "Mr. Beatham of Smyrna," and he called for three cheers. After the cheers had been sung out with a will and a tiger the word went around that Mr.

Beatham was a butcher and a deputy sheriff, and all that day and that evening he was the object of much sycophantic attention. When Hiram Look and Cap'n Sproul went to shake hands with him at the Newry House they had to fight their way through massed admirers.

"That's what I call a good deal of man runnin' to waste," mused Hiram regretfully when they were again on the outskirts of the crowd. "Peddin' meat out of a cart-tail and servin' wrists, when he ought to be amountin' to something in the world. I wish I'd 'a' known of him when I was in the show business!"

"What he ought to have been was first mate along o' me on the *Jefferson P. Benn*," asserted the cap'n. "Portygee sailors would have loved to set on his knee and be rocked to sleep. He would have had a terrible winnin' way with Portygee sailors."

The reflection that Mr. Beatham had missed most of life's opportunities seemed to weigh heavily upon them. They walked moodily among the ante-convention throng; and circled about Mr. Beatham with looks that the retiring gentleman grew restive under. In their absorption in the personality of the bull-tamer they forgot politics. But they were suddenly reminded of the responsibilities of the morrow in a way that astonished them. A perspiring and anxious man came bustling into the office of the hotel, grabbed Cap'n Sproul by the arm and towed him outside. Hiram followed.

"You'll have to excuse us, Mr. Look," declared the anxious man, "but this is private business."

But the cap'n's seaman's instincts were alarmed by this haste and this secrecy.

"Anything that's too private and nearer for my best friend and adviser to get into along with me is li'ble to pinch. You go 'long and catch another sculpin. I don't know you, anyway." The cap'n's tone was determined.

"I'm a member of the county committee," pleaded the anxious man. "The committee's in session and they've sent

me after you. Of course if Mr. Look is to be trusted—”

“Are you lookin’ for trouble?” broke in that gentleman truculently.

“I haven’t got orders to bring both of you,” stammered the messenger, “but I’ll take chances. Come along.”

They followed him, resentful but curious.

The county committee of Cuxabexis, wishing to be in secret session for reasons of their own, had met in a room in Ward Block. Sixteen men were there in a smudge of tobacco smoke. Cigar butts carpeted the floor. It was evident that the room was at times used for other purposes than political meetings. Poker-chips were strewn about on several dented tables.

The messenger ushered the cap’n and Hiram into the room ahead of him, followed them, and fastened the door by propping a board under the knob. These precautions and the serious faces of the group did not tend to relieve Cap’n Sproul’s apprehensiveness. He smothered a sudden panicky impulse to kick away the board and rush out.

One of the waiting men sat beside a table moodily building up a stack of chips, alternating the red, white and blue in a subconscious spirit of patriotism.

“This is Chairman Nicholas Ruggles, gents,” announced the man who had brought them. He went along and whispered to the chairman, who gazed on Hiram rather sourly. His tone was not genial when he spoke.

“It was planned to be a private conference between Cap’n Sproul and us. We ain’t sayin’ that Mr. Look is—”

“And you’d better not,” interposed the cap’n stoutly. “He’s my close and patchkle friend, and I ain’t goin’ to be caught in a trap without witnesses. If he goes out, I go.”

“Trap!” barked the chairman indignantly. “What do you think this meetin’ is, anyway?”

“Looks as though you’d met to tack a patchwork quilt and talk about the neighbors,” returned the cap’n, with just as much acerbity. “But looks is

sometimes deceivin’.” He gave back with interest the glowering glances that were bent upon him.

“Now, gentlemen, it’s plain there’s a misunderstanding,” broke in a pacificatory man from a corner. “I think that Mr. Look will be a valuable adviser to both sides, and I move he be invited to stay. It’s all for the interests of our grand old party that we have met. The shoals are ahead of us, and there must be harmony and good understanding on shipboard. I know that Cap’n Sproul as a brave and a capable sailor will agree to that.”

The cap’n grunted, and Chairman Ruggles spent his pique by knocking over his pile of poker-chips.

“We have met here to take counsel regarding the matter of the nomination of our next high sheriff,” went on the pacificatory one. “And for reasons that will be explained a bit later, we need you in the conference, Cap’n Sproul—and you, Mr. Look,” he hastened to add.

“I thought it was all cut and dried that you was goin’ to renominate High Sheriff Esreff Tillson,” said Hiram, getting into the conference with his accustomed alacrity. “That’s the way it’s been understood up our way.”

There was silence for a space. The committeemen were glancing uneasily at each other, no one seeming to be anxious to deal the first blow of the conspiracy against Sheriff Tillson.

At last the chairman said huskily: “It has been so in the past that the party could nominate a brindle-pup for high sheriff in this county and elect him. But we can’t do it this year. The trouble is, we’ve nominated too many brindle-pups.”

“But the people ain’t wanted prohibition enforced,” broke in another committeeman, whose remark was not so irrelevant as it appears.

“Sitting down and looking back on what the people *have* wanted might make a historian out of a man, but it wouldn’t make him a politician,” stated Chairman Nicholas Ruggles. “Prohibition has set on this county easier’n an old shoe for twenty years. There



"How did you ever find out that I used to belong to old Cap Kidd's gang?"

isn't any one denying that. But now that the wave has come rolling up from the south and has slopped over onto the old original cold-water ground here in this State, folks are finding that old shoes ain't very comfortable to stand in a puddle of water with. We've got to make prohibition seem to prohibit—not to put it any stronger! Es Tillson can't even make it seem that way. The plain people are on to him."

The committee, representing seventeen towns in the county, were too well aware of Sheriff Tillson's policy of *laissez faire*—imposed on him by that same committee—to demand details. Their knowledge and their apprehensions only made them a unit in determination to jettison the tractable Tillson.

The political danger may be understood when it is known that the reform element of the county had flocked behind a square-jawed parson and proposed to nominate him in convention. To be sure, Ruggles, the county committee standing behind him, had delegates enough to assure Tillson's nomination on the first ballot; for reformers and parsons, no matter how fervent,

are usually too busy hurrailing to remember the details of organization.

But these same reformers, lamentably lacking the rudiments of good politics and willing to strike below the belt, had declared that if Tillson were renominated they would put their parson into the field as an independent. As the opposition party had a strong candidate this would mean that nearly every vote for the parson would come out of Tillson's strength. That surely meant the political overthrow of Cuxabexis.

Chairman Ruggles now showed that he was more politician than historian. For not only did he grasp current events, but he seemed satisfactorily to dispose of future ones. He profanely dismissed one little meek suggestion from a corner that it might be well to take the high plane and nominate the parson. The trend of the times, the voice suggested, was in favor of prohibition.

"We've got prohibition! We've had it forty years. It's in the constitution. You don't want any more prohibition than that, do you?" Chairman Ruggles was indignant. "We've taught the whole country prohibition. But here

'we are in Cuxabexis, retiring five thousand dollars' worth of county bonds every year with our liquor fines, everything all organized, only the right men in the business, every man controlling his own bunch of votes, paying his fine twice a year on the evidence of a United States liquor-tax receipt, coming around with his campaign assessment without having to be drummed—and if they didn't have the liquor handed to 'em in our way they'd get it in express-packages and drink it up around the corner, and the county not a sou-markee better off! Now, if you see any particular place in that pin-cushion to stick in a Hard-shell Baptist minister, let me know, will you?"'

Under the flat of his hand Chairman Ruggles scoured the poker-chips around over the table as though he were typifying his autocratic handling of delegates.

"We've got to spread 'em so there won't be any choice on the first ballot," he went on. "We want to let Es down easy. Give the parson a bunch. Give the farmers' candidate several bunches. Each of us take our towns and be sure our men are spiked to stay till we give the word. And when we've got the reformers mad and sick and tired and hungry and rattled, then sweep the convention with a compromise candidate."

He looked hard at Cap'n Sproul, and the other committeemen focused appealing gaze on him, too.

"And now you can see why we needed you in our conference to-night," added the chairman. "You have become known in this county as a man of force, and you've been around the world enough to have liberal ideas regarding some things that a lot of people are narrow about." The chairman cocked significant eye at the cap'n. "The way you handled that Woman's Temperance Workers' union in your town shows that you ain't afraid of ramrods. I realize that we are handing a big honor to you mighty sudden, but we've talked it all over among ourselves and we feel sure that you'll do the right thing by us."

The cap'n in his perturbation had not yet grasped the full import of Chairman Ruggles' offer. He stared at the chairman and the latter gazed back at him in full belief that this silence was gratified assent. Chairman Ruggles had such complete comprehension of what the job of high sheriff meant in Cuxabexis that he couldn't conceive of human nature stiff enough to reject the honor.

"It's the first time in politics in this county that I've ever known the job to be handed to a man all buttered and ready to swallow," Mr. Ruggles went on. "It's a compliment to you, however, and I know you'll appreciate it. It's self-actin'. We need you on the ticket, and you need *us*. I reckon I can claim to be the original Sproul man. It came to me when you backed down those W. T. W.'s up in your place that you had the makin's in you. And now it's come to you all natural!"

"Oh, we all know that the cap'n's a safe man," chuckled one of the committeemen fatuously. "He ain't piped all hands to grog for nothin' all his life. I know that his ideas coincide with our'n!" The cap'n recognized a Scotaze man to whom he had once rashly confided his conviction that prohibition was not all it should be. "Now it's only right to let Cap'n Sproul in on the whole lay."

The cap'n stood in the middle of the room, his short legs straddled. He did not express an opinion.

"When we loosen I think we'll let about five in, so far as this village goes," proceeded Chairman Ruggles. "Hotel, two drug-stores, Billy Wright's pool-room and the Wardens of Freedom Club—our own political club, you know. Of course you understand that your commission comes direct from the wholesalers—check first Tuesday of every month. It will be the same lay that Es had—a dollar on every barrel of beer and twenty-five cents on each gallon of whisky. Wholesalers extra it right onto their price, you know, and it saves you all trouble of cheap tattle and bother of collecting. You know just where you stand all the time. The

committee will look after the regular monthly assessments all through the county. We traded with Es on the basis of one dollar for him out of every ten collected. That figure means that you'll have to look after your own liquor deputies—but giving 'em a loafing job for two years is about all they'll expect. I'm not lecturing you, Cap'n Sproul, and you probably understand all those points as well as I do. Three raids to start with is all we've been in the habit of giving 'em—three raids in the first month. But on account of this reform wave and to clinch things with the white-ribboners, you ran in four. You'd better. We'll have the dates ready for you in good season. Take what's in sight. Be sure of your dates, otherwise you might find the boys with real whisky in sight. There's no need of wasting even dollar-a-gallon whisky. A plug of tobacco steeped in a wash-boiler of water makes a good show-down for the temperance folks, when it's bottled and labeled."

Mr. Ruggles relighted his cigar.

"Excuse me," he pleaded, "I didn't intend to talk business to-night. But what I've said won't do any hurt. You won't be making any false moves."

The cap'n had listened like a man thirsty for information. He had understood in a vague way that men in this world had made money out of politics. As to how they had done it he had no conception. To be dragged into the heart of the mystery in this fashion nearly paralyzed him.

"When we know that a man's safe—the way we know you are safe," continued Chairman Ruggles, "we play our cards right up above the edge of the table." He scabbled his hand among the poker-chips. "We don't insult a man like you that's been around the world a lot by givin' him marked cards or dealin' off'n the bottom of the pack. No, sir! You're a man of broad and liberal ideas, the same as we are, and we want you to consider yourself lifted right into the inner circle."

It was Mr. Ruggles' proud opinion that he knew "how to handle men." From what he knew of Cap'n Aaron

Sproul he had figured that half-truths would insult that astute old sea-dog. He realized that such men are put under stronger bonds by full partnership and complete avowal than by any promises that may be extorted.

But the cap'n didn't seem to be quite as gratified as Mr. Ruggles had hoped. At least, he did not display his gratitude. He gazed around on the seventeen men of the county committee of Cuxabexis and said:

"You seem to have me sized up pretty good, but what I'd like to know is, how did you ever find out that I used to belong to old Cap Kidd's gang?"

After blinking hard for a moment, as though trying to digest this remark, Chairman Ruggles laughed. Then his fellow committeemen laughed. It seemed a very proper joke under the circumstances.

"Cap'n, you're all right!" declared the chairman. "You can belong! Now, the understandin' is that you're to be the dark hoss of the convention to-morrow. Leave us alone to handle the details. We'll show those kickers that this grand old party of our'n ain't goin' to be drowned out in cold water or batted down into the ground with a hymn-book. When we've got 'em tuckered to-morrow, the word will be given and that crowd and our'n will flock to you like hens when old Branscomb pounds a stick on the bottom of his hot-mash pail. It's right in your hands! You'll be the next high sheriff of this county."

"Hain't no more to be said to-night, then?" inquired the cap'n. In all the assemblage there was no one except Hiram who realized that his calm was ominous, his tone baleful. "All I've got to do is to lay at anchor with everything snugged till you come 'longside and cast me a hawser for a tow?"

"Or words to that effect," agreed the chairman.

"Then I'll bid a respectful good night to the jolly Red Rovers." Cap'n Sproul pushed the board away from the door and stumped out, Hiram at his heels.

"Ain't he a cramp old chap, though?" chuckled Chairman Ruggles, listening to the thud of departing feet on the stairs of Ward Block. "See how he took us up, sly all the way through, slick as a weasel? No one is goin' to get anything out of him. He's a safe man for us. Now let's get at the details. There ought to be at least five ballots so as to fool Es in good shape and make him think that it's for the sake of party harmony when we dump him."

And the committeemen proceeded cheerfully to apportion delegates for those bluff sorties of the convention.

"I dunno as I blame you a mite for grabbin' onto a snap like that," growled Hiram rather sullenly, when they were out in the gloom of the street. "But by sanup, I didn't hardly expect it of you!"

"Expect what?"

"That you'd set down and rake out red-hot dollars for those thimble-riggers."

"Hiram," remarked the cap'n solemnly, halting his friend, "at sea when the wind is howlin' orders can be heard best when all the men aloft are hollerin' their lungs out. On shore, when a man's mouth is goin' I can do the most thinkin'. And when I'm thinkin' I ain't talkin'."

"Well," mused his friend, "I reckon a man can be quite busy thinkin' about bein' high sheriff of this county and clearin' up five thousand a year—even if it is the kind of money that has to be washed with sand-soap and aired on a line."

Cap'n Sproul leaned against a handy picket fence and sifted his stubbly beard through his fingers. He spoke after a time, continuing some reflections that he had been weighing mentally.

"It's been right in my eye ever since he done it! He licked a bull. He took him by the horns and twisted the gullet off'n him. Speakin' of dark hosses for sheriff, I'd like most of all to see the bull nominated and let in among 'em. I'd like to see him operate, providin' he had his horns sharpened and had brass knuckles on his feet. But

I'm afraid they wouldn't agree to nominate the bull. He's too respectable for that crowd. Then the next best is the man that licked the bull. He may be too respectable, too. But I'm hopin' not. I'm hopin' that he's stole from the widder and orphan and has got bodies buried in his cellar. Hiram, what's that feller's name that licked the bull to-day?"

"Man by name o' Beatham."

"It sounds good and promisin'," assented the cap'n soulfully. "Let's go find out if he's ever lived up to it."

It was late and only a few men were left in the hotel-office, and these, approached guardedly by the cap'n, did not appear to know much more about Beatham than the facts of his recent exploit.

"Go out and ask Wagg Davis," suggested one of the men. "He's smokin' on the piazza, and he knows everybody in Smyrna."

Mr. Davis was frugally getting the last whiffs out of a cigar stub that he held impaled on a toothpick and gratefully accepted a fresh smoke from Hiram. Mr. Davis was entirely willing to impart information regarding Beatham and to the cap'n's relief did not think it strange that people wanted to know something about the giant from Smyrna.

"It don't take much these days to bring a man before the public," Mr. Davis allowed. "And when he's before the public facts are looked for. I've knowed Cutbust goin' on thutty year, and—"

"Do you mind speakin' that name again?" requested the cap'n.

"Cutbust—Cutbust Beatham. His mother named him Cuthbert, but when he got growed up and into the meat business he thought that name looked too romantic on a butcher-cart. And as folks that never get things right was already callin' him Cutbust he took it. Seein' that he's been through insolvency twice under that name and signs it that way and has it printed on the sides of his meat-cart I reckon it's all regular."

"It probably is reg'lat, and it sounds

still more good and promisin'," agreed the cap'n. "Did he cheat many people when he failed up?"

"I dunno as I'd call it cheatin'," said Mr. Davis, sucking his new cigar with content. "I've got lib'ral idees on high finance. But the last time he failed he bought every steer and veal calf and spring chicken he could scrape up in three towns—findin' widders and old maids the easiest marks—took 'em to Brighton market, got the cash, and said he had his pocket picked on the way to the train. Then he failed for four cents on the dollar. Of course some folks would call that cheatin'. Others would call it high finance. Take your pick."

"Good and promisin'," muttered the cap'n. "Now how is he, officially speakin'? I believe he's a deputy sheriff up his way."

"Officially speakin'," drawled Mr. Davis, "well, I recollect that his first official job after he had been appointed deputy sheriff was to go and replevin some hens. Man where he went said: 'Replevin and be darned—go ahead!' So Cut had to catch the hens. Every time he'd tucker a hen out by chasin' her around the barn he'd set down and git his breath and charge up mileage to the county. I should say, officially speakin'"—Mr. Davis squinted his eyes and surveyed the glowing tip of his cigar—"that Cut wouldn't be li'ble to get throwed onto the town through any fault of his own."

Cap'n Sproul sat for a little time gazing reflectively into the night. Then he rapped the ashes out of his pipe, rose and signaled to Hiram by a jerk of his head.

"What are you goin' to do now?" asked the old showman as they walked into the hotel-office together.

"This seems to be quite a dark-hoss evenin'," answered the cap'n enigmatically. "I'm goin' to do a little dark-hossin' on my own hook."

The number of Mr. Beatham's room was plainly set down on the register opposite his name, and the cap'n led the way up-stairs to Number Seventeen. The Newry House is an ancient

hostelry. The cap'n noted that the door-jamb of Number Seventeen had sagged so that the bolt would not engage.

"The only hoss I ain't afraid of goin' into a stall with is a dark hoss," muttered the cap'n, and he pushed open the door and went in.

When he snapped the button of the electric light Mr. Beatham sat up in bed so suddenly that his movement was almost a convulsion. The beds of the Newry House were not built for such as he. Slats were dislocated, and Mr. Beatham smashed to the floor and sat there in a pen blinking at his callers.

"Keep your settin'," advised Cap'n Sproul amiably. "This ain't goin' to be another bull-fight. This is a committee to inform you that you're a dark hoss. Dark hosses ain't supposed to make any talk. When I was a dark hoss I didn't do any talkin'. You set there and listen! They need a new high sheriff in this county. I don't know everything about politics, but I know something. I know that when it comes down to the people there's northin' counts like a hoorah. Hoorahs need to be cashed in when they're fresh. Your'n is all fresh. You needn't be a mite surprised because I've come in here to-night. I hate to see property go to waste. Your bull-wrastle, handled right, is worth ten thousand dollars. Now lemme see if I can remember what they said to me. They put it well, and I'll hand it on to you. It's the first time in politics in this county that I've ever knowed the job to be handed to a man all buttered and ready to swaller. It's a compliment to you, and I know you'll appreciate it. I reckon I can claim to be the original Beatham man. It all come to me when you backed that bull down that you had the makin's in you. And now it's come to you natural! All you've got to do is to leave details to me."

Mr. Beatham, sleep still fogging his mind, looked puzzled at first, and now he was plainly alarmed.

"So, all there is to it," proceeded the cap'n impressively, "is for you to keep your mouth shet till I tell you to open



"This is a committee to inform you that you're a dark hoss."

it; if you jest set and hold on like old Aunt Brickett the first time she rode in an automobeel, I'll cash in your hoorah for you. In other words, plain and to the point, you'll be nominated high sheriff of this county."

"But it belongs to Es Tillson—it's all framed to renominate him," faltered the deputy. "I've been around canvassin' for him this evenin'."

At the sound of his voice, the first time they had heard this giant speak, Hiram and the cap'n stared at him in amazement. Out of this vast bulk came a falsetto voice as weak as a child's.

"It's like my elephant Imogene blowin' on a piccolo," gasped Hiram sotto voce in the cap'n's ear. "If that ain't hell for a voice, I donno what is!"

"We ain't startin' a grand opery troupe nor hirin' an auctioneer," replied the cap'n in tones not so well guarded. "Mr. Beatham, esquire, if you saw that sheriff's nomination runnin' at you, would you grab it by the horns and kick its ribs in, or would you tickle it under the chin?"

"I'd tickle it under the chin!"

"Well, you put rose-water on your hand and get ready to tickle. And as to keepin' your mouth shet—don't you even talk in your sleep to-night. Set in that convention to-morrow and keep your eye on me."

They left Mr. Beatham sitting in his pen and blinking.

The cap'n and Hiram had a double-bedded room. Just before they went to sleep Cap'n Sproul whispered through the night: "I've had to work hard to learn everything else, but it must be that politics comes nat'r al to me."

At six o'clock the next morning Cap'n Sproul was in the room of Swinton Soper, the war-eagle orator of the Cuxabexis valley, shaking him into consciousness and giving him some particular instructions.

And at ten o'clock the delegates of Cuxabexis assembled.

The first ballot for sheriff in the convention resulted in no choice, Tillson ahead. Tillson, excluded from the county committee's intimate plans, ex-

pecting prompt nomination, wondered mightily, but reckoned that the complimentary vote thrown to the farmers' candidate would come his way next time. On the contrary the farmers' candidate gained. The parson's adherents held to him. Women in the galléries of the hall waved handkerchiefs to these loyal sons of reform and tossed down flowers for their buttonholes, and in the stress of the excitement the parson gained on the third ballot.

After that there were only such minor changes as would be expected in a situation where men were certain that the main result was safely nailed down. Delegates, therefore, went out by twos and threes to get a bite to eat. The reformers did not go out. Women brought boxes of lunch to them and lowered the boxes on white ribbons, emblem of the temperance union.

Continually Chairman Nicholas Ruggles moved here and there, his political finger on the pulse of affairs. To spring the compromise candidate too soon might result in flushing the whole covey of reformers, who are queer cattle at best in their hours of excitement; so he pondered. The reformers were needed at the polls. Flushed prematurely, they would bolt. He figured that the reformers would be first to tire, for their enthusiasm was highest. Reanimating women have duties at home when the evening shadows fall.

Ballot, ballot, ballot! Again and again that wearying round in single file. The songs and cheers were hushed. The reformers only had spirit to glower on Sheriff Tillson. All their venom was now concentrated on him.

High Sheriff Tillson, hooking his mustache into his mouth with nervous tongue, and browsing on this herbage moodily, withered at last under those eyes. Chairman Ruggles was scowling at him, too, for the chairman had expected that the sheriff would succumb earlier and offer to sacrifice himself "for the sake of the party." That watchword makes heroes out of poor timber sometimes.

But Tillson, puzzled and angry, un-

willing to admit to himself that righteousness had any business to rebuke rottenness, was sticking out beyond all precedent. The chairman knew that the overture should come from the high sheriff. Tillson, scenting betrayal, would have become a bull in that political china-shop, and would later smash a lot of election crockery. Mr. Tillson must be left to hatch the sacrificial idea in his own heart.

"But he's gettin' ready to buckle," whispered the chairman to Cap'n Sproul. "He's gettin' ready to lay himself on the altar. He'll be beckonin' me out pretty quick. That will mean that when I come back Squire Bigelow will take the platform and put in your name with something about the way you've braved the ragin' sea from clime to clime and how you've got the courage to stand for the right—and he'll sweep this convention."

And then the chairman, feeling the lugubrious eyes of the high sheriff on him, assumed the innocent air of a man discussing the weather and moved on. Mr. Tillson hastened to him.

And when he did so Cap'n Sproul stood up and gazed across the hall. Mr. Beatham was sitting in his corner where he had been told to sit, his fingers, huge as bananas, clasped across his abdomen, his face like the wooden mask of an African idol.

"I reckon," muttered the cap'n to Hiram as he sat down again, "that War-eagle Soper better git red of his chaw and eat a troche."

The high sheriff had something important to impart to the chairman and he imparted it huskily—almost tearfully.

"You and me can't figger exactly what the combination is against us, Nick—but it's a big one. I can't make head nor tail out of it. These town delegations seem to be all mixed up. They can't be teamed. As it is now I'm too strong for any one to lick." He seemed to get some comfort out of that. "But I ain't strong enough to lick the whole combination. I'm goin' to turn my men over to you. After this with me it's anything to lick that

blastnation elder. He and his gang hain't got any more idea of savin' a party than a Fiji has of organizin' a Methodist camp-meetin'. There's one thing I can always do—I can sacrifice myself for my party! It's got to be a compromise, and all is, I hope that the man we compromise on is goin' to remember me and appreciate what I'm doin'!"

He did not get much satisfaction from Chairman Ruggles' shuttling eyes. "Have you got any one in mind yet to compromise on, Nick?"

"No," lied the chairman.

"Well, you want to get some one that will blow up that psalm crowd like rendrock in a rotten squash. And it's only fair for me to ask for some one that is goin' to remember me."

"Come into the anteroom and let's settle on some one," suggested the chairman, serenely confident that with Mr. Tillson in this mood he could steer him Sproulward in such a way as to make him think that he himself had chosen the one on whom his mantle should fall.

Weary delegates, shuffling once more into line for their march toward the ballot-box, did not mark the retirement of the two men who had claimed for so long that they carried Cuxabexis in their vest-pockets. But a certain stubby man with short chin-beard and gleaming gray eyes watched them go, kept his eyes on their backs until the door had closed on them, and then arose to the occasion.

No, he did not arise himself, but like a true master of events he made another man rise to deal the stroke—for the real master is known by the wisdom with which he selects instruments for his purpose. Cap'n Sproul poked Swinton Soper in the ribs.

Swinton Soper arose. He stalked to the stage. His frock-coat flapped about his skinny legs. He faced the assemblage, staring at them from under knotted brows until they had become quiet. Every man in the county knew Swinton Soper. Every one called him "War-eagle Soper" on account of the one metaphor that had made his ora-

tory famous. The delegates were not too weary to give him enthusiastic welcome. They spied something in Mr. Soper's mien that promised relief from that intolerable deadlock in which they found themselves. Mr. Soper slowly buttoned his shiny frock-coat about himself while they applauded, raked his hair upright with his long fingers as one would rake a haystack. He drove out his fists and roared at them.

"Gyuntulmun! What is this—a cake-walk, or a six days' pedestrian contust? Are we men or are we sunless driftwood, circling in an eddy, forever and forever? Lut us reason to-guther! Yer not mine the place, not this the hour when darkness calls us to the arms of home and family to weary you with arguments. We are gurthered here to take counsil for the safety of our homes against that which stingetteth like an adder. Am I right?"

The invited cheer left no doubt as to the sentiment of the reform element.

"We are gurthered here to save our grand old party from disruption."

At that the politicians barked just as enthusiastic indorsement.

Then Orator Soper's gaunt arms gathered both factions to his breast.

"Gyuntulmun! What threatens our homes, and our grand old party? Shall we thus tear at our own vitals with our own teeth? God forbid! Lut there be no more dissension! Lut us stand to-guther against the Demon Rum. He is roaring on our borders. He has been driven from his haunts in the Southern States. He is here grutting his teeth. He is waiting to devour. We need a champion to stand forth and do battle for us. Who shall be chosen here and now as we are recovering our reason and forgetting all dissension? Shall we not choose as chose the people of old? They chose not the priest for battle!" He swept his hand at the supporters of the parson. "No, they chose the man of brawn, of red blood, of mighty muscles and courageous heart. And shall we not choose today a warrior who can seize the demon with his mighty hands, crush him to earth, and with knee upon his breast



"Are we men or are we sunless driftwood, circling in an eddy, forever and forever?"

shout: 'Homes of my native county, you are safe?'

The convention then got its first sniff at what was coming. The new and peculiar fame of Beatham was too fresh not to be recognized. Cap'n Sproul grinned when he saw a hundred delegates—tired, hungry and uneasy men anxious to be away—leap to their feet and yell like madmen. It was the first hurrah of the stampede; a stampede that had only awaited the time, the man and the excuse.

The wordless howl of that convention was emphatic enough. But Mr. Soper did not propose to leave any lingering doubts.

"Gyuntulmun, I say you should choose such a man. I stand forth here

to declare our champion. You have seen him face one demon just as savage as the Demon Rum. You saw the demon rush upon him—a snorting, roaring, raving demon. And did the demon conquer? As well—here Mr. Soper caught his breath, filled his lungs and prepared to launch the metaphor without which he considered no oration complete and effective—"as well might the sickly blow-fly of an August dog-day seek to pull down from the empyrean blue the triumphant war-eagle whose lordly pinions thrash the ethereal depths of space!"

Numerous gentlemen of the reform ranks scrambled upon settees now and joined in the delighted clamor. They were gentlemen who were hungry and were choked by the tobacco smoke puffed in their faces by mere politicians—and their wives had long been gone from the galleries.

"Yus, dulugates, he is the man to stand in the fore-front of this coming fight," exploded Mr. Soper in the first lull. "He will meet the demon half-way as you saw him conquer the raging bull in the arena. With his own bare hands will he battle for home and fireside. He is the rock of refuge round which we may rally. And so I nominate the Honorable Cutbust Beatham of Smyrna for—"

The delegates did not wait to hear what for. They did not even wait to be sure of Mr. Soper's announcement of the name. They were hastily writing ballots while they yelled. They did not pay any especial attention to Sheriff Tillson standing on a settee and

making his mouth move. They took it for granted that he was moving to make the nomination unanimous.

At the first yell that split the throats of the convention, Chairman Ruggles had come rushing in from the ante-room, Sheriff Tillson at his heels. He leaped upon a settee and gazed wildly about him with the air of a man who beholds his family Dobbin kicking his heels and running away.

It was a stampeding convention, and it was stampeding for a man that the county committee had not picked, and the chairman knew what that meant to the hope of the machine. Twenty years of tinkering and oiling had made that machine a bounteous provider of dollars and influence for the few. Ten minutes before it had been running as smoothly as a Swiss watch. Here it was, crashing to pieces in a medley of howls and an uproar of thumping feet. The chairman groaned.

"My Gawd!" he bellowed to those nearest him, at sound of the name of Beatham. "This convention don't want that man."

On his frenzied rush toward Cap'n Sproul, sitting calmly in his place, the chairman bumped against Squire Bigelow who was trying to stutter a vague excuse about having something "sprung on him."

"You tongue-tied, lock-jawed old lap-dog," screamed the chairman over the tumult, "you ain't fit to bark hens off'n a bean-patch."

He pushed him to one side and ran to the cap'n, who was apparently absorbed in Mr. Soper's peroration.

"You've let that old fool from your town step up there and trim you," he bellowed in the cap'n's ear. "Why didn't you keep him muzzled till I got back? I had it all fixed and ready to spring. And you've set here and let that old wind-bag war-eagle soar up and drop you two miles onto a political-picket fence!"

"I s'posed you was at the wheel yourself," said the cap'n innocently. The delegates were pushing toward the ballot-box, waving their slips of paper. "Any skipper that goes below without

leavin' a watch on deck, with course and bearin's lined out for 'em, ain't got any one but himself to blame if she goes onto the rocks."

Chairman Ruggles choked wrathfully.

"What politics you know could be dropped into a moskeeter's eye without makin' him wink," he snorted. "Here's a man plastered onto this county that our committee hasn't sounded out, hasn't had anything to do with namin', hasn't any line on, and the organization put out of business! And all you had to do was to keep old war-eagle off'n that platform till Squire Bigelow got your name before 'em."

Cap'n Sproul had written his ballot, but he came back after taking a few steps and leaned over the chairman.

"Say," he whispered in bland guileness, "in this dark-hossin' business in politics I take it that, speakin' personally, you'd rather set up in the seat and drive, wouldn't you, than get between the thills and pull the cart?"

Mr. Ruggles stared up at him, stared after him when he trudged up and deposited his ballot, and watched him leave the hall with Hiram—and the chairman's lips were set tight.

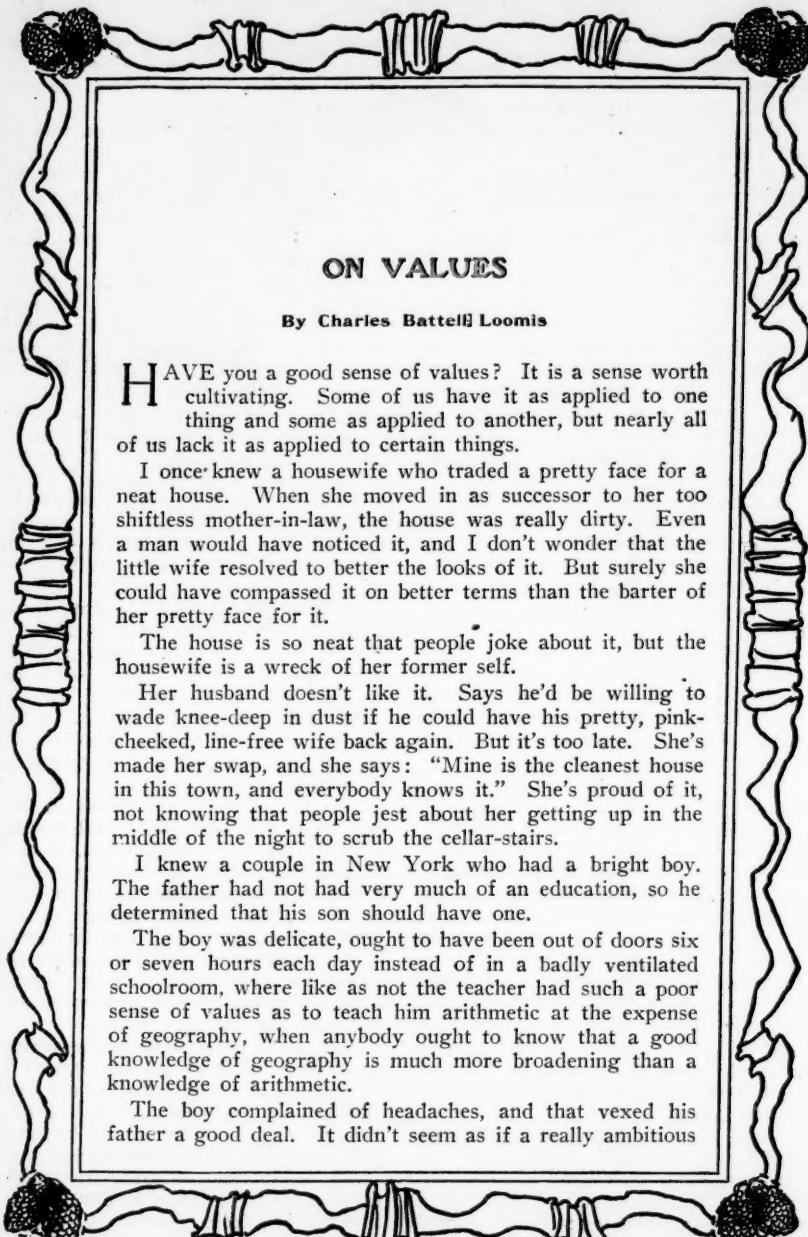
On the up-country train that night Cap'n Sproul joggled the elbow of the dozing Mr. Beatham and muttered in the giant's ear:

"You'll find seventeen bricks in that political wagon that you've got to haul after Es Tillson is unharnessed. I ain't givin' off orders as to what you've got to do, but if you'll take my advice and want to show a little appreciation of what I done for you in the dark-hossin' line, you'll see that those seventeen bricks are unloaded before you start."

Mr. Beatham nodded slowly, and dozed off again.

"He ain't what you'd call a conversational gent," confided the cap'n to Hiram a bit later; "he ain't even thanked me for what I done for him. But you've got to own up that he seems good and promisin', name and all."

"It would be a curi's thing," he mused, "if I was goin' to develop into a nat'r'l politician."



ON VALUES

By Charles Battell Loomis

HAVE you a good sense of values? It is a sense worth cultivating. Some of us have it as applied to one thing and some as applied to another, but nearly all of us lack it as applied to certain things.

I once knew a housewife who traded a pretty face for a neat house. When she moved in as successor to her too shiftless mother-in-law, the house was really dirty. Even a man would have noticed it, and I don't wonder that the little wife resolved to better the looks of it. But surely she could have compassed it on better terms than the barter of her pretty face for it.

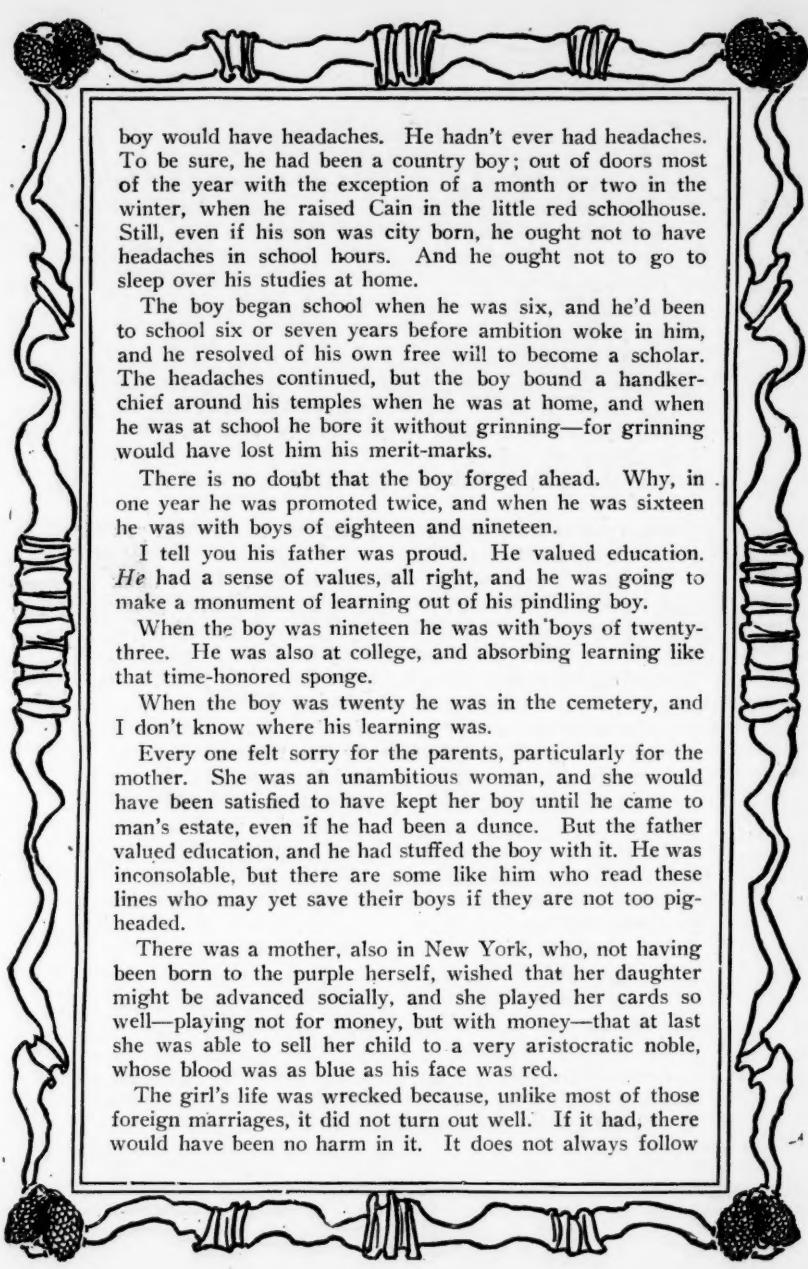
The house is so neat that people joke about it, but the housewife is a wreck of her former self.

Her husband doesn't like it. Says he'd be willing to wade knee-deep in dust if he could have his pretty, pink-cheeked, line-free wife back again. But it's too late. She's made her swap, and she says: "Mine is the cleanest house in this town, and everybody knows it." She's proud of it, not knowing that people jest about her getting up in the middle of the night to scrub the cellar-stairs.

I knew a couple in New York who had a bright boy. The father had not had very much of an education, so he determined that his son should have one.

The boy was delicate, ought to have been out of doors six or seven hours each day instead of in a badly ventilated schoolroom, where like as not the teacher had such a poor sense of values as to teach him arithmetic at the expense of geography, when anybody ought to know that a good knowledge of geography is much more broadening than a knowledge of arithmetic.

The boy complained of headaches, and that vexed his father a good deal. It didn't seem as if a really ambitious



boy would have headaches. He hadn't ever had headaches. To be sure, he had been a country boy; out of doors most of the year with the exception of a month or two in the winter, when he raised Cain in the little red schoolhouse. Still, even if his son was city born, he ought not to have headaches in school hours. And he ought not to go to sleep over his studies at home.

The boy began school when he was six, and he'd been to school six or seven years before ambition woke in him, and he resolved of his own free will to become a scholar. The headaches continued, but the boy bound a handkerchief around his temples when he was at home, and when he was at school he bore it without grinning—for grinning would have lost him his merit-marks.

There is no doubt that the boy forged ahead. Why, in one year he was promoted twice, and when he was sixteen he was with boys of eighteen and nineteen.

I tell you his father was proud. He valued education. *He* had a sense of values, all right, and he was going to make a monument of learning out of his pindling boy.

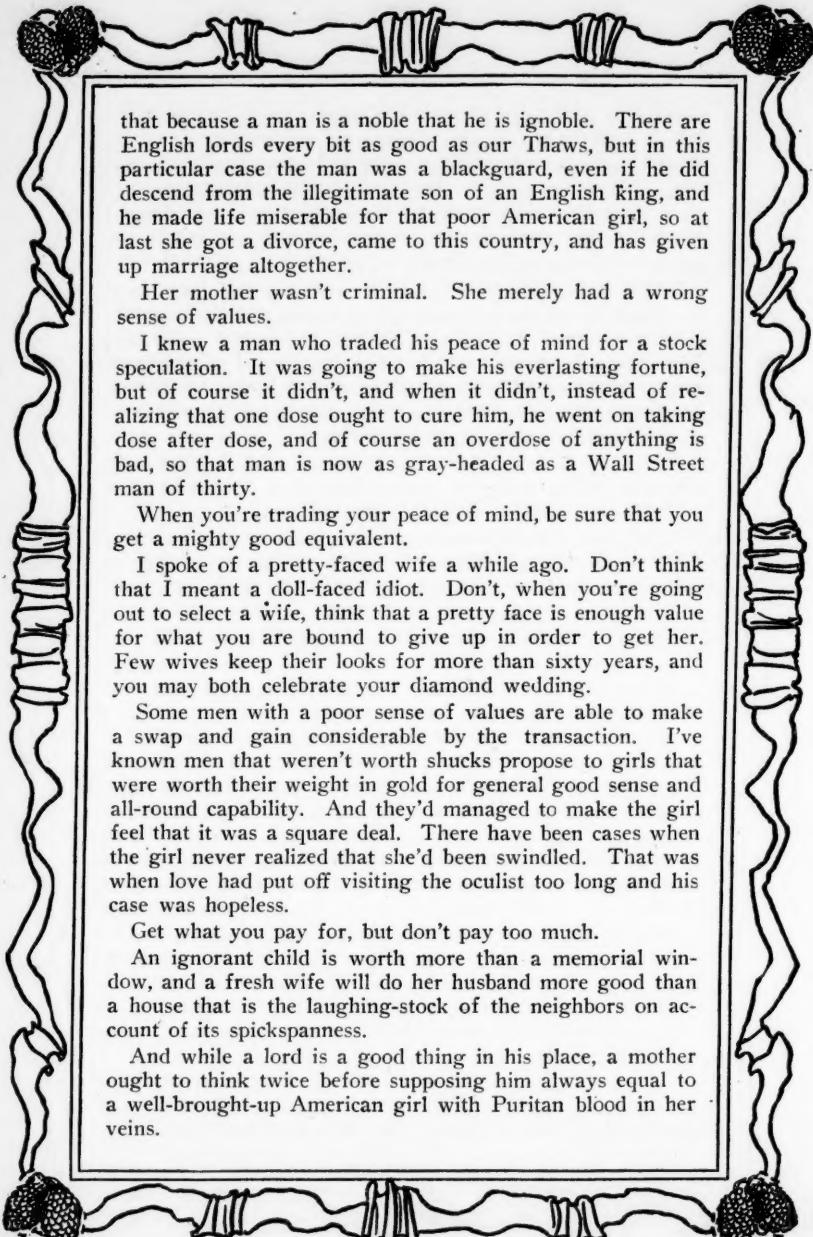
When the boy was nineteen he was with boys of twenty-three. He was also at college, and absorbing learning like that time-honored sponge.

When the boy was twenty he was in the cemetery, and I don't know where his learning was.

Every one felt sorry for the parents, particularly for the mother. She was an unambitious woman, and she would have been satisfied to have kept her boy until he came to man's estate, even if he had been a dunce. But the father valued education, and he had stuffed the boy with it. He was inconsolable, but there are some like him who read these lines who may yet save their boys if they are not too pig-headed.

There was a mother, also in New York, who, not having been born to the purple herself, wished that her daughter might be advanced socially, and she played her cards so well—playing not for money, but with money—that at last she was able to sell her child to a very aristocratic noble, whose blood was as blue as his face was red.

The girl's life was wrecked because, unlike most of those foreign marriages, it did not turn out well. If it had, there would have been no harm in it. It does not always follow



that because a man is a noble that he is ignoble. There are English lords every bit as good as our Thaws, but in this particular case the man was a blackguard, even if he did descend from the illegitimate son of an English King, and he made life miserable for that poor American girl, so at last she got a divorce, came to this country, and has given up marriage altogether.

Her mother wasn't criminal. She merely had a wrong sense of values.

I knew a man who traded his peace of mind for a stock speculation. It was going to make his everlasting fortune, but of course it didn't, and when it didn't, instead of realizing that one dose ought to cure him, he went on taking dose after dose, and of course an overdose of anything is bad, so that man is now as gray-headed as a Wall Street man of thirty.

When you're trading your peace of mind, be sure that you get a mighty good equivalent.

I spoke of a pretty-faced wife a while ago. Don't think that I meant a doll-faced idiot. Don't, when you're going out to select a wife, think that a pretty face is enough value for what you are bound to give up in order to get her. Few wives keep their looks for more than sixty years, and you may both celebrate your diamond wedding.

Some men with a poor sense of values are able to make a swap and gain considerable by the transaction. I've known men that weren't worth shucks propose to girls that were worth their weight in gold for general good sense and all-round capability. And they'd managed to make the girl feel that it was a square deal. There have been cases when the girl never realized that she'd been swindled. That was when love had put off visiting the oculist too long and his case was hopeless.

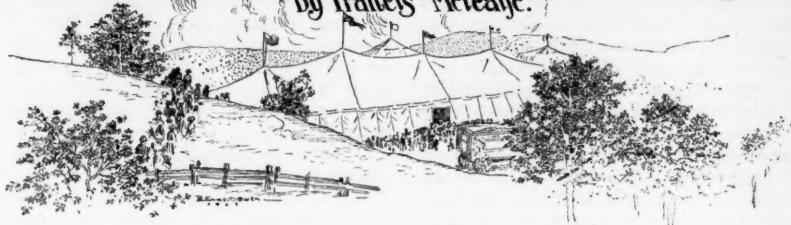
Get what you pay for, but don't pay too much.

An ignorant child is worth more than a memorial window, and a fresh wife will do her husband more good than a house that is the laughing-stock of the neighbors on account of its spickspanness.

And while a lord is a good thing in his place, a mother ought to think twice before supposing him always equal to a well-brought-up American girl with Puritan blood in her veins.

Children of the Sawdust Ring

By Francis Metcalfe.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

THAT we inhabit a small planet is a truth which is often impressed upon men who, like myself, spend their lives in going to its far corners on the business of others; and although we of the wandering foot have no fixed abiding-place and carry most of our belongings in bag and steamer-trunk, we realize, after a few years, that our tribe is a large one.

Bothwick, familiarly known as "The Animal King" in many quarters of the globe, is an honored member of it; and it did not surprise me, therefore, when I met him in the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner after leaving him some two years before in South America, where he was hunting and buying animals while I was looking after the interests of clients in a rubber concession.

His show, which was to open at a resort near New York in a few days, had preceded him, and he whiled away many hours on the voyage with tales of his adventures in collecting his wild beasts and his experiences in training them.

"Of course, it is a risk to transport such a large and valuable collection except under my personal supervision," he said in answer to a remark of mine, "but I have the most trustworthy men

I can find and it was a case of necessity. I have one rule which I never break; I employ no man who drinks, and that makes me feel reasonably safe. Read this, and when you have heard the story which goes with it you will appreciate why I make no exception."

He tossed a letter across the table, and when I opened it I read a pitiful epistle, written from a hospital by a woman under the fear of impending death; begging him, for the sake of old friendship, to look after her daughter who was with "Jordan's Mammoth Aggregation," a small circus which was then in winter quarters. It gave a short account of their history since she had last seen him and I could gather that they were performers who had fallen on evil times; her husband had been killed in an accident and she, herself, knew that she could live but a short time.

"I don't suppose their names would mean much to you," said Bothwick as he replaced the letter in his pocket, "but a few years ago she was well known in the profession as 'Speltrina, Queen of the Air,' for a remarkable flying-trapeze act; and her husband, 'Maresco the Marvelous,' gave the greatest performance ever put on with a group of tigers.

"They drew a good salary from the Big Circus when I traveled with it in charge of the menagerie; and the little girl, who must be about sixteen years old now, was the plaything and pet of all the performers. I was especially interested in him because he had started in business with my father's show and he taught me a lot about training animals when I was a boy. Perhaps that is why I didn't sack him immediately when I discovered that he was drinking, and maybe my affection for the little girl influenced me to be lenient; but it nearly cost me my life and has made me stone-deaf when a man who works for me offers any excuse for drinking.

"It's queer the way trained animals regard mankind. I have seen a crazy man get into a cage with lions and do stunts which only a lunatic could think of and come out unharmed; but a trainer who drinks loses control over them, perhaps because he can't control himself and they realize it.

"Maresco promised to reform and I trusted him against my better judgment, until the inevitable accident happened. He entered the cage when he had been looking on the redness of wine and gave Rajah an unwarranted cut with his whip, and I got these few souvenirs and a lot of others, in getting what was left of him out of it."

He rolled up his sleeves and showed forearms which had been badly torn by a tiger's claws, an eloquent testimonial of their sharpness.

"Of course, that ended Maresco's career as a trainer, for the animals belonged to the show and no one would give him a new group, and the ring-manager soon found that Speltrina's usefulness was over, for she contracted her husband's failing, and a serial act requires judgment of such small fractions of time and space that the performer must have the clear head which comes of clean living. She missed her leap several times and came whirling down into the net, so she was discharged, too, and as I returned to England at the end of the season I have never heard from them until I received this letter just before we sailed.

"They must have been in a bad way to join Jordan, who is an unmitigated brute. He was with the Big Circus when I was, showing a troupe of acrobats and tumblers, but they got rid of him because he was so terribly cruel to his apprentices. I suppose that he has got one of those little fly-by-night tent shows which travel by road from town to town in the South and West. As soon as I can get my business affairs in shape I shall try to hunt up Stella and do what I can for her, for he is a bad man for a girl to be dependent upon."

A month later I was in a small Southern town, looking up titles to timber-lands which Northern clients wished to purchase, and when I came to the tavern door after breakfast I was conscious of an unwonted stir among the indolent loafers about the village square.

The sound of a brass band had aroused the inhabitants, black and white, from their usual lethargy; and down the dusty street came a caravan such as is only seen in the remote rural districts in these days of great three-ring circuses which travel with their own special trains. A gilded chariot, drawn by four cream-colored horses with white manes and tails, contained the band which was blaring "Dixie" on brass instruments; and following it came several vans containing the tents and paraphernalia, and wagons with crude pictures of wild animals in bright colors on their shuttered sides.

The words "Jordan's Mammoth Aggregation," in gilt letters on the wagons, aroused my interest and recalled Bothwick's story; and I followed the procession to the show grounds on the outskirts of the town.

Jordan, the proprietor, was very much in evidence, his forcible language stimulating the canvas-men who were putting up the tent and driving the pegs into the ground. His appearance was not prepossessing; a low, retreating forehead on which heavy black hair was plastered in waves of oily slickness, a heavy square jaw, undershot like that of a bulldog, thick, sen-

suous lips and large, misshapen ears which stood out from his head and showed the deformity which is so common among prize-fighters and tumblers, stamped him as a man whom it would be ill to cross or disturb.

I watched the ordering of the caravan and waited until he had selected a half-dozen of the largest and strongest of the juvenile population of the town to carry water for the animals in return for free admission to the show, before I ventured to ask him for information. He glanced at me sharply with his small, ferret eyes when I introduced myself, for he was his own advance-man, contractor and claims-agent, and it devolved upon him to drive bargains and resist imposition; but he looked relieved when I told him that I came to inquire about the Marescos.

"There ain't much to tell you," he replied ungraciously. "Maresco was a drunken old rip and he fell off the canvas-wagon and broke his neck when he was full to the chin with moonshine whisky. The old woman wa'n't much better than him, and she pegged out in the hospital when we were in winter quarters."

The cold brutality with which he spoke of the fate of his dead employees did not promise much consideration for the living, and when I asked about the girl he gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Oh, yes! They left a gal, and a poor, sniveling, whining little whelp she is," he snarled. "I have done my best to larn her to be a performer, but she ain't wuth her salt because she ain't got the pluck of a chicken. I tried her at the horses and the trapeze, thinkin' mebbe she might larn to do an act like her ma uster, but she's jest nachually good fer nothin'."

"Can you tell me what has become of her?" I asked, remembering that Bothwick wished to locate her.

"Become of her? Why, she's here with the show now, worse luck! I couldn't pound no sense into her fer a good act, so she's doin' a turn with the snakes. It ain't much of a turn, at that, but my regular snake-charmer left me for the dime-museum circuit, so

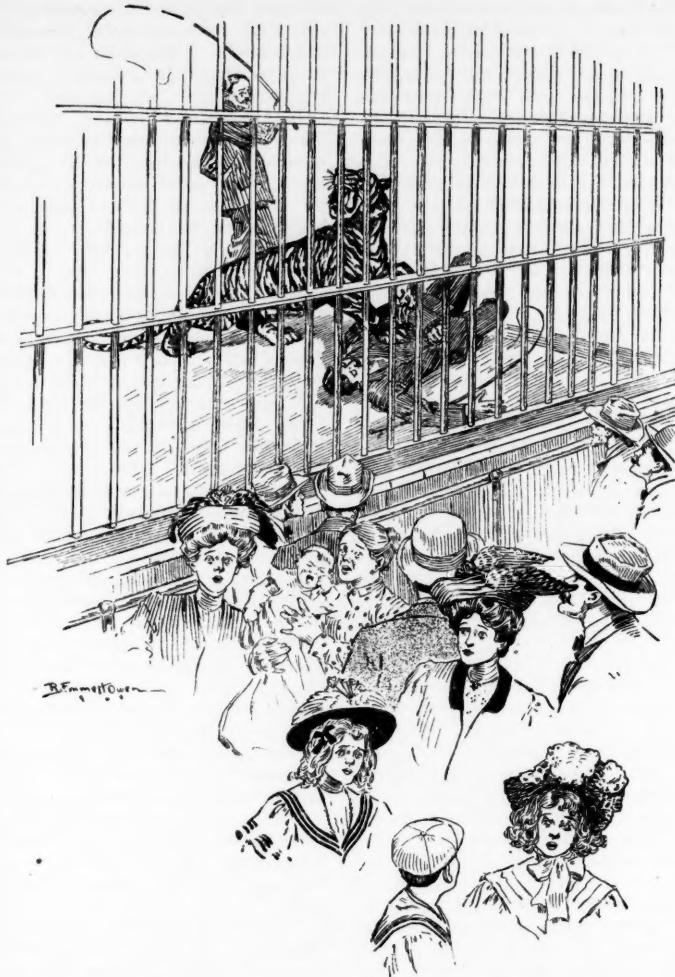
she jest sits in the cage and plays with 'em a bit. Come around this afternoon and see what a piece of dead-wood I got stuck with when I had myself made her gardeen."

His thriftiness scented the half-dollar of admission-money which he knew I would pay, and realizing that he would deny any request to see her until the performance was over, I walked back to the town and sent a telegram to Bothwick, telling him of the girl's whereabouts.

A half-hour before the performance started I found Jordan arrayed in the white breeches, shiny blucher boots and dress-coat which form the traditional costume of the ringmaster, waving his silk hat and urging the spectators to "step right up and get tickets before it is too late, as the grand parade is about to start." He was a merciless taskmaster to his employees, but he was a hard worker himself and every ounce of his strength was put into his voice as he harangued the audience to entice them inside, his brutality hidden under the glib patter and cheap, time-worn witticisms of the circus lecturer.

A small side-show tent was doing a thriving business with the unsophisticated, who did not realize that it would have been crowded without spectators if it had contained one half of the living skeletons, dog-faced boys, Siamese twins, fat ladies and other freaks which the tawdry canvas sign in front of it advertised; but I was deaf to the solicitations of the leather-lunged barker who shouted for it, and buying a ticket I passed into the main tent.

The menagerie was, of course, insignificant. A mangy, toothless old lion, a couple of leopards, a pair of wolves, and a cage of sickly monkeys were about the extent of it; but a newly painted wagon, its sides bearing the inscription "Stella, the Serpent Queen" attracted my attention at the end of the line. Behind the close-meshed wire-netting which enclosed it a number of rattlers, snakes so common that they were of little interest in this part of the country, were coiled up or lazily



crawling about the floor; and only an occasional rattle, and that of the feeblest, resented the disturbance of a stupid-looking boy who was removing a piece of blanket from the cage.

They were evidently sick and out of condition, and I knew that they had been rendered harmless by the extraction of their poison-fangs. The boy,

in answer to my questions, informed me that Stella was at present selling tickets on the front; and he seemed anxious to tell me something about her, but a resounding box on the ears interrupted his confidences and a volley of abuse flowed from the lips of a woman who had delivered it.

She had apparently once possessed

a certain coarse type of beauty, but all trace of it was lost in the bleached hair and the muddy complexion which a liberal coating of paint and powder could not conceal; and the hard lines which had developed about her mouth and eyes told of the life she had led. A soiled flannel dressing-gown was partly open, allowing a glimpse of the tights and spangled trunks of her performing costume, and the boy shrank away from her as she stormed at him for loitering about the snakes and neglecting her horse.

The show in the ring was a very ordinary one and the performers, who were announced by Jordan in language which bristled with the superlatives of circus advertisements, were either so old that they had outlived their usefulness with the larger shows, or apprentices who went through their acts clumsily, in evident fear of the long lash of the ringmaster's whip and the sterner punishment after the performance.

The one exception was the handsome young fellow who was announced as "Lionel, the Greatest Bareback Rider in the World," who will give his marvelous exhibition with "The Beautiful Leona, Empress of Equestriennes."

The latter stood revealed as the vivacious girl who had boxed the snake-boy's ears, and her weight and awkwardness were a serious handicap to the really remarkable performance of Lionel. He had to try many of the double feats more than once before they were successful, and when he had to give up the attempt to pass her over his head Jordan's ever-ready whip was raised threateningly; but a defiant look from the boy checked it in mid-air and the woman, although she was furiously angry at the failures, glanced admiringly at her companion as she saw that he was not afraid of the tyrant of the ring.

I waited patiently for Stella's exhibition with the snakes, but it was reserved for the inevitable "after concert," and when the den which contained the reptiles was wheeled into the ring, she came from the dressing-

tent escorted by the ubiquitous Jordan. She was a pitiful little figure, dressed in a tawdry costume which had apparently been made for a much larger woman, and she hesitated before climbing the short ladder which led to the cage until a sharp word from Jordan removed her indecision.

There was nothing startling about her performance; the sluggish snakes made no effort to elude her grasp, and the girl's face showed hatred and loathing, rather than fear, as she wrapped their hideous bodies about her neck and arms; Jordan, in the meantime, delivering a florid lecture about her wonderful power over the most deadly and venomous serpents known in natural history. I saw Leona watching her between the flaps of the dressing-tent entrance, and her expression was not pleasant as she caught sight of Lionel, who stood with folded arms near the snake-cage, looking at the girl with pitying eyes.

He was in the opening between the main tent and the menagerie as I passed out, listening in sullen silence to a tirade from Leona; and I caught the name of Stella, coupled with expressions which are not heard in polite society and noticed his gesture of protest as he turned on his heel and left her.

Jordan approached me, rubbing his hands unctuously as he asked how I enjoyed the performance; and when I told him that I had been so much interested that I should return for the evening show he seemed gratified and expatiated vaingloriously upon what he had accomplished.

"It's all right but that snake act," he concluded, shaking his head. "I wish I could have put a little ginger into that gal, but she don't seem to take no interest in nothin'. I've ordered some new snakes an' mebbe that'll stir her up so that I can get back some of the money I've spent on her and advanced to the old woman."

Lionel, who was leaning against a tent-pole and moodily watching the restless movements of the decrepit old lion, looked at Jordan with a sarcastic smile on his lips; and I tried to say a



few words to him before leaving, but I was quickly interrupted by Leona, who put her arm about his neck, apparently to his great disgust, and told him that it was time for supper.

I was on hand early for the evening performance and tried to speak to Stella as I bought my admission-ticket from her, but she was in such evident terror of Jordan, who stood close by, that I passed into the tent, where I was fortunate enough to find Lionel alone. His face lighted up when I asked him about Stella, and he seemed surprised and grateful that any one should evince an interest in her.

"It's a blame shame, the way they treat the poor little thing," he said, looking at the den of snakes as if he would like to destroy the whole lot. "It is bad enough, the way we are all made to do double work, day and night, but she doesn't have half a chance. I wouldn't be with this bum show now if it wasn't for her, for I got so many kicks and cuffs when I was an apprentice that I swore I'd leave it when my time was up; but I promised her mother I'd keep an eye on Stella, so I stayed with the show this season to do it."

"I don't know that I make things much easier for her," he continued

doubtfully, "for Leona is jealous of her, and when she has it in for any one there is not much peace and happiness floating around. I wish that I could cut my stick and take Stella with me, but I don't know how I could keep her from falling into the old man's hands again, and then it would be worse than ever."

Jordan entered, carrying a large box in his arms, and he looked at us suspiciously as he placed it on the ground.

"Here is that new lot of rattlers," he said, giving the box a kick. "I wish I could find time to fix these before the evenin' show, but I can't. The old bunch is about played out an' these might liven things up a bit."

A chorus of angry buzzing came from the box, and through the wire netting which covered it I could see the snakes thrashing about, resenting their confinement. They were lately caught, lively from hunger, and potential death lay in the jaws of each one of them; a fact which warranted a more secure fastening than the flimsy hook on the lid of the box.

Leona joined us as we were examining the snakes, and in time to hear Jordan's remark.

"I suppose that our act will be worse than ever to-night," she said spitefully



when Jordan explained that the snakes were to be used by Stella as soon as their fangs were extracted. "Whenever there is anything to be done for that little hussy, Lionel can't keep his mind on his work."

Lionel looked at her in disgust and walked away, realizing that anything he might say would only call down vengeance on the head of the girl; but Jordan, who seemed to take wanton delight in inflicting pain, increased her anger by a jeering remark about there being no fool like an old fool of a woman when a good-looking young fellow was concerned.

"I'll show you and your half-starved little cat what I can do if she interferes between me and Lionel," she hissed at him passionately. "You may think that you have taught her what punishment is, but what she has received from you won't cut no figger if I get at her."

I instinctively felt in my pocket for the comforting touch of Bothwick's answer to my telegram, which informed me that he would arrive in the morning, for I felt that little Stella needed friends; but Jordan laughed as the enraged Leona flounced away and remarked that her bark was worse than her bite.

But whatever the cause, her prediction about their performance was verified and the whole program seemed to be at sixes and sevens. The ringmaster's whip, usually but a badge of authority, was used viciously about the legs of the apprentices, who seemed more awkward than ever, and Lionel made so many failures with Leona that she left the ring in a towering rage.

Jordan was furious at the many things which had gone wrong, and there was little of gentleness or courtesy in his manner as he escorted Stella from the dressing-tent.

I saw Leona standing between the flaps, her face as white as chalk, watching the girl as she was almost shoved up the ladder and thrust into the cage. Jordan was evidently in a hurry to finish the performance, for there were punishments to be meted out to the trembling apprentices in the dressing-tent that night, and he commenced his lecture before the cage door was fairly closed.

In the silence which fell over the audience as they tried to catch his words the sharp, vibrant rattle of one of the new snakes, the danger-signal of a rattle in all its strength and vigor, rang out from the cage; and Lionel sprang

toward it as Stella, who all unconscious of her danger, had started her usual performance, straightened up with a cry of pain.

A large snake had struck her bare arm, and it fell from her and wriggled to a corner of the den as Lionel tore open the door, swung himself in, and applied his lips to the little red spots which its fangs had made.

The spectators were immediately in an uproar and fled from the tent as Jordan, disregarding the old snakes which were dropping in the sawdust, struck vigorously with his whip at the dangerous one which had coiled itself and was rattling loudly in the corner.

Leona rushed from the dressing-tent, shrieking commands and entreaties to Lionel to come out of the cage, but he was oblivious to everything except the immediate necessity of sucking the venom from the arm of the fainting girl; and Jordan told her in no gentle manner to be quiet.

An examination of the snake's mouth, after he had succeeded in despatching it, showed that it held a perfect pair of poison-fangs; and after Stella had been removed to the tavern and medical assistance summoned, Jordan started an investigation to find out how the snake had been transferred from the box to the cage. His method savored of the Middle Ages and started with a vigorous application of a heavy training-whip to the half-witted boy who was supposed to care for the snakes.

"Honest to God! I never touched 'em," he wailed as soon as he was given an opportunity to speak. "I ain't been near 'em since the show started 'cause Leona made me go an' rub down her hoss an' told me she'd take the hide offen me if I went near 'em again."

We all turned to Leona; and as Lionel advanced toward her with half-raised hand, her face in the light of the flaring, smoking lamps was a study. She tried to assume an air of bravado, but she realized that we were all satisfied of her guilt and she shrank away from Lionel who dropped his hands to his side and looked at her with an expression of loathing.

Callous brute that Jordan was, I could see that even he was horrified, for he believed in stopping short of murder in his punishments, and, devoid of all human affection, he could make no allowance for the insane jealousy which had prompted her to attempt this horrible vengeance upon poor little Stella.

"You deserve no more mercy than the other snake which did your dirty work," said Lionel as she cowered before his pale face and flashing eyes. "Wasn't it enough that this brute here beat the poor kid half to death without your thinking up such a hellish scheme as this? If Stella dies I hope you will be hanged for it, and, anyway, this settles everything between us. I'd rather go into the cage with a hundred rattlers than into the ring with you again, and I leave this show to-night, forever."

Leona started forward with extended arms, but the boy repulsed her.

"I haven't done nothing," she protested. "I didn't put the snake in there and I don't know nothing about it. Oh, Lionel! You wouldn't leave me alone now, after all the time we have been together!"

"I don't know whether he would leave you or not; I wouldn't much blame him if he did," interrupted Jordan savagely. "But there is such a thing as a contrac', young feller, an' I'd have you know that you can't leave me in the middle of a season like this. I'm sorry about this, but the gal wa'n't much account, anyway, an' you ain't got no call to mix up in it."

"Damn you and your contract!" exclaimed Lionel, his voice shaking with rage. "The day is passed when you dare to lay a hand on me, and if you try any of your dirty tricks with me I'll pay you back with interest for every blow you ever gave me. Let's get away from this gang of murderers and thieves," he said, turning to me; and, nothing loath, I went with him from the tent and we walked together to the tavern.

"You are the only one who has ever expressed a kind thought about the little girl since her mother died," he said



Lionel applied his lips to the little red spots which its fangs had made.

as we walked along. "I shall hang around until we know whether she is going to get well, and if she does maybe you can help me to get her away and take care of her."

I told him that Bothwick would arrive in the morning and he gave an exclamation of pleasure.

"I have always heard that he was a square man, and Mrs. Maresco told me a lot about his kindness to them and his fondness for the little girl," he said hopefully. "If he will help Stella she will be all right, if the rattler hasn't killed her, and any one who has lived with Jordan can stand a lot."

He told me many things about his life with the circus during the long hours which we spent together waiting for reports from the sick-room where the doctors were making a hard fight for Stella's life. He had been with it for five years as an apprentice and had learned his business under the tuition of Jordan and Leona, who in her younger days had been a noted performer. Jordan had been a stern task-

master and his teaching had been principally with the whip and cudgel, but Leona had protected him as much as possible during the past two years.

"I suppose it was because she was in love with me," he continued slowly, absolutely without self-consciousness, "but I would rather have the cuffs and blows she used to give me, or even Jordan's thrashings, than the embraces she has been giving me lately. She has grown so heavy that I can't do an act with her; and her cruelty to Stella made me hate her."

We were a haggard-looking pair when Bothwick arrived in the morning, and his good-natured, ruddy face grew very grave when we told him our news. The doctors held out little hope of the girl's recovery and refused to let him see her; so we all walked over to the circus, where he wasted no time in getting down to business with Jordan who tried to conceal his anxiety by an assumption of bravado. Bothwick told him very plainly what he thought of his treatment of Stella and



I was struck by the intense silence of the great audience as it watched the performance in the arena.

announced that he intended to take her away with him if she recovered.

"No, you don't," blustered Jordan, with a profane addition. "I'll have you understand that I'm her legally app'nted gardeen, an' I've got the papers to prove it. I'm out a lot of money on the gal now, an' I've never been able to larn her to do nothin'. This thing'll be a big ad, an' now that she may be wuth somethin' you come along an' try to cop her out. I'll see you in hell before you get her."

"I just thought it was fair to tell you what I was going to do," replied Bothwick contemptuously. "I am afraid that all I can do for the poor little girl is to give her a decent burial; but if she gets well I will take her out of your clutches in spite of all the papers ever written."

"Mebbe you think there's no law in this country, you damned English side-show fakir," roared Jordan, shaking his fist in rage. "An' you, you half-baked, white-livered sawdust spawn! I'll larn you that there's somethin' to make you slow about breakin' a contrac' an'

throwin' down a man who's been like a father to you. You want to bust up my show, the pair of you, and leave me with only a lot of boys who ain't wuth wearin' out hosswhips on. Well, you can't do it, an' I'll have the law on both of you an' larn you to stop interferin' with other people's business."

"Perhaps if you used a fewer horsewhips you would get better work out of your apprentices," said Bothwick quietly. "I don't suppose you have improved any since the old days, and if one of my trainers abused a wild beast as I have seen you abuse a child he would get his walking-papers just as soon as I got through thrashing him."

"You tend to your show an' I'll tend to mine," snarled Jordan; and we left him fuming in anger and vowing all sorts of vengeance.

We discussed the advisability of instituting criminal proceedings against Leona as we walked back to the tavern; but we were not looking for revenge; and I, for one, felt that the business interests which were entrusted to me demanded that I steer clear of outside entanglements.

An imperative telegram from my clients caused me to leave town that afternoon and I said good-by to Bothwick, feeling that he would do everything possible for the little girl, and promising to look him up when I reached New York.

But a man whose business it is to look after the business of others is not his own master, and it was late in the autumn before I saw Broadway again, and Bothwick with all his belongings had taken ship for France, to occupy the great Paris Hippodrome for the winter.

A few months later, business called me to the French capital, and he greeted me cordially when my cab stopped in

front of the entrance in the middle of my first evening in the city. He laughed when I asked him about the girl for whose possession I had left him fighting.

"She recovered, but it was a narrow squeak," he answered. "The thing which turned the scales in her favor was our promise that she would never see Jordan again, and we lied to her, at that; for she did see him when we were driving to the station. He was sweeping the streets, chained to a lot of other convicts.

"I had considerable trouble, of sorts, with him after you left," he continued, caressing his hand reminiscently. "In fact, it became necessary to use some pretty forcible arguments to keep him away from Stella, and he went back to the circus a bit the worse for wear and took it out on one of his apprentices. He overdid it and the authorities interfered, and when the full story of his treatment of them came out in court he got six months in the chain-gang."

"What have you done with the girl?"

"Ah, I can't tell you that," he replied, laughing. "You see, I had myself appointed her guardian and I have to be very particular about her. But come into the show; there is an act on now which will interest you."

We passed into one of the boxes and I was struck by the intense silence of the great audience as it watched the performance in the arena. A beautiful horse, absolutely free from the restraint of strap or girth, was tearing at full speed about the large ring; and standing on its back, performing marvelous feats of balancing with a young girl whose lithe body lent itself to every one of his movements, was Lionel. Remarkable as was his part of the performance, it was the absolute confidence with which the young girl trusted herself to him in the dangerous balancing which impressed me; and when the act terminated and they bowed themselves out amid a perfect thunder of applause, I looked at Bothwick inquiringly.

"I told you that she recovered," he said, smiling, "but I wanted you to see for yourself what had become of her. The circus was bred in her bones, but Jordan's methods destroyed all of her self-confidence and courage; and it took such loving care and patience as few women ever experienced for Lionel to teach her what she knows now. I have never seen such a performance; and if I could only make a few more of my artists fall in love with each other I should have the greatest show on earth."



ELISHA AND THE BEARS.

A SMALL boy in northern New York, at Sunday-school, heard the Bible story of the forty-two children torn by the two she-bears, when they cried at the prophet Elisha, taunting him with his baldness. He did some thinking for himself, and next day, when an old bald-headed man who lived near was passing by, he hid along the fence and yelled at the top of his voice: "Go up, thou bald-head! Go up, thou bald-head!" Then he took to his heels and ran for his life to the big barn and slammed the great door behind him. In a moment he opened the door a crack, and screamed through the aperture: "Now bring out your bears! now bring out your bears!"



ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN B. DAVIS

THE crisis was over and safely over. Although the blundering, self-conscious incoherence of his speech was intensely surprising to Professor Elliott's conception of himself as an extremely sophisticated and intellectualized young man, still it had served as well as the fluent proposal he had been practising so long.

Disconcerted by a thick pounding of his heart and a painful shortness of breath, he had yet somehow managed to say: "But you—if your father is so utterly dependent on your care—oh, don't tell me that you never think of marriage!"

Helena's answer had an unmistakable significance. She had looked at him with a misery she made no attempt to hide, and murmured desperately: "I can't! That's just it! I must not!"

He was on fire at the openness of this confession. "Would you, Miss Chittenden? *Would* you, if it were not for that? Oh, tell me, for Heaven's sake, there is no other obstacle?" he urged, bending over her.

She threw back her head and showed a face flushed with a sweet ardor that was undisguised. "Why, what other obstacle *could* there be?" she cried, with a heartfelt simplicity that turned him dizzy with joy.

"And if I remove that?" He made a gesture of eager confidence as though

Professor Chittenden were a dandelion fluff to be blown away by a single breath.

He extinguished the light in her face instead. She looked impatience of the fatuity of his hope. "You can't! You can't! What can *you* do?"

"I can go straight to him and——"

Her exclamation of horror cut him short. "Oh, never! That would be wicked! Poor dear father! Nobody could take my place. You know how helpless he is. Why, he would lose his way about the house if I were not here. He just couldn't live!"

Professor Elliott's keen and modern intellect burned with fury at this presentation to him of the medieval fetish-worship of self-sacrifice, as a valid argument in real human lives.

"Good heavens, you don't really believe in such sickening——"

He was about to begin the attack on his pet *bête noire* with his biggest guns of intelligent scorn, but he recollects that his opponent was only a very unsophisticated New England girl, who knew no other morality but the sterile one of futile and wilful self-abnegation, discarded long ago in the great world, as soon as saints ceased wearing hair-shirts and took to doing some practical good.

He realized that he must somehow rescue her from the prison-house of

dead and stultifying ideals which shut her away from a happy human life and from his arms, but he must not be too violent or he would wound her in breaking down the walls about her.

He tried gentle reasoning, but with exasperating lack of success. As closely and wrathfully as he had observed the rigid and antiquated notions of the little academic village during the past winter, he was surprised at the hold they had on the girl. The proposition which seemed so obvious to him, bred on the strong doctrines of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Shaw, that she had the right to leave her father whenever she pleased simply because she was a human being as well as he, seemed to startle her as much as though he had attempted to demonstrate that today was yesterday. He endeavored in vain to open her eyes to the pernicious fallacy of her unscientific ideals and to the practical value of his own steadfast and enlightened selfishness.

"Nothing but intelligence counts for progress in the world. I grant I am selfish, I glory in it as a healthful instinct, but I claim that by being intelligent I do more good in the world than all your blind devotees who rush about looking for a Juggernaut they can throw themselves under."

"Oh, how *can* you?" shuddered the girl in a vague horror.

"Haven't you a right to live your own life as a human being?" he demanded.

"Why, yes, if it doesn't interfere with other people. But it *would* interfere with father's life if I married and left him to copy his own notes."

He restrained with difficulty his impatience at the puerility of this argument, and tried to explain without too much heat the doctrine of comparative values; that the whole happiness of her life was worth more than her father's selfish tranquillity.

"But I don't see why my happiness would be any less selfish than his tranquillity," she insisted, "and anyhow I couldn't be happy if I knew that father wasn't tranquil, so there would be nothing gained."

At this last feminine flourishing of sentiment as an argument he realized the futility of reasoning any longer. He must postpone till the time when he had her quite to himself the conversion of her mind from the obsolete conventions of self-centered asceticism. With a clear-headedness which he felt was unusual he abandoned a useless campaign.

"Well, we won't talk any more of that," he said. "Just leave it to me. But I have your word for one thing. Your father is the only obstacle in the way of your marrying"—warned by the sudden horrified maidenly shyness which burned into her face at his matter-of-fact handling of the situation, he changed his wording—"that stands in the way of your marriage."

She nodded her head, evidently overcome by her boldness, and averting her face. He felt he could not be too gentle with this white bud, grown in a cloister.

"And if I remove that obstacle?" She looked at him, dumbly and miserably reiterating her unshaken conviction of its immobility.

"But if I do! Just suppose that I do!" he urged, holding his breath for her answer.

It was unmistakable. She covered her face with her hands and began to cry softly.

"Oh, I should be so happy, so happy!" she murmured.

His heart leaped up at this, he almost took her in his arms, and only checked himself by his great dread of startling her. "And until then, you will let me be—your much-hoping friend?" he said for farewell.

"Oh, always, always that!" she cried gratefully.

With those words ringing in his ears, the young philosopher found himself striding over the decorously shaded and trimmed college campus, fairly bounding in his eagerness to get to Professor Chittenden's study. For he had no more scruples about respecting Helena's absurd notion of keeping her father in ignorance of the state of affairs than for any other of the hair-

splitting self-tortures of the community in which he found himself. For him the learned gentleman was simply the most Gordian of knots, and he rejoiced in the keenness of the weapon which his unsentimental enlightenment put into his ruthless hands.

He felt himself almost at an unfair advantage, like a giant among pygmies, so far did his cool insight lift him above the maze of self-delusion, lost in which these thin-blooded New Englanders fumbled their way. The fetters of moral precepts, the shocking immorality of which had long been blazoned by the new school of thinkers, bound them hand and foot and, he felt with a grim satisfaction, delivered them into his hands.

In a community where everybody refrained from taking anything he wanted because it might be wrong, a strong man who took everything he wanted because his wanting it made it right could encounter no opposition. He had not a doubt as to the outcome of his interview with Professor Chittenden. He felt that one blast of the invincible humanity of his own honest selfishness would shrivel that scholar's portly person to the veriest dry-leaf of defeat.

Borne high on this tide of conscious strength, he burst into the historian's study, and, waving aside the chair which the mild antiquarian offered him, he delivered himself of his message like an anarchist of his bomb.

"Professor Chittenden, I have come to talk with you about a very momentous subject, and I mean to talk straight out as one man to another. I love your daughter, I feel that I can make her happy in marriage, and I find that she sets up, as an immovable obstacle in the path of the right and normal progress of our lives, the fact that she has so long catered to your weaknesses that you cannot do without her; that she

must give up the life of a normal woman because you are absent-minded and would not know where you had laid your hat if she were not there to tell you. I have the greatest confidence in your innate justice, and I appeal to it in saying that I want your daughter, and that I have as good a right to her as you have!"

He stopped short, his handsome face suffused with the violence of his as-



*"Oh, tell me, for Heaven's sake, there is no other obstacle?"
he urged.*

sault. The man who faced him was not flushed. The natural pallor of his scholar's face whitened to an alarming chalkiness. He was struggling desperately for words, which, when they finally burst from his trembling lips, startlingly infringed upon the invariably cultured distinction of his academic speech. From his far-away rustic boyhood there arose a phrase whose grotesqueness took on a touch of solemnity from the depths of feeling underlying it.

"Well, may I be hornswoggled!" exclaimed Professor Chittenden impressively.

The surprise upon young Professor Elliott's face stiffened to stupefaction during the speech with which his elder colleague followed up this outburst.

"Take my daughter, and marry her, in Heaven's name! And I shall be under the most undying obligation to you, not only for providing Helena with a good husband but for removing one great obstacle in the way of my becoming a husband myself."

To the other's bewildered gesture for explanation, he went on: "I have been a widower for twenty years now, and I am sure it can be no disrespect to Helena's mother to say that for eight years I have wished to make an excellent woman her successor. You know Mrs. Wilson, the widowed mother of young Professor Wilson, the assistant in my department?"

Elliott nodded.

"I could have enjoyed many years of happy common life with that best of women if she had not had two conscientious scruples not to be overcome by any arguments on my part. One was not to give Helena a stepmother, and the other was not to wound the feelings of that distant cousin of mine who has so long made her home with me. Cousin Rachel gave up an excellent position as school-teacher to come to me when my wife died, and since she is now too old to go back into that profession, Mrs. Wilson insists with a conscientiousness I cannot but think exaggerated, that

— However, with Helena gone—that was by far the greater obstacle—I may be able to persuade her now to —" He was already on his way to the door. "You will excuse my leaving you so unceremoniously. You can perhaps imagine my eagerness to communicate this extraordinarily good news to Mrs. Wilson."

He clapped his hat on his venerable gray head, and darted out of the room with an unvenerable haste.

The younger man, left to himself, emerged from his trance of amazement with a gasp like a diver bursting into

the open air, and in his turn leaped down the bare stairs in clattering bounds. He overtook the professor half-way across the green campus. The Wilsons and the Chittendens being next-door neighbors, the direction of their headlong flight was identical. He interpreted the apprehensive start and backward glance of his father-in-law-to-be with an amused intuition of its meaning.

"No, I've not come to take it back," he reassured him, "but I'm going your way. I'm in as great a hurry to see Helena as you can possibly be to see Mrs. Wilson."

The two men swung along beside each other as though they were running a race. Professor Elliott broke out into a boyish laugh of self-complacent triumph.

"And, besides, I want to gloat a little about the advantage of enlightened selfishness over your sickly New England ideal of self-sacrifice. The Lord only knows how long you and Helena might have gone throttling each other in what each thought the other took for a fond embrace, if I had not cleared your murky moral atmosphere by the simple expedient of going after what I want without any idiotic notions of duty to others. Pah! You kill people by doing your duty to them!"

Professor Chittenden shook his head forebodingly. "It's all very well for you to amuse yourself lightheartedly with jesting and paradox—"

"I'm *not* jesting!" protested the disciple of Schopenhauer hotly.

"Because you've got what you wanted. But I still have a terrible obstacle in my way. I feel sure that Mrs. Wilson, dear saint, will never consent to deprive Cousin Rachel of her rights in my—"

"Oh, be up and down with her! Tell her you'll have no nonsense."

"But she insists that if she takes Cousin Rachel's place and turns that old forlornity out into the world at her time of life, that she can never be happy and—"

"Oh, confound their unreasonable appeals to false sentiment!" cried his

companion, pricked to a reminiscent resentment by the recollection of his own defeat by a similar phrase. "That is what Helena said, and you see—"

"Oh, I see! I always have seen. But whether I can get Mrs. Wilson's eyes open is another question. Still, here's Helena gone, after we had begun to despair. We had thought, Mrs. Wilson and I, that her son Zadok and my Helena might perhaps— Indeed I might as well confess that we threw them together as much as possible hoping they would; but to no avail."

"What! Make a sick-nurse of Helena by marrying her to that assorted lot of maladies!"

The head of the history department replied with dignity: "Zadok Wilson is a very promising young scholar as well as a most exemplary young man. No woman could ask for a greater honor than to watch over and preserve his unfortunately limited stock of physical strength, so that he may be at his best for his historical researches."

"Why, good heavens, man! You're as blind a fetish-worshiper as any of the rest, except when it gets in your way!" burst out the exponent of new ideas.

Professor Chittenden's answer to this impolite remark remained unuttered, as at this moment he caught sight of Mrs. Wilson sitting on her vine-shaded veranda, a picture of well-groomed and matronly charms. He actually sprinted up the walk to the house, leaving his young associate

to turn in at the next gate and rush unceremoniously through the long window into the room where he had left Helena weeping those soft tears of hope deferred.

A woman was still weeping there, but it was not Helena. In the lachrymose figure confronting with drooping defiance a thick-set, middle-aged man, he recognized Professor Chittenden's cousin and housekeeper, and, in the instant before the two realized his presence, he recognized with malicious and unerring accuracy the woman's intonation as she said:

"No, I couldn't be *happy* if I left the professor with nobody to keep house for him; and poor Helena has no mother but me."

The man to whom this remark was addressed gave an exclamation of impatience, but it was drowned in the yell of triumph which young Professor El-



"Well, may I be hornsawoggled!" exclaimed Professor Chittenden.

liott gave as he descended upon them. Their emotional intensity was proved by the fact that they accepted without a quiver the extraordinary questions which he hurled first at one and then at the other.

"Do you want to marry her? And do *you* refuse because you think you must sacrifice yourself to the Chittendens?"

"I've been courting her for seven years," the man began desperately. Cousin Rachel went on weeping with as composed a continuity as though the young man had been an element in the discussion from the first.

"I can't! Now that Helena has come to the age when, if ever, a girl needs a mother's care——"

For all his haste Elliott indulged himself in a short bark of sardonic amusement. He pushed the man toward her with a rough gesture of good-fellowship.

"Here, take her and stop her mouth!" To Cousin Rachel: "You can give your conscience a breathing-space. Miss Chittenden has passed the age when, if ever, a girl needs a mother's care. She is to be married very shortly. And her father will do likewise, the instant I tell him you are out of the way; which same will be the very next instant of time."

As he ran down the veranda he caught a fleeting glimpse of the pair which sent him into a choking spasm of rather bitter merriment.

He sprang over the low hedge separating the Wilson from the Chittenden house, and, announcing his arrival by an excited hail, dashed around the corner and up on the porch. Professor Chittenden and his hostess looked at him in amazement, shading on the lady's part into alarm, so wild was the impetuosity of his manner and speech. He threw himself into a chair, breathless, flushed with insolent self-satisfaction, and surveyed them both with a smile of supercilious irony.

"It's incredible!" he cried. "It's actually as though I had made it up out of my own head. I'm not sure I haven't. No, by Jove, I saw him kiss

her, and I never could have invented *that!*"

Professor Chittenden spoke with some asperity. "May I inquire the reason for this very——"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wilson. It's only the natural excitement of seeing my pet theory so amazingly vindicated in practise. I blundered into your house, professor, looking for your daughter, and there interrupted a touching scene between your Cousin Rachel and a gentleman of plain but prosperous appearance who assured me that he has been courting the lady for seven Scriptural years. Incredible? Sir, with these eyes I saw him kiss her! She has refused to reward his devotion because she felt called upon to sacrifice herself on the Chittenden altar. She accepted him the instant I told her that you and Mrs. Wilson were to be married——"

He was cut short by two simultaneous interruptions. One was the action of Professor Chittenden, the gigantic wave of whose ever-increasing astonishment broke about their heads with the same exclamation which had so startled Elliott earlier in the same momentous hour.

"Well, may I be *hornswoggled!*" cried the gentlemanly old scholar in a sort of frenzy of surprise.

The other interruption was the sudden appearance around the corner of Helena Chittenden, a fit addition in her pale excitement to the group on the veranda. She rushed into her father's arms weeping joyously.

"There! There! It's all right! It's a-a-all right!" he murmured, patting her on the back and addressing the phrase to everybody in general.

"Of course, it's all right. It is the righteous triumph of an intelligent, selfish man," affirmed Elliott.

Helena turned her face up to her father's. "I didn't *mean* to listen, I was just going through Mrs. Wilson's rose garden, when I heard Mr. Elliott say that you and she are to be——"

"We are!" completed her father with a firmness tinged with defiance. "And so are you!"



"It's all right!" he murmured, patting her on the back.

"Oh, of course! Of course!" she echoed, throwing herself now into Mrs. Wilson's arms. "Oh, I am so happy! I hope I'll be a good daughter-in-law to you!"

"Stepdaughter, you mean," corrected her father, with a smile.

The girl faced him with surprise. "But daughter-in-law, too! Oh, I supposed Mr. Elliott had told you. Oh, then you don't know what this means to me. Zadok and I have been engaged for ever so long, but I didn't feel that I could leave father alone." She cast herself again upon the broad bosom of the older woman. "Oh, dear Mrs. Wilson, you can trust him to me. I shall never have another thought but only how to advance his best interests. He has

waited so long and so faithfully."

Over her head the other three exchanged glances of a triply distilled amazement, which, coming as climax to the buffettings of the last hour, seemed like a last impossibly exacting demand on their capacity for surprise.

The girl continued her gush of rapture. "Oh, isn't it lovely to have it all so beautifully arranged! And we owe it all to dear Professor Elliott—we mustn't forget that! Wasn't it kind of him to undertake to manage? And isn't he wonderful to see how things were? I was so surprised when he guessed, that magical way, about my wanting to marry Zadok. Oh, think what he has done for us!"

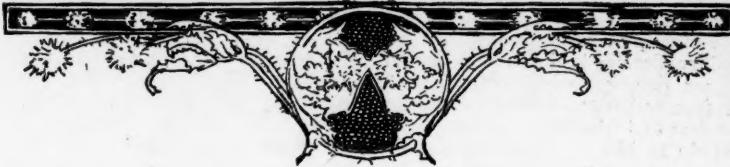
Mrs. Wilson looked away from the young man with the shudderingly averted eyes

of people before an inevitable catastrophe, but Professor Chittenden stole a glance at him with a pale apprehension of an ending to the scene before him more agitating even than what had gone before. He gave a gasp of relief to see a grim and caustic self-control emerging from the chaos of the young professor's face.

Helena half turned to him, her handkerchief at her eyes, and cried out with grateful reproach:

"But how can you persist in calling yourself selfish but intelligent!"

"How can I indeed," cried out the disciple of Schopenhauer, addressing the universe in general with outraged interrogation. "How can I persist in calling myself selfish but intelligent?"



The Condor

By Stanley Du Bois

SEVENTY miles is it as the eagle flies from Pasadena, California, to the summit of San Antonio peak. Not quite two miles above sea-level its snow-cap pierces the blue sky. The southern slope is comparatively bare of vegetation—comparatively, for though there are miles upon miles of uncovered slopes there are also miles upon miles of forest, low wood growth, flowers and grasses.

Nearly two hundred miles would no more than gird the base of San Antonio. The snow is not always to be seen, but it is always there. People here have a saying: "If you are within sight of San Antonio after four o'clock in the afternoon, put on your coat." The great fields of snow lying in the deep cañons, sometimes as deep as two hundred feet, have an appreciable effect on the temperature after the sun gets low.

The northern slope is covered with a dense growth, from lowly grasses to tremendous oaks and pines. The top is not inaccessible, but to get there tries the heart, the lungs and the legs to the limit. Once on the top the view around and below is one of surpassing grandeur and beauty.

In our old school-books we were taught that the Andean condor was the greatest bird of the air; maybe it is yet, but the California condor is no chicka-

dee, as you will believe when you learn that from tip to tip of his wings is sometimes as much as twelve feet. He is of the vulture tribe.

I recently spent some time on the top and slopes of Mount San Antonio and had an opportunity to learn some things about this great bird.

A rugged gorge cuts its giant rift into the heart of the mountain until it is narrowed to a chasm whose sides go up seven thousand feet, ending in pinnacles of granite towers that seem to guard heaven itself.

At the lower end it widens to a broad, down-sloping valley, and out of it a river runs into a land of perpetual sunshine, where are fields black and fragrant with fresh-turned earth; and the many hued greens of orchards were on either side of the river, and the homes of men peeped out from such bowers of loveliness that it was as though the Delectable Land of the Heavenly Pilgrim were this indeed.

Seated on a rock, not far from the mouth of the cañon, looking down on this beauty, and up to that grandeur, I was conscious of the presence of two birds greater than any I had ever yet seen. Their broad pinions seemed to upbear them as easily as if they were making passage through something solid, instead of thin air.

Others, too, saw them; the little

hawk settled himself against the trunk of a blasted pine and ceased to whistle; a badger flattened himself on a rock near his den, his dull eyes gleaming with fear and hate, for he had wholesome dread of what those savage talons could do to him on occasion; a noisy jay gave one warning scream and hid himself under a manzanita-bush.

But the big birds were abroad for the pure love of life. They were not after game, leastwise such small deer. Down the invisible slopes of air they circled and slid, and finally taking each a talon of the other they fell from a dizzy height almost to earth, then opening those splendid wings they sailed along and up and around till they saw a band of their lesser cousins hovering about the carcass of one of the four-footed slaves of those who dwell in houses and are the least to look upon from above, the least, but the most to be feared, for they maim and kill and rob, not to have life themselves, but for nothing.

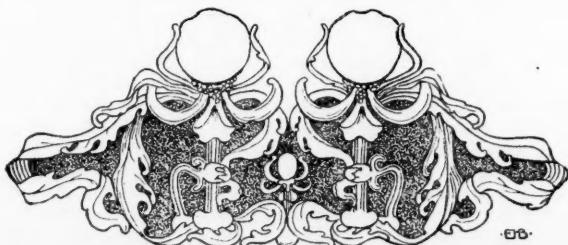
By the divine right of kings of their kind they drove off their vile cousins and took what they pleased.

When the long shadows began to creep out on the level reaches and slopes, and the darkness went up the mountainside, leaving the base in purple while the summit was golden, they took flight. As they had come out of space so they went into space, and I watched them disappear over the rim of the world into darkness, out of sight.

I did not then know where they went, but learned later. Around on the other side of the mountain, a hun-

dred miles away as I had to go, not so far as went the great birds, they had their home. Far back under an overhanging rock in a sort of den it was; there they stopped and the mother bird went back into the dimness and fed their one fuzzy lump while the male stayed on the outside at the edge of an inaccessible cliff. I watched them through a glass from the other side of the cañon full half a mile away.

One day the female went alone, low flying along the mountainside, when suddenly a sting went through her and a crackling sound smote on her ear as of a dead branch breaking; her great wings refused to work her will, and she knew that for her the world had come to an end. In tumbling circles she came to earth and a couple of man things beat her to death. Oh, the cruel wickedness of it! Did her mate see the murder from some rocky aerie, powerless to help or hinder? Or was he far toward the sun and with those wonderful eyes saw it all? None will ever know. He came back to the motherless fledgling and fed and cared for it till it grew strong to go with him through the air to where food was to be had down on the plains below. So they went and came for a few weeks, when one day as they were sailing down the cañon a spurt of flame and that same crackling sound leaped up to meet them; they turned instantly and with steady wings beating the heights of air they lifted themselves up and along and over the long mountain-top till they went out of my world and their home forever.





JUDITH: SOLVER OF MYSTERIES

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

VI.—A TAPPED WIRE

IF, after the affair of the Unweeded Garden, Mr. Herbert Germyn expected to cultivate at once his friendship with Judith Carmichael, he was disappointed. She was plunged immediately in the case, if I remember rightly, of the Alexander diamonds, and when she was at work she was oblivious of all else. I have known her to go through the ordinary concerns of daily life, receive a social call perhaps, if she had to, and afterward be quite unable to remember whom she had been talking to and what she had said.

When her case was satisfactorily solved she remembered Herbert Germyn. I was malicious enough to let Judith wonder why two weeks had gone by without a call from him, though all the time I knew that he was working on a case of his own. He was an electrical engineer of considerable reputation, but he was giving up his own special concerns for a time to do a piece of electrical research for a friend. When at last he did call—it was late one afternoon—he looked so glad to see Judith that I am sure she forgave him for doing precisely what she did—forgetting friends through preoccupation with work.

His big figure filled our largest Morris chair; his deep blue eyes that stopped just short of twinkling, and his cheek that stopped just short of break-

ing into dimples, conspired in an expression that would have made almost any one want to pet him and call him "Bertie."

"I must tell you all about it," he said. "You remember I said to you, Miss Carmichael, that I had a taste for mysteries. Of course my talent lags so far behind yours that I have never tried anything that I could bring to you, but this case was different. You could not help on account of not knowing telegraphy."

"Aha," said Judith triumphantly, "but there you are wrong. I am an expert telegrapher—expert, mind you. I had a position for a while as a press operator. I used to get the press despatches sent in the Phillips code, you know. There's scarcely a day that I don't practise on my own little machine. I can connect wires——"

He threw up his hands in mock despair.

"Is there anything you can't do?" he asked.

"I can't cook or nurse the sick," she laughed, "but—go on."

"Well," he said, "before I went into business for myself, I was one of the managers of the Universal Telegraph Company. The other day the general manager, an old friend of mine, told me with considerable distress that the company is in trouble with the Associated

Press. You must know that no newspaper can be a member of this press association without the general consent of the association. A certain large city in Ohio was recently swept by the influence of the revivalist who is particularly opposed to drinking. The saloon business was injured, and to stimulate it some capitalists, with the liquor interests at heart, established a newspaper in this same city. The press association, however, refused to assist the newspaper, and it had to depend on other sources for its world news.

"Before long the Associated Press managers saw that this newspaper was getting their news, word for word. Some person or persons, therefore, were stealing the news from the Universal Telegraph Company's wires. The company was told to stop the stealing, so they asked me to discover the leak."

"And have you?" asked Judith eagerly.

"Well, I felt all along that the Alderly Company was stealing the news; they have been suspected before, years ago, but no one could ever get the proofs. For some time no one has tried to convict them. It didn't seem worth while. There will always be some wire-tapping, and if they don't turn the trick by one scheme they will by another—at least so the company seemed to think. But this case is so flagrant—"

"Oh, do tell us what you have discovered," said Judith. "I know there is something or you would not be ready to talk to us."

"For some time," he said, "I have been prowling around the different offices of the telegraph company. To-day I was in a certain office when the arrangement of a table struck me. Nothing so very unusual about it. I just happened to look at it. I saw it was a circuit going to Dayton. I poked around a bit and then I happened to notice a wire arranged under the table in a peculiar way. In a few minutes I had it traced to the base-board of the room, where it disappeared. I telephoned to Billy Mason, a lineman whom I think I can trust. He joined me and we traced that wire to the roof of a build-

ing. This all happened at noon to-day."

"Of course you had to stop then for fear of a spotter," said Judith.

"Spotter?" I inquired.

"Of course," she said impatiently. "If that is a wire that is being tapped, don't you suppose they have some one to watch it?" Some demure stenographer at work in one of the office buildings overlooking that roof. Go on, Mr. Germyn."

"Oh, there's nothing more to tell you, except that I am going in a few minutes with my lineman to the roof to trace that wire without the danger of espionage."

"Oh, do let me go with you," cried Judith. "I will ring for tea and then we'll start."

He agreed smilingly, and presently we set off, Judith and Mr. Germyn talking about terminals, cross-arms, binding-posts, and other technical subjects quite beyond my comprehension. Presently we stopped in front of an office building, and Billy Mason the lineman joined us. Although I could understand little, I felt the excitement of our occupation for the next hour or two. We traced the wire from the roof across an alley to another roof, through a factory to an old, rickety, half-empty office building. Down it went to a room on the first floor near the back. Then Mr. Germyn dismissed Billy Mason, who had all along looked on us women with disfavor, despite the fact that we only watched and did not speak.

"That's enough," Mr. Germyn said to Judith and me as we stood in an empty apartment on the floor above our find. "I myself have seen Alderly coming out of this building more than once. You can't hear a sound. They get the stuff through telephones. The next thing is to tap the tapped wire."

He took out his tiny machine and adjusted it to the wire. Presently it began to click—click, and he and Judith exchanged glances of comprehension. In a moment Judith took out her note-book and pencil and began to write in shorthand.

"That's good," he said. "Do take it exactly. Then I will telegraph to our manager in Cincinnati to telegraph me back this paragraph as the *Post-Courier* has it. If the message is word for word we will know without a doubt that Alderly is stealing it."

"Will that be proof?" I asked.

"Proof? Bless us, no! The stealing of news is the most difficult thing in the world to prove for dozens of reasons, not the least of which is that by the change of a phrase or two it gets out of the stolen category. But come, Miss Carmichael, we had better go off and dine somewhere."

"You are going to let me help?" asked Judith as we went down-stairs.

"Indeed I am not, if I can avoid it; not now, anyway. For one thing, I am watched all the time. If I were seen associated with so well-known a detective as yourself the watchers would have ten times as much fear of me, and be twenty times as wary. You can help me best by not helping me. Later, I dare say, I shall need you."

None of us dreamed then just how he would need her.

As we drove to the restaurant he outlined his plan of campaign. For the next six weeks he carried it out painstakingly. He watched the Alderly offices. He knew just when the news was stolen; just when Alderly entered the offices; just how long after the news was received before it was sent from Alderly's offices, and refiled over the Universal Telegraph wires to be sent to the *Post-Courier* or other newspapers not in the press association. He tapped the tapped wire and had it connected with his private office. On Judith's special pleading he even had the same wire connected to her house, and sometimes she amused herself reading off to me the stolen news.

Mr. Germyn was quite aware that her evidence might be valuable. The only other persons he trusted were Billy Mason, the lineman who had been his companion again and again in these investigations, and old lawyer Gaylord.

Gaylord was a very clever lawyer whom a long illness had debarred from

steady work. He was making an effort to get on his feet again, and Herbert Germyn had reached him a helping hand. He, too, had his evidence all ready. At the end of six weeks Mr. Germyn was absolutely sure of his proofs.

We were lunching and he dropped in on us to make a breakfast of the same meal.

"I was up all last night," he explained, "making tighter the net around my people. They have grown pretty careless lately. I am going down after lunch to give the facts to my manager; then I am off for a rest of a few days. It does seem good to be able to call here again, but it would be just my luck, Miss Carmichael, to have you buried in a case now that I have time."

"I have a feeling that a case is making its way to me," said Judith, "but I shall probably be looking it up while you are taking those few days' rest."

Neither of them guessed the irony in these simple words.

We were to dine with Herbert Germyn's mother that night. Judith was ready before I was, and when I came down-stairs I saw her reading one of the evening papers.

"Look here," she said. "Here's a front-page account of the Alderly wire-tapping. I am surprised that Mr. Germyn should have let the papers have it so soon. It gives our birds a signal to cut their wires and fly. Not that it matters. They'd cut the wire before they could be arrested, anyway."

We drove to Mrs. Germyn's. When she received us she said she was afraid that dinner would have to wait a time as Herbert had not come home yet; she could not think why; he was seldom late, and several persons had been telephoning to him, too.

"There he is now," I said as a ring sounded.

"No, it is not," said Judith; "I feel sure it is not."

A gentleman was admitted who asked Mrs. Germyn in a perturbed way if her son had not come home yet; he wanted to see him on a matter of great importance.



Judith was wearing a wig of fair hair and was very prettily and rather elaborately dressed.

"I am Mr. Ross, the general manager of the Universal Telegraph Company," he added.

I heard Judith draw in her breath sharply; then she signaled to me to get Mrs. Germyn out of the room if I could. Judith made some desultory remarks to Mr. Ross until I drew Mrs. Germyn into the back drawing-room. Then, for I have quick ears, I heard her say anxiously:

"What is it? Tell me. Herbert Germyn left with you his proofs, affidavits, depositions—no? I know he carried

them down-town early this afternoon." "That's just it," said the manager. "He did not give them to me. He's been telling me how things went all along. But may I ask why you are interested?"

"I am Judith Carmichael," she said. He bowed. "Of course we have all heard of your great—"

"Never mind me," she said hastily. "Did you see him this afternoon? Did he talk to the reporters first?"

"He did—in my outer office, with, according to you, those proofs in his pockets—"

I could see them looking at each other with blanched faces.

"Have you telephoned to Lawyer Gaylord and Billy Mason?" Judith asked.

"I could not reach them." She paced up and down in rapid thought; then she said:

"Let us go immediately. I must

take this thing in charge; but first we must save Mrs. Germyn. Go down to the nearest telephone and send her a message that her son will not be home to dinner, that he may go out of town for the night; and then in a moment telephone again to me, summoning me on a case. And hurry!"

Mr. Ross made his farewells to Mrs. Germyn, and Judith chatted away with us till the telephone-bell rang. Mrs. Germyn's face lightened when the first message was received. She said with relief that she had really been almost afraid that something had happened to Herbert, but that now, of course, there was no cause for anxiety. When the second message came she showed especial disappointment. I sighed inwardly. However was I to keep the talk going when I was consumed with curiosity to know what this all meant!

I was driven home at half-past nine. Judith was not there, and I sat down with a book to wait for her. Ten o'clock struck and eleven. Sitting alone in the silent drawing-room, my fears grew as long as the midnight shadows. I feared for him and for her, and I did not know what I feared. Twelve o'clock struck and one. It was close to two before she came. She threw off her wrap and sank into a chair, chafing her hands. She did not look at me at first, but after a time she said:

"Herbert Germyn is gone—absolutely no trace of him. Billy Mason is not to be found—abducted or bought. Gaylord is dead!"

"Dead!" I cried. "How?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Suicide, some say; some say murder. We are going to let the coroner's jury decide. We shall make no charges yet, for we can't help the dead and we may injure Herbert Germyn—if he's alive, and I think he is, I think he is. Do you know," she added after a pause, "that Alderly is going to bring suit against every evening paper that's published the statement of his theft? Suits for libel—that's what cuts Mr. Ross. Herbert Germyn had the proofs and two other men at his back to support his proofs—all three are gone."

"There's you, Judith," I reminded her.

"Aye—there's me," she said broodingly.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.
"We," she said with a wan smile. "To-morrow we both go to work at the Associated Press. You on the editorial staff, my dear, to make pony reports, that is, condensed reports. I as an operator."

"But what can I do?"

"Well, you can't be a messenger, can you?" she asked impatiently. "And only messengers, editors and operators can go into the operating-room. I want you to know the faces there as well as I do. Don't you see, child, those wire-tappers must keep on getting news, if not in one way, then in another; if not with one man or set of men, then with others? I will find them if I have to keep moving from one press operating-room to another all over the country."

I wondered what would become of Herbert Germyn in the meantime, and I saw she did, too. In a moment she said:

"To avoid suspicion the man who is sending the stolen news will keep on in the operating-room where he is now. I am pretty sure they will continue to tap in or near New York. It's here the shrewdest thief must be. If I am any reader of souls surely I ought to know him by looking at him."

"You will feel him in the room with you," I said.

"Well—we must go to bed," said Judith. "We are to report for work to-morrow."

I am afraid, however, that she got very little sleep. The next evening she was installed in the main press operating-room with some twenty-five others. The circuit given her was not an especially heavy one, because she needed her brains for something besides the work she was nominally doing.

Under ordinary circumstances I might have found our night work exhilarating. It was romantic enough to think that we were the hub from which

radiated the news that thousands of people would be reading at breakfast the next day; that we unconsciously sent sorrow or hope, joy or disaster to hundreds of homes. We, the instruments of the work, were interesting enough in ourselves, but for all this I had no thought. I remembered only that Herbert Germyn was missing, and that every day we lost strengthened the mystery. The fact of his disappearance was kept from the public. Of course that was a signal to those who were guilty that the matter was being looked after, but Judith thought this plan would interfere less with her work than if the police were put on their track.

Judith was wearing a wig of fair hair and was very prettily and rather elaborately dressed. She attracted the attention of her fellow employees instantly. Her manner to them was very pleasant. She seemed frank and quick to respond, but all the time I knew she was watching—watching. So five days passed, and then she said to me:

"Fay, it is not fair to keep you in utter suspense. I have not discovered much, but I have a feeling that Albert Fraser is the man we are after."

"Albert Fraser," I murmured.

"Yes, you know; the man near the window."

"Oh, yes," I said. "The man with the bright blue tie which exactly matches his eyes, and the careless shoulders—you know what I mean."

"Yes; he walks as if the world were a road to merriment," said Judith. "The last man on earth I should suspect from his open face, and yet I had a queer feeling the first time I saw him. Besides—look at his clothes."

"Oh, come," I said, "he doesn't dress too well for a fifteen-hundred-dollar salary, assuming that he doesn't save anything."

"Well, perhaps not; but he has a very pretty taste in jewelry. I have seen him wearing three different scarf-pins since I have been here, and they are all expensive arts and crafts work. Besides, I have had him shadowed, and my gentleman has spent as much as forty dollars in an evening, and that

twice since I have met him. His two rooms are beautifully furnished. Oh, I assure you, he has a taste. He lets it be supposed that his mother left him something. I know she didn't."

"So you think he trebles his salary from Alderly. Is that all you know about him?" I asked.

"All I know at present, but we are getting to be friendly. He asked me to dine with him at a restaurant this evening, and I accepted," she said wearily. "Oh, when will time show us something!"

It was well along in the afternoon and she was already dressed, meaning to go down-town presently to meet Mr. Fraser. She was sitting listlessly by an upper window when the door-bell rang. Obeying an impulse she looked out. Mr. Fraser stood on the steps. Quick as a flash Judith ran into the hall.

"Follow me," she cried. She was just in time to keep our maid Annette from opening the door.

"Annette," she said, "if the gentleman asks 'Is Miss Canavan in?' say 'Yes, she boards here.' Then ask him if he wants to see the other lady in the office, Miss Graves, who came to this house yesterday. Don't forget that—who came yesterday. Show him into the study."

As Judith slipped back up-stairs with me, she murmured:

"The study is furnished plainly enough, perhaps, to throw him off the track. Isn't he cheeky to call at the house? If he doesn't ask for you, you are to come down anyway, Fay, on pretense of wishing to speak to me. I may need you."

Annette came up with the smiling consciousness of one who had done some good acting, and Judith went down to the study. In a moment I went into the dining-room, where I could easily hear what was said. I was getting to be a practised eavesdropper.

"It was such fine weather," Mr. Fraser was explaining, "that I thought I'd walk up. One of the fellows saw you going in here yesterday and said you lived here. Quite a swell house."



She moved around the empty, close room, searching every spot of it with her light.

"Yes, it is," said Judith, "too dear for me as far as that goes, but the room I have is not so large, and Miss

fear. I could see Mr. Fraser looking at her admiringly.

"By Jove," he said, "you are a slick

Graves has come to share it with me, so maybe I can stay here a while anyhow. I do like a nice place to live in."

"Right you are; same here," said Mr. Fraser. Then they began to talk of how high New York prices were, saying that perhaps life in a small town was preferable after all.

I was just about to enter the study when suddenly I heard a click—clicking. In a flash I remembered the tapped wire that ran into this little den of Judith's. I had picked up enough of the Morse code from Judith to be able to read that clicking:

Judith, for God's sake—

Then it broke off.

I shrank back behind the dining-room curtains. *Herbert Germyn surely!* What did it mean? What did it mean? The two in the study faced each other. Then I heard Judith give a hard laugh and say:

"Well, now you know my secret, Mr. Fraser. I am a wire-tapper. That's how I can live in this fine house; but in case you feel inclined to show any mercy, I will tell you I have not been at it long, and I only get little things, tips from the New Orleans races and that. I don't make so much."

My poor Judith! How I admired her for being able to act that way when every fiber in her must be thrilling to answer that agonized call; when she must have been torn with the wildest suspense, and even with

one, and for a woman, too. Got a pal, of course? Where?"

"I will not tell," said Judith. "That was he telegraphing just now, but I won't go back on him."

"Right you are," he said, patting her arm familiarly. "You'll do. I won't split on you."

I hurried into the room, and then made as if to withdraw with a murmured apology. Judith's face was blank, but I knew what she must be feeling. Her eyes met mine with a sudden appeal. She meant me somehow to help her.

Mr. Fraser was presented to me, and then I made as if to leave them; but he asked me if I would not join them at dinner. Judith shook her head and I refused. He insisted and then Judith afraid, I fancy, to oppose him, nodded and I accepted.

"But look here," she said, "were you not half engaged to dine with Charlie Ross? Hadn't you better phone him that you can't?"

I caught her cue. I was to telephone Mr. Ross to go at once to Herbert Germyn's office.

"The lost Charlie Ross, or our boss manager?" asked Mr. Fraser.

"Neither," I laughed.

I was about to go to the hall telephone, when he said abruptly:

"No time now. I will phone for you when we get down-town and are ordering dinner. I've ordered a cab that's been waiting at the door twenty minutes already."

Judith's wraps were down-stairs, so she could not make the excuse of going for them, but mine were not.

"Run quickly, since the cab is waiting, and get your things," she said to me. "Or, no; I am quicker on my feet than you; I will go." She was off like a flash. She was gone only four minutes—rapid time for telephoning, but a long time in which to fetch a hat and jacket.

"Did I hear you telephoning, up-stairs?" asked Mr. Fraser.

"Me?" she said. "There's no phone up-stairs that I know of. You might

have heard me having a row with the maid who was going through my friend's trunk. I have told you to lock the door, Fay, when you go out."

I could fairly feel waves of hatred going out from Judith and me to Mr. Fraser as we sat accepting his hospitality of the cab, and making ready in all reluctance to dine with him. I dare say it was a good enough dinner, and for his sort Mr. Fraser was a good enough companion. I am not aware how the talk went, except that Judith and Mr. Fraser spoke somewhat of their work, but I know that I found the general atmosphere trying. Mr. Fraser's manner to Judith was familiar, proprietorlike, as if he were saying:

"I have you in my power, young woman; but just go on being pleasant and you will find me indulgent."

When he touched her hand or arm, as he frequently did, I could see Judith fairly grow tense with a desire to strike him; and above all there was the terrible suspense. What did it mean—those words:

"Judith—for God's sake——"

Where was Herbert Germyn? What was being done to him at this moment, when we were pretending to care about quail and Bar-le-duc? Though I knew Judith's self-control was great, I breathed more freely when we were all in the office ready for work. Judith managed to go to the editorial office for a moment. On her return, while we removed our wraps, she explained to me hastily that to-night, with the consent of the general manager, she was going to make a test which would show beyond a doubt whether Fraser or another were the guilty one. For several days he had been looking for a piece of news that she could use as a test. To-night it had come. A furnace had exploded in a Pittsburg steel-mill and had killed three foreigners. It mattered nothing to the world what their real names were, so Judith had arranged that three different names should be given to each operator for his circuit. In that way by noting the names used in the *Post-Courier* on the following day, it would be possible

to tell beyond a doubt whose circuit had been tapped, who was the traitor.

Judith told me afterward just what happened in the operating-room. Mr. Fraser's table was somewhat in front and to the right of hers. After he had sent his news, including that of the Pittsburg furnace accident, "cleared his hook," as the term is, he got up to light his cigar. He paused at the desk of a man just beside Judith. Then his eye fell on the man's "hook" and rested there a moment. He started violently. He had seen that the three names in this pony edition were different from his own. He walked to another table, and then in an instant went back to his place. Judith heard him make seven quick dots, so emphatic that she was sure they were not the ordinary dots an operator often uses before sending a message, but a signal which meant:

Be careful; something is wrong.

His three names having been sent over the Cincinnati circuit, it was, of course, impossible to recall them. He understood perfectly that it would be known beyond a doubt that the stealing had been done on his circuit. To prove anything against him would be quite a different matter.

As Judith sat at her table, with a quick look at him now and then, she wondered that he did not somehow suspect her; but such an idea seemed not to have entered his mind. Her own plan was simple, and quickly made. Undoubtedly Mr. Fraser would immediately or very soon go to see his confederate. Judith would simply put detectives on his track. Indeed, before our night's work was over, when I went into the operating-room on an errand, she beckoned to me and whispered to whom I must telephone for her and what orders I should give. Then she had nothing to do but drag somehow through the long night. She has told me since that she has scarcely ever had a more severe ordeal—to stay there in that room of machines, where every click brought back that broken message to her: "Judith, for God's sake—"; to wonder whether Mr. Ross, whom

she had sent to Herbert Germyn's office, had found him; to try to fancy what his danger could be. She knew that night the curse of her vivid imagination.

Our work over, we hastened home to find Mr. Ross waiting for us.

"Did you go to his office, as I asked you?" cried Judith. "What did you find?"

"Nothing but a forced safe."

"Forced! When? To-night?"

"No; the detective I took with me pointed out that judging from the dust and other signs, the papers had been turned over probably yesterday or, at the earliest, the day before."

Judith's head was sunk on her breast.

"I might have known," she said mournfully, "that he could not have gone to his office. They could never have brought him there without his somehow getting away from them."

She began to pace up and down the room, her splendid brows brought together. Her eyes stared straight in front of her. I knew that one of her queer intuitive moods had come upon her. Suddenly she struck her hands together in uncontrollable excitement.

"Quick!" she said to me. "Have Annette telephone for my motor-car. Oh, what a fool I have been, and so much time wasted! Oh, the folly!"

"What—what is it?" Mr. Ross cried as I ran to Annette.

Judith was putting on her wraps.

"Get me some wine and biscuits," she cried to the parlor-maid. "No, not wine to be poured into a glass, imbecile. I want a bottle. Oh, this wasted time!"

"But what is it?" I pleaded.

"Don't you see?" she cried. "He's made copies of all his proofs; of course he would. It's the copies they have got, and they have been hunting for the real thing in his safe—anywhere—and—for all we know—torturing him. Isn't that motor here yet?"

"But where are we going?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you see?" she repeated. "Herbert Germyn sent me that message, but not from his office. He must



She directed the chauffeur to watch them while the others beat on the inner door.

have sent it from some other place on the tapped wire."

"By Jove!" cried Mr. Ross. "Then all we have to do is to follow that wire."

"Oh, but is he there now?" cried Judith. "What have they done to him?"

I have read a good deal of wild rides and wild searches, but I don't think I have ever been connected with any more nerve-racking than those I went through that night. Again we traced the tapped wire which Herbert Germyn had found. We went through every part of the battered building where the Alderly Association had made its thefts, and in one room we saw plain traces of poor Herbert Germyn. Kicked into a corner we found his little telegraphing-machine.

"Just what I thought," said Judith. "Somehow he kept that instrument, and somehow he got a chance to use it this evening, and then——"

She moved around the empty, close room, searching every spot of it with her light.

"See how the dust is disturbed in this spot!" she cried. "Here is where he must have been lying. Well, enough of this. There's only one thing left to do. Mr. Ross—inform the police. Find out the history of this building for the past week. My friend and I will take the car and get on the track of that detective who is shadowing Fraser."

This was simple. A little telephoning, a little riding from spot to spot, and we were speeding far up-town.

"You see," Judith explained to me, when I asked her where we were going, "our detective, Muldoon, has traced Fraser and his confederate out to a spot near one of the cable-houses. Not in it, you understand, but in a small cottage almost a block away. Evidently the confederate is some operator familiar with the cable-house and the terminals and so on. He must have run a wire from the cable-house to this little place of his."

We spun on in silence. At last Judith, who had been peering out intently, called to the chauffeur to slow the machine. We dismounted. A de-

tective stepped out of the shadows and led us up to a little, weather-beaten cottage.

"Fraser's in there," he said, "and his pal. They have been having a great dispute. Didn't stop to consider their voices, and Muldoon and I have evidence enough to jail them for conspiracy, if nothing else. They have been talking about Germyn, though they only spoke his name once, whether they would kill him or not. They compromised on putting him in peonage, but kind of agreed it would be safer to kill him."

Judith hurried up to Muldoon, who stepped forward to meet her from behind the cottage. They whispered for a few minutes, and then she said aloud:

"Then you leave it for the present in my hands. Come, Fay," she added to me.

We went softly to the front door of the place, and pushing it open entered the outer or living-room. Two men leaped to their feet—Fraser and Billy Mason. For one besotted moment I believe Fraser thought Judith had followed him for his own sake, but her fierce face and bitter voice instantly disillusioned him.

Briefly she told him who she was, repeated the colloquy Muldoon and the other detective had heard, and accused him of having been a party to the abduction of Herbert Germyn.

"I know all about you," she finished. "I know that you and Alderly bought Billy Mason; that you killed, directly or indirectly, Lawyer Gaylord; that you have in your possession the copies of the evidence Mr. Germyn has against you, and that you want the real affidavits. These you will never get, but the whole world will have them tomorrow, for they are in my possession."

She told her lie so steadily that I could see that the staring and white-faced Fraser almost believed her.

"And even if they were not," she said, "your tapped wire runs to my room. Time and again I have listened to your stolen news. I myself have a pile of proofs against you and Alderly. To-morrow all those libel suits of his

against the newspapers will be thrown out. He and you will be under bonds, perhaps in jail. If you don't want to have the case still blacker against you, you will produce Mr. Germyn for us at once."

Her deep, full voice had risen in volume till it filled the little place. When she paused we heard a faint tap-tapping from the inner room. Instantly Judith sprang to the door, only to find it locked. Fraser and Mason pushed her aside, but she called to Muldoon.

"I will break down the door!" she cried.

The two detectives and our chauffeur blocked the doorway of the outer room.

"Handcuff these men first," directed Judith. When that was done she directed the chauffeur to watch them while the others beat on the inner door. A few pounding blows, and it was down.

Thrown into a corner beside a bed, bound hand and foot and gagged, was Herbert Germyn. Even as the detectives lifted him I wondered grotesquely if he had done his tap-tapping with his head. While the ropes and straps that bound him were being cut we saw how pale and lifeless he was.

"They have starved him," Judith whispered. "I knew what I was doing when I brought food."

She knelt beside him and held wine to his lips. Muldoon and I chafed his hands, and presently he seemed to struggle back to consciousness.

Slowly he told us how he had been talking in Ross' outer office to some reporter friends, reading to them from his proofs. Shortly after he had received a telephone message, purporting to come from Lawyer Gaylord's office, which was in the same gloomy building as was the office of the wire-tappers. Instantly he had gone, and in the dark hall he had been struck and stunned and carried into an empty room

adjoining Alderly's. There he had lain, sick and bruised, a prisoner for days. His abductors had soon found out that the proofs he carried were only copies, and had tried to force him to state where the original affidavits were. They would not believe that his half-delirium was real.

The affidavits, by the way, he explained were in a private safe in his own home.

Judith clenched her fists at the implication of torture which his pale and drawn face showed. Finally, he said, he had waked to the fact that the tapped wire was strung through the room in which he was confined. Then he remembered the little machine in his inner pocket. It had not been taken from him. Painfully he connected it with the tapped wire and began the message to Judith, but he had been overheard in the office adjoining and one of Alderly's men had knocked him down and taken the instrument from him. As soon as it was dark enough he had been removed to this present place and bound and gagged.

It was a long time before the story was told. Very gently Judith led him out of the cottage and over to the motor-car, with never a look at the prisoners or the detectives. I am sure that at that moment the very last thing she was thinking of as we traveled homeward was the triumph Herbert Germyn would win over Alderly. She was just thinking that she could give this dear friend back to his mother. It was characteristic of her, as he became stronger, to grow a little thorny, a little cross at her own display of emotion, and when he said to her, very softly, after a long pause:

"What are you thinking of, dear Judith Carmichael?" she answered crisply:

"Of how very sensible it was of me to bring along the wine and crackers."





THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK

IT was bargain-time in New York when the out-of-town girl made her August visit, and such a jolly time as she had picking up first this thing and then that for which she had been longing for months, at prices quite within her own small income. Here was her opportunity to look ahead for the fall and winter, and she was ready to grasp it with energy and enthusiasm.

Materials, especially in the silks, and also lovely trimmings, were being sold in the big shops at exactly half-price. For instance, she saw a charming satin foulard in blue with a white polka dot that sold for \$1.25 in the early summer, but which she bought at this end of the season time for 59 cents a yard. Filet lace and net, broad bands of them coarsely darned in charming designs, were selling for 15 cents a yard. She bought just sufficient to give a pretty trimming touch to the foulard, and figuring it up, she found that the dress and lace, also the findings, cost less than \$9.00.

One thing the out-of-

town girl learned was that most of the department stores had what they called bargain or underpriced stores in the basement where every conceivable thing could be found and at prices that would astonish even the New York girl who never went down-stairs in any shop. These articles in the basement are seldom advertised in the newspapers—indeed some of the shops have small price-cards hung over them upon which it is specifically stated that “the goods have not been advertised.” The out-of-town girl decided that the best way to find bargains in New York was to hunt for them and she was well repaid for her efforts.

Fancy buying blue chambray shirt-waists for 50 cents! A good quality of material was used in these waists and they were made in tailored effect with the smart little side-pockets that are seen on the most expensive shirts and shirt-waists. Now these waists were just the thing for morning wear at home or even under a jacket in the early fall. There were other shirt-waists that attracted



A tailor-made shirtwaist of blue chambray.

the out-of-town girl, too. One style was of fine white material with a colored stripe which sold for 68 cents, and it was really remarkable what dainty lingerie blouses could be purchased for \$1.00. Charming little tab-yoke effects with Valenciennes lace frills, oval insets of embroidered lawn with insertion on the edges, and sheer batiste waists tucked in pointed or square yokes having lace-trimmed collar and arm bands, were all seen in these remarkable showings of \$1.00 waists.

One can always find cheap handkerchiefs at the regular counters, but the



A smart traveling coat of ecru linen with blue trimmings, which cost \$2.49.

out-of-town girl never remembered seeing linen handkerchiefs for 4 cents apiece until she discovered them in one of the under-priced basement stores. To be sure the linen was coarse, but the price was attractive and they would do well enough for the young schoolgirl sister who uses handkerchiefs for almost anything from a desk-duster to a shoe-polisher. For her own use she bought some very good-looking handkerchiefs with plain script initials embroidered in the corners for 45 cents a half-dozen.

For more than a year the out-of-town girl had studied fashion magazines and learned that "hips were disappearing," that "the fashionable woman was hipless," and wore only combination underwear to make and keep her form slender and graceful. Now, she had a plump little figure of her own, and had always wanted some of the combination corset-covers and petticoats or corset-covers and drawers. But she had only seen them in imported lingerie, and at prices that really astonished her, accustomed as she was to the exorbitant charges made for anything hand-embroidered. Now at last she was able to gratify this wish, for at one of the counters in a basement she found a remarkable assortment of princess or one-piece petticoats and corset-covers for 49 cents. All sorts of alluring sentences were printed on the card announcing this sale—and really one



Bargains in attractive little novelties.

would need some sort of assurance that they were not defective in some way. Who would ever have imagined such garments could be purchased for 49 cents? The muslin was fairly good and the lace frills in very pretty designs. There were other garments at the same counter for 85 cents, much finer, to be sure, and worth more than twice the price, but the 49-cent ones were the most astonishing feature of that day's shopping expedition.

It is an acknowledged fact that white petticoats are much cooler than any others, but they are such hopeless things to keep clean in New York or the suburbs that the out-of-town girl was becoming discouraged. One day, however, she saw a way out of her difficulty—and a cheap way, too, she decided. There were petticoats of charming striped lawn, cool, comfortable and so highly mercerized that they resembled closely the new striped silk petticoats. The lawn ones came in blue, brown, lavender, or black and white stripes and were very daintily trimmed with scalloped ruffles. The scallops were worked in button-hole stitch with mercerized white cotton, and graceful little sprays or flower designs of white embroidery were shown in the deepest scallops. These striped lawn petticoats would not soil as readily as plain white ones, but laundered just as well, and only cost \$1.25. The out-of-town girl had a black cotton voile skirt which she could wear over one of these striped lawn petticoats. The stripes would show through the voile in much the same effect as a skirt she had seen made of black chiffon voile over a striped silk foundation.

There was an interesting bargain sale of notions at one of the big shops and the enterprising merchant had arranged a printed alphabetical list of the articles, so it was the easiest thing in the world to find out whether there were any things listed that one really wanted. This saving of exertion during the very warm weather was an excellent idea. Now the out-of-town girl remembered that there was a wedding-outfit to be made at home in Septem-



For this lingerie princess gown \$5.00 was paid.

ber, and it would, she thought, be a good plan to purchase dress shields at 85 cents a dozen pair, silk seam binding for 16 cents, basting cotton at 40 cents a dozen spools, silk-covered featherbone for 85 cents a box, and a dozen cards of hooks and eyes for 18 cents. To be sure, the saving on each article seemed small, but when she counted it all up the bill was about \$3.00 less than the usual price and this was an item in dress findings. She

made one discovery that turned her mind to church work and the missionary-box that was being prepared. There were stocking feet for $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pair—surely they would be most useful in making over hosiery that might be supplied for the box and would really need new feet to make them durable.

One very warm day the out-of-town girl stopped for a moment in her pursuit of bargains to take a second glance at the most delightfully cool-looking city house she had seen in months. It was not boarded up and closed for the summer; indeed, no, on the contrary all of the windows and doors were wide open. The occupants were not afraid of sunshine, either, for several of the shutters were thrown up. This home was on the north side of Madison Square and the drawing-room was particularly attractive. Through the long French windows she saw furniture that made her think of her own rose-garden at home. The coverings were white cretonne with huge pink roses and green leaves in a very prominent design. The bindings were all green, and a soft green matting covered the floor. In the windows huge brass bowls held roses and trailing honeysuckle-vines, and the effect was indeed charming. Here was a family that remained in town all summer and really wanted folks to know they were home.

One day was set aside during her New York visit for hunting bargains

in little things, and in the evening the out-of-town girl decided that, after all, the little things in dress counted for a great deal. She saw one whole window devoted to a display of "corali" jewelry which was an excellent imitation of coral. For 50 cents there were lovely hatpins with large tops upon which were mounted corali disks cleverly cut in charming cameo designs. Brooches with gilt or German silver filigree frames were sold for the same price. Dainty belt-buckles of silver traceries had medallions of corali in the center. There were side-combs and back-combs, also elaborate veil-pins of the same stone, and loveliest of all were La Vallières with corali drops that looked like grandmother's earrings. Mercury shirt-waist sets were also new to the out-of-town girl. They consisted of two pins for the back of the collar and a larger one for the front. Each pin was made like a pair of wings with a tiny rhinestone in the center that seemed to hold them together. They were made of enamel, blue, pink, lavender, green, yellow, and white, and cost 19 cents a set.

Wing effects were popular surely, for a novel idea in a bowpin was a pair of gold wings apparently ready for flight, and caught with a sparkling stone. The upper portion upon which these wings rested was arranged like a bow, and a long pin formed the lower part for holding the bows that accompanied them. The price of a pin and bow to-



This combination corset cover and petticoat for 49 cents was a bargain.

gether was 50 cents. Of course the pin could be used with any sort of a bow, and a wise girl would supply herself with several neck-pieces to wear with one pin.

In her search for bargains she found colored linen collars embroidered with white coin-spots that had been sold for 25 cents selling for 10 cents, and fetching little collars with bows to match were priced at 25 cents. The bows could be opened out and laundered as often as the collars, and as the colored embroidery was done with mercerized cotton on white linen, these little accessories would stand any number of trips to the laundry.

One big bargain the out-of-town girl secured was a full-length traveling coat of linen in the natural shade, with pipings of dark-blue linen that were very effective. The coat was \$2.49, not at all extravagant, even if there were only two months in which it would do service this season. The style was conservative, and the garment could be worn again in the spring.

For her mother there was a smart "Prince Chap coat" of black taffeta with white satin lining for \$3.95. The taffeta was soft and should wear well. Of course, the name "Prince Chap coat" seemed somewhat frivolous for mother, but the style was becoming and the coat was attractively trimmed with soutache braid.

Early in the season the out-of-town girl had seen and admired the lingerie princess gowns of lawn or batiste with



The Eton portion of this dainty dressing sacque cost 25 cents.

Valenciennes lace for trimming, but thought that \$15.00 was a bit too much to pay for one. Such a gown would be appropriate at small dances and dinner-parties during the entire winter if worn over one of her colored sateen slips, so she selected one quickly when she discovered a bargain sale of lingerie princesses for \$5.00. There were some for \$2.95 also, and one of these she bought for the little sister to wear to afternoon dancing-school.

She saw wonderful possibilities in the dotted Swiss bolero that she purchased at the ridiculously low price of 25 cents. Perhaps these lingerie boleros were going out of style but the out-of-town girl secured hers as a

foundation for a dainty morning jacket. She had about two yards of Swiss in the same design with which she could make a flounce, to be attached to the lower edge of the bolero. The kimono sleeves were short but stylish, and with no additional outlay she could have a duplicate of a pretty matinée that cost \$8.00 in one of the smart shops.

Well-made and smart-looking walking-skirts of white "linette," a wash fabric not unlike linen, were sold for 98 cents. They were cut in the new gored models with strapped seams and finished with deep hems surmounted by trimming bands. As the newest skirts were gored the out-of-town girl thought they would remain in vogue for at least one more season, so purchased two of these very cheap white skirts.





Some Methods of Reducing Your Weight

By Florence Augustine

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

THE question, "What can I do to reduce?" comes so frequently into the Beauty Department that the beauty doctor is prone to believe the majority of womenkind must be approaching that "too, too solid" limit which is the grave of all hopes of bodily symmetry.

"I weigh two hundred—and I am only twenty," is a not uncommon wail from an unhappy correspondent; and the pathos of this human cry is undeniable. For what gallant, no matter how superior he be to merely material considerations, is going to fancy making love to a mountain of maidenhood represented by two hundred—and twenty?

No, there is nothing inspiring or refined in the two-hundred mark in the flesh, whether it be two hundred "and twenty" or two hundred "and forty." It usually indicates one of three things—sometimes all of them—ill health, laziness, selfishness. Portly persons, of course, will deny this reflection on their character, vehemently—the world keeps them busy doing it!—but just watch the face of one of your placid, fat friends when she is advised to begin reducing by getting up at six in the morning and taking a cold plunge bath and a rub-down! Would you know that clouded countenance for her usual good-natured face?

Again, observe the progress of her

very honest endeavor to reduce by fasting or living on a simple diet. She keeps it up for a week or two, perhaps, refusing red meat and potatoes and soup, because she never fancied those things much anyhow; and she may manage to dodge successfully wine and desserts for a scant six days more, but see her "skin around the corner" from her conscience on the seventh and indulge in a big plate of ice-cream, a pound of candy or a ten-hour snooze in bed, assuring herself weakly that such a *very* little bit couldn't possibly do much harm after her *long* siege of self-denial! Oh, the weakness of the flesh! That phrase takes on a new significance at times, doesn't it? Over and over again you hear fat people complain: "I've done *everything* to reduce and nothing does any good." Of course not.

The great lack in all these efforts to reduce is simply and solely a lack of brains. The girl who weighs two hundred, and is only twenty, forgets that it has taken the habits and disposition of twenty years to produce this condition, and she expects to get out of it in twenty days, or twenty weeks, or even twenty months! No, the process of reduction has got to be slow, as well as intelligent, and it must not be at the expense of the bodily functions.

You may hear of a woman who has recently submitted to a course of treat-

ment under some specialists and lost forty pounds in the course of six weeks. "But she is a fright," exclaims your informant, in honest consternation. "Her flesh sags loosely in wrinkles, and there are lines and hollows on her cheeks and neck that make her look as if she had gone through a spell of illness." Such reduction as this can do only harm. It is true that a healthy condition of the body demands only enough flesh to cover the muscles symmetrically, and any excess of that amount is a menace to the normal processes, but reduction to this state must be gradual and careful.

The sensible woman will begin her campaign against superfluous flesh cautiously, but with a determination not to backslide. She will add one mode of exercise to another gradually and drop one alluring but harmful article of diet after the other courageously, until she has built up in herself an intelligent self-control in appetite and a power of getting up and doing things, which in reality is changing her *character*—and character is the basis of your physical condition, however much you may scoff at the thought.

Diet is an important item in this campaign, but no hard and fast rules can be laid down about this, since every one is a law unto herself in the matter of digestion; and the conditions of climate, age and occupation vary widely. It is generally conceded among dietists, however, that the two main principles of a diet for obesity—provided the patient is in good health—are dry food and lean meat. This means that, unless you have a tendency to rheumatism, you should take no liquid with meals. You should eat no soups or very juicy fruits and vegetables, such as watermelons and tomatoes, nor should you drink milk, cream or stimulants, including tea, coffee and alcoholic beverages. The copious drinking of cold water between meals is strongly recommended, the average amount consumed to be about three pints.

Everybody eats too much meat. Physicians and philosophers are all telling us this nowadays, and soon we

shall come to realize the truth of it. As usual, however, the fat person is in the tail end of the procession, and needs to be jogged. Meat should be eaten only once a day, and then for the person reducing it should be only white meat, preferably of fish, poultry or game. The bulk of food eaten should be green vegetables; further along will be indicated those best suited to your case.

The next class of foods to cut down on are starches and sweets. The com-



BENDING FIRST TO ONE SIDE, AND THEN TO THE OTHER.

monest starches are peas, beans and potatoes. Refuse these. Sweets include everything in the nature of cane-sugar—candy, desserts, pastry. With the exception of a little butter, fats should be avoided entirely. Fried foods are also very bad.

The diet should be further modified in accordance with one very important function in reduction, the bowels. It is impossible to overemphasize the necessity for these to be in perfect condition, in order that the other organs may do their work in casting off the waste matter and reasserting the normal in

weight. An eminent beauty specialist, who is also a physician, recommends strongly to every girl, whether seemingly in need of it or not, a monthly dose of castor-oil as an assistant to perfect internal cleanliness. Any tendency to torpidity should be corrected by attention to proper diet and to exercise.

A very good simple movement for this trouble may be taken sitting in a chair, feet on the floor, bending first to one side, then to the other, touching the floor with the hands in bending. This presses the abdomen against the thigh and stirs up circulation. Massage of the abdominal muscles with the palms of the hands, pressing firmly and moving in little circles, is also excellent.

A few words as to proper diet for this condition will be helpful in reduction:

It is well to avoid too great a consumption of white bread, meat, eggs and potatoes, and to eat instead rye bread or Graham bread and coarse-grained vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, lettuce, asparagus, parsnips, carrots, and green vegetable salads prepared with French dressing. Things specially warned against are hot biscuits, pastry and puddings. An excellent dessert both for breakfast and at the evening meal is stewed fruit, stewed apples, pears, plums, figs, tamarinds and prunes. Canned fruits, however, should be avoided, especially canned peaches.

Certain articles of food and condiments to taboo are—besides starches already mentioned—dried peas, sago, rice, barley, nuts, cheese, blackberries, eggs, pickles, pepper and mustard, milk, tea and cocoa. Two drinks only, besides water, are mentioned as beneficial, root beer and sweet cider.

The fat woman needs exercise and plenty of it. Furthermore, she needs to take it regularly, at the same hour, rain or shine, hot or cold. And in stating this need so positively I am not overlooking the fact that many women have homes to keep and livings to make, with every hour strictly accounted for. But it is seldom the wom-

an of regular habits of life who needs advice as to reducing superfluous flesh. On the contrary, it is the woman of no routine, she who is able to snatch little naps through the day and little nibbles of food between meals, who sits ponderously envying the superior charms of some lithe "working girl," whose lot she pretends to despise because she is not a "home-maker."

It is this continual napping and nibbling which is the most insidious foe to a slim figure. The too stout woman should sleep absolutely no more than seven hours out of the twenty-four. After meals, instead of slumping into a chair, she should keep standing or walking around for fully half an hour or an hour. Then she should walk—every day a little more than the day before, until she has attained her average of nine or ten miles a day. A recent novel gives a sordid but vivid picture of a woman who has lost her husband's affections by a lazy disregard of hygiene, pathetically striving to rehabilitate her figure by outdoor exercise. She sticks to her course courageously, walking in all kinds of weather, armed against the elements in stout shoes and warm clothing and doing her daily stint of ten miles in rain or snow or hail. After a while, she comes to love this daily plunge into the open and wonders how she ever did without it. The woman who persists in her out-of-door exercise, independent of weather or social engagements, will find that nature has opened up a vast field of enjoyment to her which she never dreamed of before.

Massage is another instrument of reduction. It is called passive exercise and is best given by a professional, since it requires the firm deep pressure of an experienced hand, as well as some knowledge of the position of the muscles, to render the movements of great benefit in obesity. The object of massage is, of course, to stir up circulation. This it does not only for the blood-vessels, but for the lymphatic system also. Sluggish germs and waste matter that might never be reached by normal functions are thus driven from



SITS PONDEROUSLY ENVYING THE SUPERIOR CHARMS OF SOME LITHE "WORKING GIRL," WHOSE LOT SHE PERTAINS TO DESPISE.

their hiding-places into the main channels of elimination.

If you cannot have the services of a professional masseuse, however, it is well to try what you can do with your own hands. Early morning is the best time. As soon as you wake up, jump out of bed—don't lie still to think about it—grab a big Turkish bath-towel, and stripping to the waist, rub vigorously your back and arms until you are warm enough to stand without shivering. Then drop the towel and use your hands.

Rub as follows: down the front of the left arm to the wrist, then up the back of the same arm to the shoulder. Repeat ten times and change to right arm, using the left hand in rubbing. With the right hand rub across the front of the throat and around to the left ear ten times; repeat with left hand, rubbing toward the right ear. Using both hands, alternately, rub from armpits down to hips and up ten times.

With backs of hands rub back from shoulders down to thighs and up again.

Since the last movement is hard to accomplish with the hands, it is well to supplement again with the towel. Grasp one end of it up at the shoulder, the other end at the waist-line on the opposite side and seesaw across the back, changing sides occasionally and finally bringing the towel down around the waist and rubbing that region briskly.

Rub each leg in the same manner as the arms, down the front and up the back. Last of all, rub the bottoms of the feet. And this is one of the most important portions of all, as there are centered many nerves, which should receive more stimulation than they ordinarily get.

Stirring up your circulation should be your great endeavor. After noting the importance of massage and active exercise, the next treatment to be considered is bathing for purposes of reducing; both hot and cold baths are ex-

cellent; the tepid bath has no place. If you can stand it, you should take a cold plunge bath or a cold shower every morning of your life. It need not last but a minute or two—just long enough to jump in and jump out and rub off briskly with a coarse towel. But if you lack the nerve, or confidence in your heart action for this, or if you think you had better work up to it gradually, begin by taking a cold sponge bath. That is, stand in a little tepid water and splash or rub cold water over the body with the hands.

A hot bath—one in which the temperature of the water is over ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit—may last from twenty to thirty minutes. After the bath precaution against cold should be taken by spraying with cold water or rubbing with alcohol.

Turkish and Russian baths are a favorite fancy of fat gentlemen for reducing the weight. They do reduce, and they do make one feel refreshed afterward, but they are dangerous methods for a woman to apply unless it be under the doctor's orders and di-

rection. A simple substitute for these, in so far as the cooking process goes, and exceedingly effective, by the way, if you have the strength of purpose to endure it, is the wearing of rubber reducing garments.

This method of reduction—it amounts almost to a fad in New York, where people prefer to sin long and suffer short to staying temperate and comfortable all the time—is supposed to be one of the *quick* cures. It is heroic treatment certainly. But with all its vaunted effectiveness she is a silly woman who depends on it to do the work unassisted by diet and exercise.

These reducing garments, which can be bought in a department store or made out of rubber sheeting, are worn for several hours during the day or night, preferably during some exercise which will cause profuse perspiration, and the skin is carefully bathed, on removing them, with alcohol or cold water to avoid taking cold.

A garment large enough to cover the back, bust and hips can be fashioned out of a yard and a half of thin rubber sheeting. Cotton tape is fastened securely to the sides and the garment drawn snugly over the body, next the skin, and tied in front. After each wearing the square should be thoroughly washed in ammoniated water.

The immediate effect of a considerable loss of weight is likely to show in a certain flabbiness of the skin, especially of the face and neck. This must be guarded against by massage. Constant applications of cold water and nightly massage with cold cream ought to prevent any serious results. But if reduction is slow and steady, the skin will adapt itself naturally to the change and no fear of wrinkles need be felt. The important thing to remember always is that *persistence* and *regularity* in diet, exercise, and bathing are the two conditions necessary to a cure.

One last method of reduction remains to be noted—the strategic method, by dress. The secrets of this method are closely guarded by the exclusive heads of the dressmaking trade



DOING HER DAILY STINT OF TEN MILES IN RAIN OR SNOW
OR HAIL.

—or art, as you may choose to call it—and no wonder; the triumphs over nature which they can turn out in some costumes are a marvel of the age; certainly worth paying for. Almost every fat woman knows *some* of the fundamental “don’ts” of the dictum—that she can’t wear polka dots, for instance, or sun-pleated skirts, or Eton jackets—but further than these into the mysteries of dress she does not penetrate. It would be well for her if she did. Pity it should be left to the nervous, fidgety, birdlike woman of miniature proportions and purely spirituelle qualities to spend her time scheming for effects! Effects don’t show on that kind of women. It is the tall, raw-boned exponent of courageous materialism or the ponderous dowager of no philosophy at all who bears off the “triumphs” superbly.

The fat woman should *apply* herself to the psychology of dress. She should study out carefully her own individual scheme of lines and colors and materials and stick to it. Nobody can enlighten you on what is best for your figure with only the knowledge of your weight to go by. Other determining factors, which you *must* consider, are coloring, carriage, manner of walking and of speech, and disposition. Imagine a loud-voiced woman of ample proportions—one of those marble Junos of the stage—wearing forget-me-nots in her hat! You know when things are incongruous if you only put your mind to it. And yet some fat women *can* wear forget-me-nots. One of the darlings little housewives and mothers I ever knew—placid, lake-gray eyes, soft, fine, light brown hair, slow, gentle movements, and a soft voice—weighed, perhaps, a hundred and eighty—but, what of it? She was the forget-me-not kind, and you knew it the moment you saw her, and she knew it, too—strange to say—because she had brains despite her fat.

If you are going to have a dress or a suit made, don’t pick out something you like on your neighbor and go in for “one just like it.” It might be the latest thousand-dollar creation of Worth



SHE CAN’T WEAR POLKA DOTS, FOR INSTANCE, OR SUN-PLEATED SKIRTS.

and yet look like a *rag* on you. Find out first whether *that* style is *your* style, and if it is, or if it looks charming with two inches cut off the coat and six inches added to the sleeves and the square trimming put on V shape, then take it—with modifications—but for heaven’s sake remember the modifications.

A mention of some of the most flagrant mistakes of fat women, even in the large cities, where women are supposed to take more thought for what they shall wear and what they shall eat than biblical standards advocate, may be of assistance as a superficial guide. The last word is always, remember, your own individuality.

It is best for the fat woman never to call attention to her waist-line by a colored belt or lace or a contrasting device of any kind. Let the lines from the shoulder to the foot be continuous; and let the foot itself be hidden by amply long skirts. A trimmed skirt,

wherever appropriate, is always desirable as adding to height and taking from breadth.

Do not draw in the waist to its smallest proportions, forcing the extra flesh up into the bust. This calls attention to the size instead of decreasing it. Let the bust be flatter and the waist a little larger.

Solid colors in materials and the minimum in trimming on both waist and skirt are desirable as ensuring simplicity and straight lines. Whatever design is on waist or skirt, let it be flat and in direction converging to a *V* at the waist. Cross-trimming or flower designs in lace or ribbon, or ruches or inset pieces are all bad.

In winter, black material of dull finish, dark greens or reds or browns are least conspicuous, and diminishing in effect. In spring and summer materials, eschew all designs and keep again to the solid shades of lavender, gray, green or white. Blue, in any shade, always has a voluminous appearance. Yellow creates the same illusion.

Medium-sized hats are best. Small hats for elderly women are most appropriate and becoming, especially those following closely the lines of the hair.

Long sleeves are preferable to elbow sleeves. A long, unbroken line on the arm from shoulder far down to the knuckles on the hand may do much to create an illusion of slimness.

Long coats are preferable to short coats, at least to very short coats; and a semifitting back is better than a tight-fitting one. Eton jackets, as well as shawl collars, Empire backs, big bows at the neck, kimono sleeves and any kind of "revers" on shoulders or bodice are to be positively avoided. A long waist-line in the back and a slim hip-line are to be sought.

The princess or semiprincess—all-in-one—style is very adaptable to the fat woman. She wants, of course, to increase her length by every device, and her waist, unless it is already long in proportion to her height, should be brought down by the straight-front arrangement, with scant blouse.

Answers to Correspondents

Can One Increase One's Height?

Mrs. F. R. S.—The Japanese government has recently inaugurated a special course of training in the schools and colleges for increasing height. Emphasis is placed upon all kinds of gymnastics and outdoor exercise, running, jumping, and swinging by the arms. And the young men and women are especially cautioned to stand up as much as possible. The short stature of the Japanese is supposed to result from their constant habit of sitting down. The government claims that within the last generation it has added two inches to the height of its people by this training.

Treatment for Enlarged Knuckles.

Mrs. Fritz F.—Conspicuously enlarged joints are often the sign of gout and too much lime in the blood. It is best to consult a physician when this condition seems abnormal, but ordinarily large knuckles can sometimes be improved by massaging the hands with olive-oil and rubbing in mutton tallow. Electric baths are also good for this.

A Good Way to Arrange the Hair for Sleeping.

Virginia S.—The hair should be carefully brushed and braided at night into two plaits and tied at the ends either with a strand of hair or a small ribbon. Knotting the hair at night with hairpins is both irritating and heating to the scalp. And only the most careless, slipshod person would leave the hair loose, or in the same dressing in which she has worn it during the day.

Massage and Exercise for Thin Arms.

Pauline H.—You may find that massaging your thin arms with pure olive-oil will help to make them plump. But exercise will have even a more beneficial effect. Try this movement several times every night and morning: With arms at side, clench fists, flex elbows, bring fists to shoulder; with fists held there, bring elbows out slowly and up to a level with shoulder; carry fists close under armpits and back as far as possible; cross fists high up on the back and lower again slowly to sides.



What the Editor Has to Say

WE hope that you have read the rather unusual article in this number entitled "A New Future for the Wage-earner." The most wonderful thing about it is that every word in the article is literally true and that thousands of people are already hastening to take advantage of the state of affairs that it describes. If you are tired of your present existence, if you think that neither yourself nor your husband is getting the chance in life that should be yours, get your husband to read the article. We take more than usual pleasure in printing it, for we think that it offers one of those rare, precious opportunities of helping people to help themselves. If you give a man money, or anything that can be bought with money, in nine cases out of ten you hurt him far more than you help him. It is terribly true in this world that each one must fight the battle for himself, and that the only real assistance we can lend a fellow man is, not to fight for him, but to show him how to fight for himself.



DO you remember the two complete novels by Elmore Elliott Peake which appeared in SMITH'S during the past year or so? They were both of them—"The Spirit of the Valley," and "The Adder's Sting"—splendid and vital stories with something of a moral purpose behind them. His last piece

of work, "The Taming of Babette," is the complete novel for the October issue. Comparisons are not always in good taste, but in this case we think that we are safe in saying that it is the best thing that Mr. Peake has done for us so far. The heroine is the daughter of a Tennessee mountaineer, living in a half-civilized community where brawn and muscle and fighting quality count for a great deal more than any of the gentler virtues. The man who tames her is a young clergyman who represents the church militant and finally wins his victory over a band of wild moonshiners, of which Babette is a member, through sheer pluck, simple earnestness, and intensity and honesty of purpose. As a picture of actual conditions in the mountains, as a drama of big, broad human emotions, as a story that is absolutely enthralling in its interest, we consider it one of the best things that has appeared in any magazine in recent years.



WE hope that you will write to us often. Every letter from a reader is warmly appreciated. The closer we can get to you the better we like it. Next month's issue we consider to be away above the average. If you think so write and tell us about it. If you don't think so let us know by all means. If you share our opinion of "The Taming of Babette" we want to

hear you say so, and if there is anything else in the number that appeals to you specially we want to know about it.

THREE are plenty of things in that October number that you will find well worth reading. The article by Charles de Kay on the art of Irving R. Wiles is a notable contribution to art-criticism of the day and will be particularly helpful for those who want to know how to appreciate good paintings. Mr. de Kay is full of his subject, it is almost impossible for him to talk uninterestingly, and he writes as well or better than he talks. The ten half-tone reproductions of portraits with which the article is illustrated are well worth seeing and keeping.

THEN there is Sabin's delightful little story, "The Caller," with its quiet atmosphere, and its touch of sentiment that will bring moisture to the eyes of a great many readers. Wallace Irwin has in the same number another of his racy nautical jingles entitled "A Serpentine Song," and there is another bulky story of the Maine village of Scotaze, "A Moloch and a Manager," by Holman F. Day. Next month also,

Charles Battell Loomis will preach from his accustomed pulpit in SMITH'S "On Independence." Don't miss the sermon. It's not a Fourth of July oration, although the title sounds a little like it.

ARE you interested in Annette Austin's article on "The Store Girl's Chance" in the present number? There is another even more interesting on the same subject to come out next month. Next month's issue will have another circus story by Francis Metcalfe. There is another good story by Anne O'Hagan, and another of the exciting "Judith" stories by Maude L. Radford.

AS TO HER RASCALITY" is an unusual little story by W. C. Morrow, which tells of the somewhat unusual adventures of a waitress in a restaurant in decidedly entertaining fashion. Then in addition to all this there are an article on Sothern, the actor, by Rennold Wolf, and the usual departments—"The Out-of-Town Girl," "The Passing Hour," and the "Beauty Department." This time we have tried to make them even more interesting and helpful than usual.





When the Other Fellow Steps Over Your Head

It *jars* to have some other fellow step over your head and take possession of the job you've had your eyes on for some time—to say nothing of the money that goes with it.

A little thinking brings you face to face with the undeniable fact that *training* is responsible for it—that while you were *waiting* for opportunity the other chap was *making* it by preparing himself for the positions ahead.

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The last chapters of the serial story which has been appearing during the Summer months will be contained in this number. Readers of the magazine will admit that

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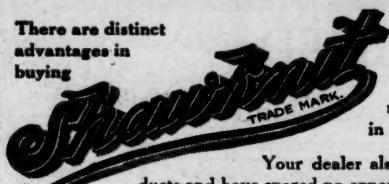
When it is stated that E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, FRANK DANBY, MARY H. VORSE, STEEL WILLIAMS, JOHNSON MORTON, CHARLES N. BUCK are some of the authors of the short stories, enough has been said to guarantee the value of the short fiction.

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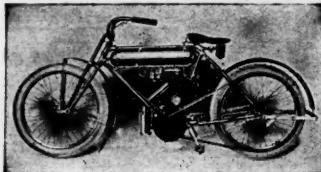
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